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The New Movies: Faith of Our Children

See page 59

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Results of Esquire's first College Film Festival

On pages 154-55 of this issue you will find the listing of the winners in our first College Film Festival, together with pertinent details of the nature and number and points of origin of the films submitted. Both in quality and in quantity these greatly exceeded our expectations. The number of entries one hundred and forty is greater than has been attracted by any similar competition despite a head start in at least one instance of as much as three years. And the quality of the entries is such that an adequate showcase of the winners turned out to be impossible in the one hour program that was all we had expected to have made up for exhibition out of this first festival, and two programs of an hour each will be prepared instead. These will be distributed internationally, through the Walter Reade Organization, for use in college and university theatres, on television, and where applicable in million pictures theatres.

Thus films which were made only for credit, as student work in the study of film making will garner not only wider recognition than they could otherwise have obtained but also some utterly unexpected cash. Just how much is impossible to say, show business being notoriously one of the least predictable of all enterprises, but however little or much it may be it will be all velvet in any case. These films were not made with an eye to profit since all were produced as activities of accredited courses of study. Nor will they be shown for profit at least as far as Esquire is concerned, since this festival is a nonprofit activity on our part. So whatever money's accrue from the exhibition of these films will redound to their makers.

At that, even if the showing of the films should turn out to be commercially more successful than we have any reason to hope the money would still undoubtedly be much less important in the long run than the wider recognition that will be accorded these young film makers for their success in competing in an international film festival of this size and importance.

Entries came from as many schools in this country alone, as Heinz has pickles. And of these fifty-seven ten are in California which is probably not too surprising since that state has been to movies as Michigan is to automobiles. Next greatest number of entries came from New York where seven schools accounted for twenty of the films entered as opposed to thirty-eight from the ten California schools. The other forty schools averaged fewer than two films apiece although one of them the University of Iowa at Iowa City, had more submissions, with nine, than any other single school and topped even that home base of film study the University of California at Los Angeles which was next with eight.

Only eight foreign entries could be accommodated in this year's competition as we were obliged to return many foreign applications on the ground that the film makers were not accredited students. Four of the eight foreign entries were 35mm film, undoubtedly a foreshadowing of the future for domestic entries which were all on 16mm this year.

Many of the American colleges and universities that only a few years back were most grudgingly allowing their students to experiment with 8mm film are now busily utilizing 16mm equipment that in many cases would do justice to a professional film operation and some of these same schools are impatiently awaiting budget approval for 35mm equipment. And the constantly growing list of institutions of higher learning just now adding courses in film making to their curricula emphasizes the point that it will not be long before the school without a film course will be the exception.

Farthest afield of course were the foreign entries with the two entries from India off by themselves in this respect. The American entries came from every corner of the country, from Vermont to Texas and both coasts as above noted and each cross country broad jumps as Seattle to Miami.

The chief difference as between the American and the foreign efforts is that the foreign films for the most part represent concerted efforts by groups of students, at schools receiving much stronger administrative faculty, and government support than is the rule with American student film makers who in most instances work either individually or with one other student in the making of films.

But while the winning British entry—second prize in the foreign category—is a case in point being a dramatic film equal in quality and craftsmanship to many films made by major studios the first prizewinning Yugoslav entry would seem to belie it as it is the highly individual effort of one man far away making the important point that the aims and desires and the general outlook of students are today virtually the same anywhere in the world. This film could have been made in any American city rather than in Belgrade where it was shot, and the student response to it would have been the same everywhere.

It is a truism to note, at this late date, that film is the universal language of youth today and rather than get into any such animal versions on this page, we yield to our youngers in general, and Craig Kerpel in particular, to tell you elsewhere in this issue what film means to the oncoming generations.

But it is interesting to note that the average age of the entrants in this first Esquire College Film Festival works out to between twenty four and twenty-five leaving out the eight females and five of the foreign makers as whom the vital statistic was lacking. And these are all accredited students. Bright college years indeed! We keep hearing that this is the brightest college generation ever. Could it be just because its older? In our college days so long ago as to seem positively antediluvian a man of twenty four to twenty five seemed doddering. We had one employed in his matriculation by service in World War I, and we all called him Pappy.

Oh well. It's a small detail to carp over. Besides, these films would be no less remarkable if Methuselah himself had made them. Let's hope you see them soon. —A G

It is a wise father who would rather not know what his kids will say about him after he's dead. It might, though, have been interesting to hear Dylan Thomas' comments on a few recent remarks by his daughter, Aeron, twenty-seven. "Books are out of date," Miss Thomas said. "Nobody has time to read them. Father was up to date in his own time, but we're moving into the Aquarian age and all things in a different way. TV is more in than films, but films are still in."

Esquire goes gentle into nobody's good night, nevertheless, in this issue we do give you a feature (pages 50-73) which is a strong backup for Aeron. As Associate Editor Tom Hedley said when he proposed the major takeout on film makers, the great American novel today is a movie.

In the original conception of the feature Esquire offered the directors involved a chance to speak in their own voices, without interception by the usual literary responses to a visual form. Naturally, Mr. Hedley points out, what we got were literary responses to a visual form. In any case there were a lot of promising starters for the feature who had to be scratched at the last minute. Arthur Penn and Stanley Kubrick both started to write articles and then decided that they were film makers, after all, not writers, and couldn't finish. Darryl F. Zanuck made a good beginning on his and then got into an argument with his ghostwriter and dropped out. Frank Perry gave us a fascinating explication of his personal ethic (the composites, he says, "fanatiousness, toughness and taste") which we were unable to include because of space limitations. The same was true of Ingmar Bergman, who titled his piece *An Ant in the Sunkeskin* and explained: I harden myself to the seeming futility and the fickle cruelty of film making with the earnest conviction that each film is my last.' Thanks anyway to all of these. It would have been a joy to have you.

Three Memoirs (page 107) is a rarity: three articles by the same author, written separately under different conditions and at different times but joined by Esquire into a three-part unit because we had to admit their common theme. Roy Bongartz is a novelist and short-story writer, a great part of whose work is about people who are basically unconformists, who strive toward impossible or nearly impossible goals and regularly fail to realize them (though not always). A play by Mr. Bongartz, *The Applicant*, produced in London in 1961, was about an applicant for an unspecified job who brought along, for character reference, a girl friend in a bikini. He finally took the job at gunpoint. A series of short stories, collected into a book called *Twelve Chases on West Nineteenth Street* (Houghton Mifflin), had for a hero a loner named Benny, all of whose small projects—wooing his girl with a pickup, searching hard, making a coffee table with trefoils on the corners—were unusual, even imaginative, but basically hopeless. Mr. Bongartz's nonfiction seems, he says, to be prey to similar influences of valiant failure: a bungled attempt to bring a buffalo home from Montana to Rhode Island, a ski trip down breakneck slopes by a novice, a report of Custer's Last Stand from the Indians' point of view, a currently in-progress piece about a man who has spent twenty-two years single-handedly carving the world's largest monument out of a mountain that he bought himself. Articles after articles about the courage and tragedy of the Eskimo and the American and Canadian Indian. "There is some longrange influence in many of these pieces," Mr. Bongartz says. "Particularly those of the Indians and of other groups who want to preserve or establish certain rights. Thus their short-term failures stick in the mind and add up to something positive."

Beautiful Soup is Donald Newlove's first fiction for Esquire, following *Dance At The Lenville* (September, 1968, issue) and his article about Tennessee Williams in November, 1969. His title is from a song the Mock Turtle sings to Alice and the Gryphon, and the story will be part of a collection of one-act plays by Mr. Newlove, who is looking for a producer. His first published novel, *The Painter Gabriel*, will be published this fall by McCall; it is described by the author as "a long sea plunge into madness and divinity with an angelic painter on the Lower East Side." *Beautiful Soup* has turned into an hour long one-act play by Mr. Newlove to accompany two other one-acters in a triple-bill program he calls *Tingle Soup*. He hopes that these plays will see their first production at the community college in his hometown, Jamestown, New York.

The author with Mad Bear

M. F. K. Fisher (page 96) has been called "the finest writer on food now using the English language" (Clifton Fadiman). Other critics have called her "perhaps the shrewdest and wittiest commentator of the refinements of subsistence since Brillat-Savarin," and said that she writes "practically often profoundly and always beautifully." Mrs. Fisher lives in St. Helena, Calif. Some of her books are *Consider the Oyster*, *How to Cook a Wolf*, *With Contributed* (Continued on page 50)

FILMS

JACOB BRACKMAN

As a moviegoer of shrewd discriminating nation, doubtless you go auspiciously anyway to a movie that promises you outrunage incoppage outfreakage blacks, the draft, the pill campus revolt LSD, SDeelera But if you nonetheless can't quite put your finger on where *Getting Straight* is at well, scrutinize these placards in the big confrontation scenes. Imagine Hiring hundreds of actors and crew spending all that time energy and dough to make everything look right then issuing protest signs with all the specificity of Dawn with the Establishment Some of the signs complain that narcotics spies have been planted on campus Some bear the nuclear disarmament symbol PEACE BROTHER. Mostly, like LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE the partisanship's been squeezed out of their grievances altogether We've grown accustomed to the mechanics of overscrupulous inoffensiveness, mainly from TV where networks and sponsors are said to blanch even at political euphemisms—but a more cynical more gratuitous principle is operating here These placards in a film that seeks so zealously to cash in on these components of our national agony border on outright contempt. It would be nicer even to suppose that they'd been drawn up and substituted at the last minute by executive fiat, right there with everyone waiting around on the set because some young proprman had brought in signs that cursed named names were just too hot. It didn't happen that way of course Is it just niggling to complain of placards which extras carry—if they become a sudden emblem for a hundred other invidious falsehoods? The students' signs and their contentless chant—ACTION Now!—prepare us for the subsequent battle sequences down in that apocalyptic embasement where the most tortuous politics of human history are reduced to kinetics

Elliott Gould plays an overage overcrested graduate student who several years back was a celebrated campus long-hair and rabble-rouser He dropped in again after six years because however saltily, however acrimoniously for chrissake, he comes on about the crises of the day he's dewy-eyed at the prospect of awakening youthful minds. He wants to teach high-school English, coach a tennis team, win the day at Hi Y dances. A practice instructor of Dumbbell English, he catches one of his students a Mexican American (or a Puerto Rican) named Garcia with a Batman Comic Expecting a scolding Garcia winces in advance Instead Gould leafs through the comic and brays enthusiastically 'You know there's a great similarity between Batman, Captain Marvel, Red Ryder and Don Quixote It's that nineteenth century Romanticism that twentieth century heroes are made of (Cervantes was writing before Shakespeare. Gould is a literature major) Later he hands his girl friend Garcia's final blue book from which she reads aloud her tears flowing freely It seems Garcia's been inspired all the way to the library where he's checked out figuratively Don Quixote "He better than Batman He brave" The girl friend asks "Oh Harry, that's beautiful! Gould's name is Harry

At one point he's trying to study for his master's ernie in a room full of undergraduates who are debating strike strategy Listen to their discussion They take stands on issues from co-ed dorms and drug legislation to ROTC and Black Studies propose tactics from asking for permission to circulate a petition to Up Against the Wall They appeal to Gould as to an elder statesman. Barely glancing up from his books he grunts his approval to anyone who asks for it. An angry black student attacks his indifference Impatiently Gould lets on he'd be more impressed if they were protesting in the outside world, where they'd risk bigger bruises like in Selma The block is infuriated 'What right have you got to bring up *Selma*, man

as if you'd been there?"

Gould replies quietly, evenly, "I was there, man."

Pan to a cluster of openmouthed students. It's a heavy moment. (If you think about it for a minute or two however, it collapses under the weight of its own coferents and stacts stinking.) One earnest, wholesome looking boy—whose father is president of the alumni association and who is certain no C.I.A. agents have infiltrated the campus—asks Gould querulously, "Then, you mean, you think what we're doing isn't important?" Gathering his books under his arm, making for the door, Gould can afford to be conciliatory: "Of course it's important. I've just done it already."

Some minutes later in the film, Gould has become a reluctant intermediary between the administration and the kids. He's inside a paneled office, arguing with the University President. "I'm not as square as some of you might think," the President says. "He's one of those benign twinkly-eyed, totally-out-of-touch administrators who—with the Turks already howling at the gates—is prepared to offer a few extra hours of co-ed visiting in the dorms. Meanwhile, the wholesome alumni son has become a flaming Cohn-Bendit: he can be seen outside the window charging around like a crazed animal shrieking, "Pigs go home!"

A week ago that kid just wanted to get laid. Gould tells the President. "Today he wants to kill somebody. You should have let him get laid."

All these greedy little inauthenticities don't add up to a moral affront until the police remove their badges and turn on the fire hoses. Then the students, with their diversionary goals can all be choreographed into the violent Weatherman ballet and Gould can make goo goo eyes at Candy Bergen across a sea of carnage. Finally, for his own very specious reasons—his teaching dreams were shattered after he was caught pulling a Ted Kennedy on his Visual Aids exam—he gets to fling his own sexy rock through a plate-glass window. And won't the kids cheer their little lungs out for that? Columbia could scarcely have expected *Getting Straight* to have so opportunely. For the first time only days before its premiere, students were shot to death on American campuses.

In *Sympathy for the Devil* the Stones seem mensch. If you remember your Leibnitz, each locked light away in his recording-studio module hearing indirectly through earphones, coiled input-output wires like veins and arteries snaking across the floor, connecting each module with the others, with the outside world. Because if they're bouncing off each other, turning each other on, is it through these wires, right? There's so little visible interplay. No sense of who's leading it, laying out the emotional atmosphere. Mick Jagger? He's in the geographical center, in the eight ventricled heart, vibrating, imploding with concentration, lost inward. Impassive Keith? The masked consideration seems an act of Divine coincidence—as if five instrumentalists in different parts of the world happened to start playing the same rainbow in the same key, with the same tempo, at the same instant, and God heard them, and He heard that they were one unbelievable rock-and-roll band.

With The Beatles, naturally, quite an opposite kind of thing was going down: they didn't admit of separation. Motes John and Paul leaning into the same mike, behinds jutting and hair touching, then turning to sing *at* each other, inhaling off the same square inch of air. Phlegmatic Ringo starting from some daydream

"Let's see it once again before we read it."

at the last possible second to a rousing percussive flourish, grinning at George. George bearing down on a harmony at the outer edge of a resonance scrunching shoulders bending knees fucking till it hurts; John acknowledging with a little bow. Each striving to top himself, top the others, win their appreciation, at least their giggles.

Let It Be is a sad and fascinating Apple home movie (which along with its souped-up sound-track album is, allegedly, their final joint enterprise) shows them horsing around in their studio. Sort of horsing around. Things aren't the same with The Beatles anymore, ear with a one of us I guess Paul's overweight, unshaven. John has a gash, bad chewing tick over his Adam's apple. Everyone's tresses are greasy and matted. O they flash that cherry old interplay now and then. And the music they make together still gives you just what they've rendied you for, and so instantly, at first hearing, sounds like it's been part of your life for years. But they seem *irritated* with one another, suppressing resentments. George looks bored the whole time—not distracted as he once did, but sullen and strangled, as though he'd found himself submerged near drowning in Lennon-McCartney. The accretions have changed things too. Producers, technicians, blue suits. The women—Paul's lovely stepdaughter cavorts for attention, Ringo's Maureen. And preeminently, a silent Beatle, Yoko, hovering, perching, fragmenting John's focus, almost quothing "Nevermore!" The lads go up to the roof of the Apple town house for a windy recording session. Passersby gather on the sidewalks below: housewives, bankers, hobbies. A few teen-age girls, but none of them would dream of screaming.

Let it Be is a sloppy piece of institutional rip off, with a special knowing of a sound track. But its credity only makes us strain the harder to catch the aside, the gesture that will reveal them to us, lay bare the education of their fabulous odyssey together. What's eating them? Don't they know it's unbearable not to be a Beatle? They must be making it! If not them, who? So they've committed too many mistakes. They're tired and getting on each other's nerves a bit; troubled and lost like any of us with a heart and nerves. It would be pleasant to imagine them sustained by their talent by a sense of their sustained accomplishment. But that's not how it works apparently. They've regularly surpassed and redefined our expectations for nearly a decade. They've brought untellable happiness into our hopeless forsaken world. Now, in what looks like a collective bad head, they're busting up, with four individual lives still ahead of them. Fried your stars, please, Beatles.

For all the movies I offhandedly endorse, damn few thrill me at all, the way my books once did, leave me silent for hours, shaking my head doubly trying to figure out what's been done to me. *Raven's End*, Bo Widerberg's second film, which was shown five years ago at Lincoln Center (and again this spring) and is only now finding an American release through New Yorker Films, is a kind of good that embarrasses me for all the little tumblesaults I may have lately clapped at. It shows how much can go on in a movie. Widerberg was a young novelist, and he wrote a pamphlet about Swedish cinema, and the story goes that Ingmar Bergman, angry over being called "a spiritual rocking horse" (it loses a little in translation), said he'd like to see Widerberg try and make a film.

Raven's End, his earliest work yet seen here, breaks no new ground, but is in its every aspect excellently proportioned and modulated. Not "historical" it is acutely aware of history and of how history impinges. It's a neighborhood, a familial drama, but the offstage rise of the National Socialist Party becomes progressively less peripheral, less incidental to its unfolding. (Call Widerberg Ibsen to Bergman's Strindberg.) Mainly it's about a young man who sees no chance for making a decent life, and seeks a way out from every quarter — especially from his parents, who are themselves just barely hanging on there, and have no help

to give him. He blames his father, an alcoholic sandwich man; his mother, a kindly, exhausted scrubwoman. He blames the economic system. He blames the girl he knocks up. Finally, he strikes out for Stockholm on his own. The whole business is as rich and as "relevant" as a film can possibly be. Its least topical moral is a primeval one about independence in this lonesome valley, nobody else can walk it for you/you've got to walk it for yourself. ##

FELLINI'S FORMULA

(Continued from page 11) consequently in order to protect the development and birth of a film I really want to make.

Certainly a pretext is needed for a film, just as it is necessary to go to the train station or to the airport, to begin a journey. But what will this journey be like, what is its secret meaning, its vital rhythm? That one can only know when it is finished.

We might say that I improvise like Christopher Columbus when he had set sail. It wasn't India, but then it wasn't an altogether unsuccessful voyage either. My first day as a director I was literally at sea. The picture was *The White Sheik*. I had been one of the scriptwriters and Michelangelo Antonioni was to have been the director. But he didn't like the final script, so the producer said why didn't I do it. I had never thought of becoming a director. On the way to the seaside, for the first day's shooting, I had a flat tire. When I got there, the cast and the crew were all out there on a fishing trawler, set up and ready to go. As I was being taken out in a motorboat to join them, I could not remember what the scene was to be, or what the director was expected to do. I really wanted to jump ship. But when I boarded the trawler I became giving commands and I had became captain. We reached our destination... even if it wasn't India.

I guess I have always liked the world of the spectacle, from both sides of the footlights, either as a child watching my first sepia tinted film about gladiators or making my own puppets at home. I managed to get some pieces of soft wood from a carpenter's shop and, with my puppets, I created my own three-dimensional world. Looking back, I suppose that I have always approached my fantasy world as a solitary craftsman, an artisan, another Geppetto whose Pinocchios also have a life of their own. I wasn't on the soccer field with the other kids, but spending hours locked in the bathroom twirling false moustaches cut of hemp, painting sideburns with burnt cork. It was inevitable that when I finally ran away from home the first time it was to follow a circus.

In actual shooting, I can ignore the prepared dialogue. Often I prefer that the non-professional actors count numbers or recite the alphabet, particularly if I have not worked with them before. The rake of a girl's hat, or the hat in a man's tie can be more important to me than the sounds they utter. It can all be put in order later, during the dubbing, when professional actors' voices are used. I've even taken hats and coats from visitors to the set and put them, and sometimes even their owners, in the scene being filmed. Because it is *right*. I do not improvise. I know what I want.

When I begin a film, I set up an office somewhere for a few months. Just a bare place with the necessary chairs and tables. All sorts of types turn up, from Marxist countesses to canasta-playing laborers; and, of course, the Junoesque types who think they are tomorrow's Anita Ekberg. I study their faces (mostly) their professional or nonprofessional bravura just does not interest me. The face is everything. Each of us has the face which suits us; we could not have any other. All faces are right, nature doesn't make mistakes. Sometimes, of course, I do. When I think I've seen something in a face which isn't there. After the first day before the camera I realize my error, and either the character changes or the actor is replaced, often the former.

Producers are happier when professional actors are used, for obvious commercial reasons. When I am using a professional actor who is new to me, there is likely to be

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some initial awkwardness. I have to convince him not to learn his lines by heart because he is wasting his time since everything may be changed either on the spot as during the dubbing. I can judge an actor's potential by the way he romputs himself in one gypsy camp the way he talks with the grips or with the coffee boy. If I've seen an actor cause a scene with a waiter who has dared to bring him *eau de vie* instead of *eau de vie* and thereby endangered his delicate liver I may tell him to deliver a line later such as "Go and never darken my doorway again," in that same wounded, indignant manner. I may even tell him to actually say, "You know that I cannot eat this! Take it away and bring me what I ordered!" as he sends his serving daughter out into the snowy night. Dubbing saves me a lot of time. Some actors may be offended at the beginning of the work by my system, but if they have a good ear, whatever language they may be speaking they soon grasp what I want. We communicate.

Sometimes I am very fortunate in communicating with audiences, even though that is not the result of any deliberate effort on my part.

Knowing your public is a gift, a Barnumesque calling. I am not conscious of the art of communication. I have never considered for a moment the question of whether the public will understand a film or not. The public is an abstract entity. One can not foresee what it will do. The naughty (some even would say pandering) element which one can find in my films is purely instinctive, if indeed it is there at all. And yet, I am the director whose scripts have always, I repeat always, been turned down by producers. Even those who hold me in esteem and affection who are my oldest friends, invariably tell me this picture will never make a lira. It is not cinema, it is something which would not attract four steady rats. And why, Federico, don't you write a book? Every time I've tried to span out the story I wanted to film when there were experts and specialists present as well as the prospective producers, the event would coincide—perhaps because I am good at putting on a little show—with everyone bravely smiling, out of compassion.

I vitelloni, for example. No one wanted to distribute the film. We went about like desperate beggars trying to get someone to show it. I recall some private screenings when, after the lights went on, those present would glance at me out of the corner of their eyes and sadly squeeze the producer's hand as if he had just suffered some grave family disaster.

I am saying all this in order to say that the consent or dissent of the experts and, ultimately, of the public, leaves me rather passive. I've even said in the past, and I believe said in good faith, that when a film is finished, even if it should never be seen by the public, it is all the same to me. This, I think, is not being pretentious on my part—one who is nourished on doubts rarely becomes presumptuous. I would say that my attitude is that of one with a clear conscience. I've done my part and can do no more. Considering in fairness my weaknesses and confusion in my skidding about in cinema—considering the type I am, I could do no better.

The last time I was in the States I met, or at any rate observed, your students and homes. I suspect that the latter already belongs to a new race, a new breed. It seems that they are in process of undergoing an actual biochemical change. They dress differently from us, they eat different foods, they have rejected the values of our society—money, the spirit of competition, egoism, possessions; and above all and the most startling thing to me, they have rejected the sense of sexual possession.

It doesn't seem important at this point to ask if their choice, their way of life, is a valid alternative to the world they have rejected. The passive assent with which they confront the world is at the same time their force and their fragility—the monster which produced them can wrap them up into bundles at any time he chooses. They are the other side of mankind's face, the side which one culture too long has suppressed.

they are spontaneity, fantasy, instinct.

I remember going to The Electric Circus with its dance floor aswirl with multicolored tropical fish, the floor carpeted with semi nude bodies, and those enormous holes in the walls from which four five six pairs of fast, male and female, black white yellow, pretruded

In that damp roach's hideaway, in that dense promiscuity in that plasmarium, all these youths seemed to me to have become one gigantic individual, huddled to himself for warmth and to nourish that part of himself the part most profound and most obscure without which the individual is nothing and thus is not man

To be able to lose oneself in that cauldron where everything is burn log, and where the old myths and yesterday's utopias, are all melting away. There is something sacrificial in that moment. It is a total and over so gentle suicide, a moment in which a new way of being a man, and in which salvation, or perhaps still possible ##

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

The understanding Spiro

I have just read Martin Mayer's article on *The Brilliance of Spiro Agnew* (June).

As all America seems to have done Mr Mayer puzzles at some length over the immortal phrase, 'an effete corps of impudent snobs.' Though these words have inspired some and titillated others, they seem to have confused almost everyone.

Commenting on them, Mr. Mayer writes, a corps probably cannot be effete though the Mattachine Society might argue otherwise '

Why has he selected an organization of homosexuals rather than the Elks or the P.T.A.? The word 'effete' has nothing whatever to do with limp wrists or gentlemen who appear to be a little light on their feet. It is not, as a great many people seem to believe, a synonym for 'effeminate.'

I am neither a homosexual nor a Republican. I believe, however, that we should try to deal fairly with those who are I feel, therefore that Esquire might do its readers (and writers) a great service by setting forth a meaningful definition of that much maligned and misused word.

According to Webster's *Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*, "effete" comes from the Latin "fetus,' meaning "fruitful." (If the Mattachine Society is anything it is certainly that.) Webster defines "effete' as 1 no longer fertile 2a worn out with age exhausted b marked by weakness or decadence

The 1966 *Unabridged Edition of the Random House Dictionary of the English Language* gives, as an example of correct usage, "an effete political force."

I am no great defender of Mr Agnew's oratory or use of the language But at least he appears to understand the meanings of the words he employs.

BUD WISER

Hollywood, Calif

Braked Alaska

Daniel Jack Chasan's article, *On this side nothing but Virgin Wilderness ... On that side, nothing but Virgin Wilderness ... Down the middle the Trans Alaska Pipeline* (June) presents a competent detailed analysis of a complex set of issues I am in complete agreement with his position In fact the article is enough to move me to write my congressman to register my protest against the pipeline project. (I say this even though the logic of his analysis suggests that such an act would be gratuitous!) I suppose I should add that I may be more open to his argument than most citizens. For example, I have been a card carrying member of the Sierra Club since 1965.

HARVEY SCHWARTZ

Davis, Calif

(Continued on page 44)

SHOPLIFTING MADE EASY

by Anonymous

Weight watchers learn what you can do with your old clothes

Have you ever been standing at the check-out counter of a grocery store and had someone accidentally bump into you and break the three eggs you had so surreptitiously concealed in your coat pocket?

Have you ever had a plastic tube of shampoo slip from inside your belt and fall through your pants leg and make a crash landing on the grocery floor?

Have you ever invited a ten-pound turkey home for the holidays via your bowling ball bag and succeeded?

Have you ever ruined a newly acquired dress shirt because from stuffing a newly acquired gut roast down the back of your trousers the blood had leaked through the wrapping?

How you and two of your friends ever spent only $17 a week for food and lived comfortably for thirteen months?

If you can answer yes to these questions then you are probably familiar with the advanced techniques of the fine art of shoplifting.

Quasi-massive claim they lost between two and a half to three billion dollars due to shoplifting in 1968. According to several retail security consultants by criminologists and FBI statisticians, shoplifting has increased by one hundred fifty percent since 1960. Some crime-prevention experts maintain that one out of ten shoppers leaves the store with an unpaid for item that only ten percent of those caught go to trial and that of all the incidences of shoplifting were reported to the police it would probably be the largest single crime perpetrated in the United States.

These same criminologists tell us that shoplifters are not made up of any specific characteristic, nor are they limited to any particular social standing, education or working class. Police records show professions ranging from grave-digger to college professor and even to those who wear the collar, cloth and robe of the church.

The reasons for committing such a hideous crime are as varied as the personalities of individuals. Young people seeking a thrill, drug addicts trying to support an expensive habit and housewives struggling to balance a budget are among the greatest offenders.

My reason for embarking into the lifting profession was simple. Survival! After I graduated from college in March 1968 I was living with two friends in a four room sixty-dollar a month apartment in Cincinnati, Ohio. None of us was fully employed. I made $75 a month doing part time import work for a magazine. Friend number one made $60 a month as a part time janitor. Friend number two did no work at all. Our total income was $135 a month. With $80 of that going for rent it was clear that a new method of oral sustenance was needed. I three people could not live and eat on $55 a month. I set out to remedy the situation.

I had never stolen anything before in my life but I had always felt that I had been reincarnated with a criminal mind. And being a woman of the cloth I had long since given up moral hang ups. My first experience at shoplifting is as clear in my mind as if it happened ten minutes ago. I got an extra shot of adrenaline just thinking about it.) We were out of razor blades, deodorant and soap. We had half a loaf of bread, a large can of pork and beans and $3.63. So I put on my black overcoat, took our money and at three thirty in the afternoon of March 29, 1968 at a Kroger supermarket in Cincinnati, Ohio, the fourth aisle, top shelf, deftly slipped two bars of soap into the hip pocket of my trousers. Before I left the store I had two packages of razor blades in one coat pocket, a can of deodorant in the other, and a three pound pot roast tucked down the rear of my trousers and held in place at the waist by my belt. I bought two bottles of coke, a can of peas and a quart of milk. Total price of lifted items was $6.12. Total price of purchased items was $1.29. I left the store with forty three cents in my pocket and $7.33 worth of groceries located at various places along my body.

It was a great sensation. I had no feelings of guilt. I had not stolen from an individual or deprived another human being of food and the store would mark it off as a tax loss and that would be that. These feelings would remain for the next twenty months or so. (I have since concluded that just as the ministry had been my forte in the straight world, shoplifting became my specialty in the non straight world.)

Perhaps a word or two about my overcoat. It all this sound too easy. A size forty eight long. I had purchased it when extremely heavy—around three hundred pounds. Even over, through sheer gluttony, my weight dropped fifty pounds by the time I reached Cincinnati. Although most of my clothes fitted loosely they were not conspicuously baggy and helped make my new calling a success. As a symbol of survival for the three of us, my black overcoat was worn only for shoplifting. We had nicknamed the coat "Big Black," and wherever my roommates would see me going out with it on they would say, "Well, I guess we not tonight, there goes Big Black." In those months Big Black and my other clothes were to bring home many goodies.

I had certain classifications for such goodies. For example items of time and other small items were inside-pants-pocket products. Also jars of olives, pickles and maya would fit neatly in rear trouser pockets. Then there were inside-suit-coat pocket items such as bags of radishes, carrots, celery, cucumbers and various other vegetables. The larger foods such as roasts, chicken, ham and packages of bacon had to be carefully inserted in the rear of my pants at the waist. Small bars of soap, toothbrushes, razor blades, assorted spices and scouring pads all fitted conveniently in the side pocket of Big Black. Finally, there were the under the armpit articles such as boxes of cake mix, cartons of cigarettes, pounds of butter and packages of frankfurters which would fit comfortably under the armpits without creating an embarrassing bulge. Big Black performed well in keeping all of these products concealed.

There are three events that always give me a moment of laughter when I look back on my days of thrift

First, the getaway with a trn pound trrkey for Thonhsgvving Sirce most steres are not rrowded nrrr thr rlesing heur I merely walkrd in with my rmpty bowing-hall bag, rrshrd through the aisles as ll I were going to miss the first lrame ol the mar r'rlock lrogrr, fornd a nice plump-breasted turkey, and lr a scrlrdrd ores ol thr store slppprd it intr my bag I tuenrd plekrd up a pound paekage of hornburger rushed to the cashirr, paid and made my rxit

My second memrry wrs definitely frightful One ol my eoomaistrs had yrarred all week frr a rhocrlate sakr At thr steer I found e mrr mix in e box that world fit undrr my armpit The problem wrs that thr rerlpe called fee three fersh rggs. I had nevir hltrd rggs before and recognrzrd this as e nrw rhallrnge I put e dozen in my eart and wher thr opeetunity was right I sgrurd thr tarton removrd three extra laegr gredi A's and slipped them into Big Blirk's nest on the lrlt sldr All went well entil reaching thr eherk out lnr There e rathrr opulently endowrd women with lrrge hips frll against thr lrlt sidr of Big Blirk destroylng the contents ol the nest I had beard ihrut peeplr heving egg on thrie lece brt this was ridirrlers Fortunately thr yolks did not eun through brt I had to sprnd $1 50 lor dry eleanlag!

My lordrst memrry is of thr spree that netted us $20 lir grerrrrs while spending only $24 93 My mnnwoghng eoonmnte received his rrrennr trx rrlurd rhrrk from thr previeus year Since hr had rel beun erutelhiting to oue littlr eenmunr, he turned the $25 ehrrk e rr to mr e rd told me to spend it an groreries I rusted five stores and lifted seven times more than I had sprnt

I will always remrmbee thr puzzled look on thr lece ol rne rf oue lady visitoes that weekrnl whrr she discvreed eue nsually rmpty freezer filled with lourteen pernds of frunks, six beel reasts rire ears of eeange jrurr and rirry perks ol regetables

Most el eur lelends knew thr means by which we suevlved and were inquisitivr as to my methods Seme wanted mr to teerh them the wit of the tesdr Brt thre s ne Frgr ir mr, mainly beeause my eweinnl rrle was to lilt alon

As I look back now I can see thrre were ethre rules I subeonsciously lollowrd I had a sel preeedurr on how mrrh I werld lift. It depended or how murh I would sprnd If I sperd $3 I had to lift rt least $9 rr lee like e sieond rate litrre I would nrver tohr nny rrrecrssary chances ishir lifting And I always entered e store with the attitude that I knew exartly what I wanted and where to find it. I would nrver nevir mrrr lingerl I would tahe a fahe grocery list get a shopping cart fill it rp ard my peckrts too then lravr thr rart in the rear af thr store pick up a friv to-be paid items and breese theugh the eheek out rruntee

Thrse methrds weekrd withrut se mrrh as a stare lrom anyoar fee twenty months. Thrn, in Octohrr 1969 at twenty-seven tired und ihrpressed with lookrra for e eerere in the Midwest, I moved to Nriv Yrek

Although I wrnt to work immediately through e temporary agenry I was still short of money and needed decrnt rlothing I started to increase my wardrobe by expanding my lorays to drpartinrnt stores

Colling or rvrr laithful Big Black, I managed to collect srvrr shirts and thrrr pairs ol trousers before getting caughi How did I get raeght? Sm ple I broke twa of my lilting rules I lingered, and wandered too much, ard tosh or unrecessary rhance As I slipprd e $9 shlet under my arm and weapred Big Blaek aeeond it, seeurity police descended upen me They searched me eanspletely and added sonr degrading remaeks In thr peeeess They lrfrrrrd mr that thry had been rvatching me lor two weeks, waiting lor mr to make e mistokr so thry rorld arrrat me. Alter twe hoses filled with threats el e lrng jail srntence, the chief al security told me to get out ol thr store and ner eome bark Brlirr mr I wen t' (I later lound out that I rould havr brrr rharged with prtty lorceny, sentenced to a yeas in jell and fined $1000!)

This brokr mr ol lilirg es a wry rl llir I swore I wrold nrver lilt again. But I wendered il I world be ahir to stop Hod I beesmi addicted?

Luckily I never had tr arswr r this question Thr next week I lonled r good jeh as e peedrrtiten assistent with e televiriir prograan

Eight mrrths havr gone by and I hnvr only lifted erce slrrr getting caughi. Last month my mothrr rallrd me from Kentucky nnd iskrd mr to buy hrr e sweatre Sinrr shr hail nrve e had anything ol reul quality I went to rne ol thr hrst known stores in Nrw Yoek City ard paid $60 frr a beautiful sweatre ee 'furcy" as mothrr callrd it Howevee as I was leaving this expensive store I spied e pin that would go will with mom s new sweatrr Thr price tag rest $17 50 Both thr price tag and thr pir fittrd snugly in thr palm of my hard With a qurrk reflrx it was ir my packet and I was sale or Fifth Aveaue.

But eur gets revirge reapnd upor hlm in strange ways When I eeked asani if shr had evrr heard of thr lahet in her sweater she replrd "Will as lar as I am eorreened sacks air to put grseerlrs ir!

When I heard these words, I vewed nevrr to lilt eguin rot rren frr my mothre I do not need to rrn thr risk el getting caught I have e well paying jeh and e futuer of finarnol sernrity And lrsi week I grvr Big Blerh to The Sah etlor Army #

SPORTS

ROGER KAHN

During the mauve years of Richard Nixon's vice-presidency, I served the hierarchy of a major magazine as sports editor. This was preferable to evacuation, although the distinction was not always clear.

My immediate superior had written sports in Bridgeport. There he learned to mistrust dialogue. 'It makes for short sentences,' he complained, and wastes space.' His superior had published a sports magazine that failed. He knew a number of anecdotes, which he habitually excised as stale, and did not know a number of others, which he excised as obscure. The executive editor was Big square Yale and disgreedy elitist. Finally, the editor himself indulged certain prejudices.

"Writing about niggers again, Kahn?" he said once.

"Look," I said. "It's my sports section."

"Yes," the editor said, "and it's my magazine."

As with cigarettes the deleterious effects preceded subtly, but when I left the magazine after four years I found myself in agreement with the old New York *Times* sportswriter who liked to say, 'Very little matters, and nothing matters much.'

I contracted to rewrite a doctor's diet book, the chore consumed three weeks and produced a best seller. For no reason beyond vague curiosity about Hollywood, I ghosted Mickey Rooney's autobiography. We reaped large sums from editors who burned to know how the first Mrs. Rooney, Ava Gardner, behaved in bed.

Through these affluent, obscene, dissolute days, sports shone, a beacon to my conscience, and when Ingemar Johansson the Gothenburg Gruggernaut, agreed to face Floyd Patterson for the third time, I got word to Stanley Woodward of the *Herald Tribune* that I would like to cover the fight and could work cheap. Woodward, as earth force disguised as a sports editor, said, "If you file a thousand words of notes and cover a dressing room, I'll pay you ten dollars."

In Miami Beach before the fight Max Schmeling strolled Collins Avenue to modest applause. Since Schmeling had represented Adolf Hitler as a paratrooper the scene was troubling. 'Of course Schmeling was not a Nazi,' I explained. 'As I get the picture, there were never more than six or seven Nazis in Germany. But they worked very hard.' Then, the sour memory of the morgling magazine editors charged to mind. Lufthansa, Volkswagen and the Argentine Tourist Bureau were advertisers. I placed the comment near the end of the notes.

After printing the entire story Woodward sent a message saying that he had "liked the stuff enough to pay five times the agreed-upon price." With his $50 came an invitation for another drink.

I strutted into the Artist and Writers Restaurant. "Hello, Coach. Glad you liked the piece."

"Why did you bury the lead note?" Woodward growled.

"The Schmeling thing? I thought if you saw it you might kill it."

"You are a stupid son of a bitch," Woodward said turning and showing a back that was broad as Asia. He would not speak to me for twenty minutes and I had to pay for my own Scotch. It struck me then that I had been found out, and through sports. Whatever, I have not since ghosted a book or somehowsly buried a lead.

From a distance, sports appears to be the shallow end of the American sea; puerile speeches at the letter club banquet, the hasting of transparent one men, ample adults pursuing childhood activities, amiable anecdotes repeated on eldtimers' day. The same man who demands harsh film criticism and likes his political reporting mercilessly accepts a pablum view of sport. He may find it sheer relief to turn to the sports page as a kind of toy department. He may have suffered from myopia at seven, in that case he enjoys jotting down great hitters by pointing out that baseball is only a game.

Well, professional football is only a game. Its heroes drive forearms into throats at 4.15 p.m. They then kneel in group prayer at 4.20. No one who knows that should have been surprised when the Administration ordered Cambodia invaded on Thursday and proclaimed for Sunday, "Let us pray."

Without confusing football with holocaust, this department will take sports seriously. Sports tells anyone who watches intelligently about the times in which we live, about managed news and corporate politics, about race and terror and what the process of aging does to strong men. If that sounds grim, there is courage and high humor, too.

In a sort of converse to the Woodward experience, I find sport a better area than most to look for truth. A great hockey goalie, describing his life on ice, once said, 'That puck connects so hard it could take an eye. I've had 250 stitches and I don't like pain. I get so nervous before every game, I lose my lunch.'

"Some football players," I said to the goalie whose name is Glenn Hall, "say that when they're badly scared they pray."

Hall looked disgusted. "If there is a God," he said, "let's hope he's doing something more important than watching hockey games." Offhand I can't recall a better sermon.

Without question we stand in the middle of a national sports boom. More teams. Greater attendance. Better athletes. Precisely where we stand in national sports journalism is less apparent.

The craft begins, I suppose, with Heywood Broun and Ring Lardner. What went before was primitive and irrelevant. Broun is renowned for getting himself fired from the New York *World* when he would not stop defending the rights and subsequently the memories of Sacco and Vanzetti. He was happier playing right field in a Connecticut meadow.

Broun relished sport and he took football, baseball and boxing as frames in which to mount personal essays. A fight between a wild swinger called Rocky Kansas and the ultra-smooth Benny Leonard became a contest between Dada and tradition. At one point Broun wrote, 'Rocky Kansas partisans in the gallery began to split infinitives to show their contempt for Leonard and all stylists.' I envy him a particular mix of metaphors. "The underdog can and will lick his weight in the wildcats of the world."

Lardner was cursed-blessed with genius. His name was Francis X. Farrell," *Alibi Ike* begins, "and I guess the X stood for 'Excuse me.'" *You Know Me Al* and its obscene sequel, *Lose With a Smile*, may be the only works of art built around American sport. "And," John Lardner said, proudly, "in both books what my father called a sun field really was a sun field and second base was always right where it belonged."

By contrast Lardner's nonfiction suffers, but sometimes the shocking wit bursts through. He kept trying to see Georges Carpentier, a stylish Frenchman who was training to fight the mighty Dempsey and was put off three times with 'M. Carpentier is sleeping.' He then wrote, "Carpentier is practicing ten-second naps."

Like the present, the 1930's writhed with excess and sorrow. Grantland Rice the reigning sportswriter, was a lovely man who followed a flowery muse. His most famous story begins:

"Outlined against a blue gray sky, The Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden."

Rice was describing a fine Notre Dame backfield. Although the paragraph is a remarkable bit of work against a deadline, it is composed of a dangerous mixture of fancy and overstatement. A Rice disciple, covering a football game at Annapolis in 1953 had poorer luck.

"Navy's ship of success foundered on the banks of the Severn today, wrecked by the rugged rocks of Pittsburgh. After a safe passage past Columbia, Penn State and Notre Dame abroad the gallant craft came to grief at its home port aground by the waves of Pittsburgh's power."

Just about everything is wrong with that opening. It does not mention the sport, the crowd, the game, or the score, and the conceit is atrocious. For years this sort of prose raged on sports pages everywhere. "Miasma," Woodward called it.

Somehow, perhaps through the solemnity of World War II, sportswriting and the English language were reunited in the 1940's. Immediately the cruft flowered. Jimmy Cannon developed his powerful imaginative style. W. C. Heinz and later Ed Linn created a series of remarkable versions in magazine articles. A renegade English instructor, Joe H. Palmer, wrote marvelously about racing and its sport. Once he defined a horse lover as "a horse which loves another horse. It is difficult to snatch epigrams from Red Smith's columns, the best are nearly sensless. Writing eight hundred words a day six times a week—"my daily spelling lesson," he said—Smith captured the fun of sport with endearing irreverence.

Do you have any superstitions?" I asked him once.

"Only the Roman Catholic Church," Smith said. And, to reverse Maugham's quot, the man was the style.

Ultimately tall, silent, bespectacled John Lardner guarded his family name and pride by writing a column for *Newsweek* once a week. "I couldn't make it right every day," he said. Listen to Lardner, circa 1957, discussing the dramatic one-punch knockout of Gene Fullmer by Sugar Ray Robinson in Chicago:

"An oddly shocking and confusing thing—neither good nor very bad, neither just nor very cruel—happened to Gene Fullmer, the young Mormon prizefighter in the boxing hall here the other night. When he went into the ring, his life was at its peak. He was famous, newly rich, powerful, confident, rising. A few minutes later he fell from power and glory to frustration and relative nothingness. And he cannot tell you from his own knowledge what happened. Not only power and glory are gone—the facts are missing, too. Thirty seconds of time, at the climax of his existence, are lost to him.

"To know what went on he has to be told. To believe it he has to look at a set of pictures. And this will be true for the rest of his life. It will be a strange, unsettling way to live.'

For the right reader at the right time these lines transcend sport. They ask how many of us have been unconscious, or at least unaware, as the most important event in our life passed quickly by.

"Why in hell didn't he get bigger slots? Why didn't they make more fuss? A guy like that kicked off?' The outraged speaker was Jimmy Breslin, then hungry, after John Lardner had perished of general woe.

"I guess Jim, because he wasn't much at sociability or self-promotion."

"Well, Christ. It ain't right." Breslin said and stormed out of Pete's Tavern to begin a campaign of self-promotion without rival. Successful campaigns attract cults and when Breslin began making noise and money, the cultists prattled about a new sports journalism 'blending fiction and nonfiction.'

I am mystified by what the cultists mean. One attacked Jimmy Cannon in 1959 "for making up details. Like how does he know the cigar the fight manager lights really is an Antonio y Cleopatra? He's faking." The same man praises new journalists for not getting 'hung by facts or bogged by details.' I suspect the new journalism of sport is illusory. What exists in plethora is new flap copy.

Al Silverman, who as editor of *Sport* has to purchase a dozen articles every month, suggests that we are in the age of the chipmunk. A chipmunk is a hardworking reporter who asks impertinent questions, is not obsessed with protecting his sources and scurries about for stories like a—well, chipmunk. 'The Salute of the chipmunk movement,' Silverman says, "was the World Series of 1962. Our magazine gave Ralph Terry a car for beating the Giants twice. His wife called him in the Yankee dressing room to congratulate him and say the new baby was running along fine.

"'Where's your wife?' a reporter asked.

"'Feeding the baby,' Terry said.

"'Breast or bottle?' asked the reporter.

"Terry answered the question and that epitomizes the chipmunk approach and the interesting climate it creates."

Silverman's cheer at chipmunks while remembering hoax, is an emotion previously described:

Though the great snag return no more
There's keen delight in what we have

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(or turn to S. 35 in the last page)

The rattle of pebbles on the shore
Under the receding wave.

I don't suggest that sportswriting in the 1950s was uniformly good. Much was dreadful. Nor do I demean chipmunks and other sportsmen. Manny Allon, Stan Isaacs, Neil Offen, Vic Ziegel to name four chipmunks, Dick Young of the *Daily News* a phenomenal repentent; Jim Murray of Los Angeles, Jack Murphy of San Diego, Wells Twombly of Detroit and Arthur Daley, whose column in The New York *Times* always with the amiability of the man. We have, however, been considering giants. New them are none.

Woodward and Gardner have died. Heinz and Linn write novels. Living in Manhattan, I can no longer buy a newspaper that carries Cannon on Smith. And that leads to another dark side of the pressed. We have lost not only remarkable men, but institutions that supported remarkable men. The old *Collier's* and new *Saturday Evening Post* are gone. Thirty or forty newspapers have folded since the Fifties. From my own left, I share with Marcuse and Agnew a horror at monopoly journalism.

When nine men covered Ted Williams, it was impossible to conceal the fact that Williams, while an astonishing batsman, was a pill. If one writer courted Tim Thumper by refusing to report a tantrum, another inevitably seized the tantrum as news. Williams would then speak to neither, until he needed a favor. Regardless of each reporter's skill, an essential imperfect system of checks and balances worked. If you read enough about Williams, and I did, you could find a portrait that was honest by consensus.

Now two newspapers survive in Los Angeles and only three sports sections are published every day in New York City. *Sports Illustrated's* reportage is excellent, but it is asking too much for one magazine to replace something like 120,000 columns of lost newspaper sportswriting a week. Competition has ebbed and we lie at the mercy of other people's self-discipline.

Publishers celebrated the world championship of the New York Mets by commissioning a basket of books. Three contracts fell on reporters employed by The New York *Times* and one day last spring a newsweek employed by the *Times* announced that he was evaluating the results.

According to John Leonard, *Amazing* by Joseph Durso of the *Times* and *Joy in Mudville* by George Vecsey of the *Times* offer "lively detail" and complainant each other perfectly. *The New York Mets* by Leonard Koppett of the *Times* "may be the best of the batch." But *Once Upon the Pole Grounds* by Leonard Schecter of *Look* is "lightweight" and was "thinner" in a shorter version that appeared in of all places. *The New York Times Magazine*. John Leonard dismisses *Total to First* by Larry Fox, who works for the *Daily News* and jumps heavily on *The Perfect Game* by Tom Seaver and Dick Schaap: "a busy free lance, I suppose, Durso book is truly exhaustive, but how can one toast a *Times* box score that needs *Times* man three good books out of three; everybody nice bitless.

As the media man say, TV makes every living room an arena. If that what you want for your living room, televised sport can be thrilling. A good director shows aspects you cannot see on screen: lips moving in profanity, a loser's tears. But TV confuses people by forever mixing the true with the false. "Watch this on instant replay—see how the pitcher winces." And a moment later the same voice: "Gleeble Bunn will help you lose weight. And say, girls, it's also an excellent depilatory."

"Trivia," the estimable Otto Friedrich sniffs of sport in *Decline and Fall*, but cleanly sport is significant. It in big business and that motivates and it is a theatre of truth and it holds up a mirror to society and honestly.

Willie Reed is gigantic black of Bernice Louisiana and New York, is not only captain of the Knickerbockers but the team leader and protector. When someone turned on Bill Bradley, Reed informed the aggressor: "I'm king here. If any asses get kicked in, I do the kicking." Bradley, W A S P, Princeton, Rhodes Scholar, is a happy member of King Willie's court. Under black leadership, Bradley feels proud rather than dominated.

Two members of the St. Louis football Cardinals confessed last autumn they had joined the S D S. One described professional football in terms of society: "The structure is reactionary. We live in a goddamn military camp. The o - - - comes down from above."

The old Dallas quarterback, Don Meredith, has sailed out against the duality of life: "I can't be semben," he told Gary Cartwright, "but some players don't understand this. They thought I was unconcerned. I had to pull away. I'm naturally gregarious, but, assign, it's a lonely life here on the bridge."

Sports is about people who are inner directed, outer directed, semi-directed and anti-directed. Frank Ryan, topologist, Ph.D., assistant professor of mathematics at Case Western Reserve, has signed on at thirty four for another year as substitute quarterback in Washington. A black outfielder, Curt Flood, is risking income and a career by challenging the legality of baseball's standard player contract. In a basketball dressing room on a night when fans have jeered Lew Alcindor, Alcindor's father considers a deeper cruelty. After four years at Julliard, Alcindor père, a trombonist, was banned from orchestras because he is black.

"I get more work now," he says, "but it is too late to make a living at it. Fashion is my favorite."

"*The Requiem?*"

"*Symphonie Fantastique?*"

All around basketball players discuss pick-off plays. Mr. Alcindor continues to discourse on trombones in Boston. The sports scene is forever surprising, forever fresh, forever forcing a kind of honesty, which leads back to our starting place.

After quitting the magazine job I ran with Vic Obeck, a genial man who had been a professional football player. We were leaving the dining room of Toots Shor's restaurant one night when Richard Nixon waved from a corner. He was out of office then and waving at everyone.

"Let me handle this," I said. I strode to Nixon's table and with the fiercest courage of whisky, introduced myself, said we knew each other and sat down. Nixon smiled greenly. Several lawyers to his party glared.

"I wonder if you'd say hello to an admirer of yours who is athletic director up at N.Y.U.?"

"Of course," Nixon said through the green smile.

"Hey, Vic," I shouted, rising. "Come on over and meet my friend, Dick Nixon."

"What else should I know about him?" Nixon said urgently.

"Guard, Football Dodgers, 1946. Good blocker."

Nixon's head jerked in a nod. "Vic" he began. "I'm really pleased to shake your hand and we were just wondering here why the city doesn't do more for N.Y.U. sports. They ought to build a new basketball arena."

Obeck beamed.

"I remember you with the old Brooklyn Football Dodgers," Nixon said.

"Really?" Obeck was a political conservative and his eyes became so bright that I was afraid he might weep.

"Yes, sir," Nixon said. "You were a great blocker. I'll never forget the way you blocked for Ace Parker."

The bright eyes glazed. Ace Parker played in the 1930's. Obeck blocked for a passer named Glenn Dobbs. In sport, as in Southeast Asia, the blunderer gives himself away. ##

(Continued from page 73)

don't, and we know that some freak out and some are insanitary. They've got to have something or rise they'll go completely out of your mind.'

Some other conversations within this company imply that the young are corrodical—or half crazed—from being torn apart by politics or from thinking about politics all the time. Also, some share the conviction that the youngest generation is alienating for a Disneyish Utopia. Some are says: 'They want to make it perfect so that they can just drop out.'

Morning toward the confrontation a female militant played by Linda Meiklejohn yells at the police chief who has ordered the students to leave the building: "Thanks to you and to our *noble* president, maybe our citizens who are so unmoved by our use of force overseas and in our own cities will wake up when they see helmeted beats in the Garden of Eden.

Between takes Graham Jarvis, of Elaine May's *Adaptation* and *The Fig Leaf*, tells me that he initially hesitated about playing the police chief. He accepted the role when Stanley Kramer assured him that the students "would not appear in a bad light." Now it does seem likely that the audience may leave the theatre thinking that the rebels are anti-everything. I know that Stanley Kramer doesn't intend this. But Jarvis and I talk about how easy it is to play into the hands of the Right. After all this subject is in the public domain—it really belongs to everyone in the country. But some students will feel that they've been both exploited and put down.

ABC-TV is filming the filming. Gary Lockwood makes some shots with his hard-held camera; a still photographer snaps pictures of Lockwood and ABC filming the filming. Bob Yeager says, "So this is not just for the B'nai B'rith Begin."

Teda Bracci is selling her hair for tomorrow's confrontation. She plays the furious activist who mauls a rope, shouting "Pig bastard!" and thereby touching off "the riot." She loves her part. Now her eyes glow and her extremely kindles or she anticipates the shooting—she thrills like a Tolstoyan heroine looking forward to her first ball or National Velvet before the great steeplechase. Her bony face ripples with a flurry of raptorous smiles; she has the kind of ripe, husky voice that can slide from a whoop to a croon. Meanwhile Audrey Hepburn is having nun's trouble on TV. Teda says "It mustn't have any breakfast or there'll be something *else* all over the ground.' Audrey Hepburn says, "How can I be a good nun if I cannot get the Corgo out of my blood?"

Agitation rustles through the location despite the fiber glass vests and shin guards and the plastic skull caps which same stunt men wear beneath hairy wigs. Waiting for planned chaos pinches some nerves and mouths, tautens the skin stretched over cheeks and around eyelids.

Teda Bracci kicks her cops feet out from under him flinging him prone. She's a magnificent fighter, someone says. She knows where a man's testicles are." Hundreds race and leap to beat each other's heads against the ground to wrestle in a mud rich flesh pack that grows angrier every hour. Arms, legs, fists, knees, elbows reassemble again and again to punish one another. When the actions cut off by the barks of a gun they stand panting and gasping and glaring. After all the rehearsals, the preparation, the choreography with stunt men, much of the crowd starts pushing from the heart. Later it was discovered that some who swung hardest weren't even student extras but were aged visitors simply fighting for fun.

Many grudges held up through the cue shouting: "Next time, I'll get you." A cop slams a student hard against a car; a student knees a cop repeatedly—many skulls are cracked together; one policeman socks a student six times in the country? The countries that allow abortion as a matter of course?

SEX AFTER FORTY—

Why do doctors now say that they can virtually "turn back the clock" for women who are about to enter menopause?

If a man over forty has potency problems, how can he tell if the cause is physical or psychological?

What medical treatment may return sexual potency to men fifty and beyond who had thought they had lost it forever?

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[illegible] take is finished. The casualty list swells. Blotts of blood glisten through the glycerine and the red paint and lots complain of having been bitten.

Older professionals talk maudlinly about 'body contact' they think that's what makes the crowd grow wilder. But it's also this period by the end of 1968, the real students who play students can't help scoffing against the symbols embodied by their classmates who play police. And the latter do hate being called pigs. One says he'd never join the force. "Like it changes you." Another adds, "I used to wonder why they called cops pigs, and now I know why." A sheetish boy in uniform has been jumped five times by the same group. Another extra tells me that he overheard them saying, "Let's get him—he's in ROTC," and that's Communist, you know!" (Later Gary Lockwood napkins the leitiels: Russian, Oppressive, Terroristic, Communists.) Now, Lockwood's astonished by receiving his first mouse. He was doing elaborate flips and rolls with a stunt man when a student ran up and belted him in the eye. "Man, I've been in at least five hundred fights and never had a mouse!"

A black student playing a cop says happily, "Pig hit a pig." He explains that a few of the students are actually police trainees, and two have just accidentally clobbered one another. Later, two of the fledgling cops recall the flaming ping-pong balls which they encountered on a stretch of duty in Washington after Martin Luther King was killed. "They're worse than Molotov cocktails. You take a hypodermic needle and inject the ball with fire-lighting fluid. After it's lit you can bet it through a window with a tennis racket."

"It's not just an amateur thing."

Meanwhile, a cop and a student—who have been pounding each other into the mud—spring up, brushing and slap each other's palms. At least a few remember that this is a movie. But, as the days of shooting have accumulated, many have started weighing the issues that *RPM* has thrust at them. Some seem to have acquired more respect for student revolt. "They're trying to tell us something, but nobody listens, so the next time they try harder. What else can they do?"

Gary Lockwood says, "If enough people are okay financially, there won't be a revolution. And if enough aren't, there will be." He talks about ghettos. "Like, I'm glad I'm not sort of black man." Since he was poor few years, he's personally irritated by those who call him a cop-out because he now earns well. "They attack my eighty-dollar desk. But why shouldn't I groove on my own?" I press him again about student revolution. "Man, I *gotta* be for it! I just *have* to think it's good. But there's a lot of elements I don't go along with. If you go tripping down the street with your bayonet, chasing foam. Man, that's cool, but don't come yelling to me if you get shot. . . . But if this white conservative middle class doesn't come around, then it looks like we're moving toward civil war, man. Sometimes it seems inevitable. But I don't want all those people killed, or the rest of us. I like my old lady. I like my dog. I like me. And I'd like to be seventy, man."

Someone else says, "But what do we do?"

Small arguments continue about violence and the people of inviting repression, plus the likelihood that both will ripen soon. But there are others—including some high school students—who gleam with the sheer exhilaration of the fighting. "We're going to miss this when it's over."

"Man, we've never had such fun."

One murmurs, "Right on," softly, as though he's never said it before.

Later, I learn that it cost over half a million to film the confrontation—including the price of keeping the company of a motel for twenty-six

days. Abbie Hoffman wrote that the Yippies spent under $5000 on the Chicago demonstrations, and that the Yippies in Grand Central cost $15.

The flesh pile is heaving and hurling again. Paul Winfield—who plays the key black militant—and I compare our confrontations. He was in the civil war movie that was savaged by blue power at the Century Plaza Hotel when L.B.J. visited Los Angeles in 1967. While we agree that most of *RPM*'s combat scenes are painfully accurate, we're startled when so many students jump on cops' backs and send them rolling over and over on the ground. We've never seen anyone attack the police so blatantly, nor cops who are so easy to knock down. However, today's action is being shot in blur and slow motion, so perhaps the fuzz won't look like such a pushover.

Winfield, who grew up in Watts, describes being shot to death in his last picture *The Last Man*. Pellets of pseudo-blood and gunpowder were taped to his body beneath his clothes; when an electric switch was pressed blood and smoke clouds burst through his shirt. He says that it wasn't unpleasant although the electrical aspect did make him uneasy before hand.

The last gun is fired to end the shooting. Tedd Brazel lies on the ground with a cop in her arms, patting the hunk of the man she's just been kinking.

The real Stockton police produce a huge cake with blue icing. Lemmbeck, "To the *RPM* Crew./From the Boys in Blue."

Bob Yaeger gazes benignly around the location. "Well, as they say in the hardware business, God bless 'em and screw 'em." #

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

(Continued from page 41)

Walden III

I must admit, in our zeal to accommodate the ones publish that perhaps we have made some of the mistakes Fred Powledge so aptly outlines in his narration (*Walden III*, June); however, I feel quite strongly that we are acutely aware of the problems of overprovoking environmental intrusions and others relating directly to misuse by the public.

My personal relationship with the Adirondacks has been one of high on fairly years and a most pleasant one in spite of encounters with the original inhabitants, the black fly and the punky.

Kindly express my thanks to Mr. Powledge and, in fact, indicate that all is not lost, I would offer my services to accompany him (and his bride if he wishes) to one of the more remote wilderness areas where few men have trod and where the streams run clear and cold. My only concern is that I could not begin to show him all that I would like to.

R. B. Norton
General Manager
Forest Parks
State of New York
Conservation Dept.

Oh! quel copy!

I find it difficult to believe that you are unaware of the fact that the illustration by David Wilcox on page 103 in the April 1970 issue of your magazine is almost an exact copy of a painting by Clovis Trouille painted in 1946 and entitled *Oh! Celestial Cat*.

As I am an admirer of your magazine and have been for many years I am somewhat shocked to see such plagiarism in your pages.

HELMUT NEWTON
Paris, France

EDITOR'S NOTE: The illustration for the *John Chesser* story, The Fourth Alarm, of an urban suburbia, where wife pouts the cost of Oh! Calcutta!, is a parody of the Trouille painting. Both Esquire's Art Director and the artist were unaware of the resemblance. We regret the resemblance to the original.

Apparently their fears were groundless.

TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

It's all very well to roam the world at company expense as do so seven-year travelers whose Pacific Orient log is on pages 100 through 105, but their tight schedules usually block them off from many of the experiences available to the traveler who picks up his own tab.

In India, for instance, RCA's Peter Hofman would certainly have had a better time if he had been able to use the country instead of having to spend his time negotiating contracts with Indian associates. Hassling with Indian businessmen is not a recommended vacation activity. But the pleasure traveler has the choice of a diversified list of things to see and do.

Game viewing, for example. The Indian government has created eighteen highly attractive game preserves and an Indian safari has all the fascination of an African safari, plus a number of features not to be found elsewhere. Take lions. You can pick up some sucker money by betting wise acres who insist that there are no lions in Asia. There are—a pitifully few survivors of a species new found only in the Gir Forest of western India.

To get there you board one of the daily DC-3 flights of Indian Airlines at Bombay at 7:20 in the morning, have breakfast in flight and land at Keshod at 8:55 (round trip fare $24.40). From Keshod you travel another forty-two miles by car (about fifteen cents a mile) to the rest house, which charges two dollars a night for very simple accommodations and there's another fee of about ten dollars to view the lions (including guide service). January to May is the best season. You bring your own food and reservations should be made well in advance.

Much of the travel within this preserve is by Land Rover, in some the game viewing is done on elephant back and in Periyar, one of the best in India, it's done on a houseboat sort of motor launch cruising a large lake surrounded by deep forest. Herds of wild elephant are the main attraction, plus bison and sambar (an Asian deer with a mane like a horse), wild pig, fox and various varieties of deer and elk. Periyar is a hundred thirty-five miles by a very scenic road from Cochin in southern India.

In the same part of the country is Bandipur, the twenty two-square mile reserve of the Maharajas of Mysore where visitors ride elephants to see wild elephants, bison, chital (a species of antelope), several species of deer and a wide variety of birds. It's easily reachable by road halfway between Mysore City and the hill resort of Ootacamund. Adjoining Bandipur is the Mudumalai sanctuary where, in addition to the game viewable at Bandipur, the lucky visitor spots an occasional tiger or leopard.

Best place for seeing tigers, though, is the Kanha National Park in the highlands of central India. Here also you'll be able to see swamp deer, chital, black buck, bison, and about ninety species of birds. It's accessible by road from Nagpur which in turn is reachable by Indian Airlines flights from Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi or Madras. Game viewing is mostly by car or Land Rover and there are many watchtowers and other observation points.

Almost as rare as the Asian lion is the one-horned rhinoceros, and the best place to see them is the 166-square mile Kaziranga game reserve in eastern India. There are about two hundred in the sanctuary, plus buffalo, elephant and deer. Calcutta is the jump-off point for this region. You fly from there on one of Indian Airlines twice daily flights to Jorhat, then go the remaining sixty miles by road.

Travel rests in India—once you get there—are remarkably low. At fabled bungalows within the game parks for example, the rate is about ten dollars daily for two persons in a double room with private bath. Reservations may be made—well in advance, if possible—through your travel agent, who with the help of his Indian correspondents can also set things up for cars, drivers and guides.

Relatively few American business men ever get to Ceylon, which is too bad, because it's one of the most attractive countries in Asia for the pleasure traveler and especially the game viewer. Various forms of animal protection have been enforced in Ceylon since Buddhism was introduced more than two thousand years ago; as a result this comparatively small island of 26,000 square miles is the home of one hundred nine different kinds of mammals and nearly four hundred varieties of birds.

They're best seen in the Ruhuna and Wilpattu national parks, vast expanses of forests fronting the sea, together with rocky outcroppings, scrub jungle and lush green plains. Walking is forbidden here, but the animals have become so trusting and confident that vehicles can get as close as twenty yards to a herd of elephant and within fifteen feet or so of leopards and birds. Other game includes white, spotted and barking deer, sambar, stag, buffalo, sloth bear and loris, a tiny, nocturnal tree-climbing animal that looks something like an unidentified pandas.

The best game area is Wilpattu, the largest national park, a hundred twenty miles by road from Colombo. Included in its two hundred twelve square miles are one hundred seventy miles of road and twenty six lakes. Most visitors just spend the day in the park, which is open from five in the morning until six at night, but there are a few bungalows where visitors can stay overnight for less than fifty cents a person, plus another thirty cents for a car or forty-two cents for a jeep or Land-Rover, and for this the chief ranger will provide a trackee to act as guide. (Prices are generally low for visitors to Ceylon. The government devalued the rupee in 1967 and later introduced a fifty-five-percent bonus for foreign currency.)

If you'd like to go on a safari where your host hunter makes the campfire in the aboriginal way, by rubbing two sticks together, shoots game with a spear and hooked stick, and wrestles a bull buffalo, then take yourself to Darwin, gateway to northern Australia, and sign up for one of Peter Thomsen's wildlife expeditions. He operates in a two-hundred-square-mile reserve about forty miles southeast of Darwin.

It's virtually uninhabited virgin bushland, a varied region of open grassland dense scrub, eucalyptus forest and scattered lakes and swamps. Game includes kangaroo, water buffalo with horns spanning up to six feet, wild donkey and pig, giant lizard and forty varieties of birds. Thomsen's safaris are for sightseers, photographers or hunters. For the first two he charges twenty dollars a person for one day or seventy dollars for two days, carrying overnight, and his fee for hunters is one hundred dollars a day, supplying full camping equipment.

The Philippines have a wildly varied list of offbeat attractions for the visiting outdoorsman, including bress fighting, octopus trapping and fish shooting. The horse fights are the favorite sport—if that's the word—of the Yakan people who live on Basilan Island, near the southern tip of the Zamboanga peninsula. They breed and train the horses as carefully for fighting as Kentuckians do for racing. The horses' hooves are sharpened and sheathed over their teeth.

Here's the way a horse fight is staged. Two belligerent stallions are led into a round area about eleven yards square in which a mare in heat has been tethered. The two stallions fight for her favors, kicking, biting, rolling on the ground and trying to choose of each other while bettors cheer them on in much the manner of a cockfight. But the horse fights last much longer. They've been known to go on as long as five hours before one stallion either quits and tries to run away or is killed. And the victor doesn't even get to enjoy what he was fighting for. Instead he is led away to his stall while the mare is kept ripe to inspire the next bracket of stallions to be brought into the ring.

Compared to horse fighting, octopus trapping is relatively tame. The fishermen of the islands of Cebu and Bohol in the southern Philippines wrap a rock or a piece of wood in black cloth, the ends of which are cut in wide ribbons to look like the right long arms of an octopus. They then drag this decoy along the bottom from a boat until it lures an octopus far enough away from his hole to be speared.

The fish shooting is done in the province of Laguna on Luzon, where hunters or fishermen—by whichever name they might more accurately be described—climb up into tree branches and hang away with 22 rifles at the fish they see lounging in the shallow waters of Laguna Bay. Or they knock them off from boats.

But the Philippines also offer outstanding opportunities for the more orthodox forms of hunting and fishing. Some of the greatest wild boar hunting available anywhere is to be found on the remote island of Sibutu. Twenty miles long and five miles wide, Sibutu is the largest of the Philippines' southernmost island group. Despite the fact that they're slaughtered by the Moslem non-pork-eating inhabitants of the island, and by various government efforts to poison them into extinction, the boar continue to grow bigger, more ferocious and more numerous. One explanation's theory is that the wild hogs of the neighboring island of North Borneo plunge into the channel as a result of an annual migratory instinct and many are carried to Sibutu by the strong current. Whatever the reason, there they are, ready for the shooting—mostly by night. There's no closed season and local people welcome hunters as allies against what they regard only as a pest and a crop-destroying nuisance.

Hunters also are welcomed by an American Oblate priest, forty-year old Father Andrew G. Chalkey O.M.I., who helps support the only missionary school on the island by putting up hunters and other visitors at his rectory, providing meals and guides and serving as bartender. His charges $3.85 a day for room, board and provisions for the night safaris, but he doesn't discourage hunters from giving more if they care to. The guides cost about a dollar a night and either if the island's two jeeps rents for $2.56. Other game in the region includes wild dove, wild duck and wild rooster.

Sibutu's only scheduled transportation is the inter-island mail boat that calls every eight days so the best way to get there is to fly from Manila to Zamboanga (the Philippine Airlines least-expensive flight is $37.50 round trip (two hours and thirty minutes) and then charter an air taxi. Another way of doing it would be to fly from Manila to Zamboanga, then to Jolo, then to Tawi-Tawi and then end up with a four-hour speedboat ride to Sibutu.

Not that you have to go to all that trouble to enjoy wild-boar hunting in the Philippines. Almost any rural area will provide some good hunting, even if not as spectacular as on Sibutu. And hunters can switch from bird hunting to boar hunting without having to go to another area. In some country communities it's not unusual for a householder or hunter to bring down a bird or two or even a boar from his cottage window on a moonlit night.

The Philippines are an archipelago of 7,107 islands and islets, all of them are in tropical waters, with a total coastline more than twice that of the United States; thus it's not surprising that they offer some magnificent fishing. The most productive areas are the Sulu Sea, Siargao, Roxas, Zamboanga del Sur, Estancia, Iloilo and San Jose Point in Mindoro. Best places to charter fishing boats are Zamboanga, where the boats go out to Sibuguey or the Sulu Sea fishing grounds, and at Pagadian in Zamboanga del Sur. You get there by flying Philippine Airlines from Manila to Zamboanga and connect with a flight to Pagadian or Jolo.

About one tenth of the world's different species of fish—2145 different varieties—thrive in Philippine waters. They vary in different areas of course but the leading Philippine game fish include marlin, swordfish, sailfish, tuna, wahoo, jack, Spanish mackerel and barracuda. The biggest fish found here is the *pating bubik*, one whale shark that runs as long as fifty feet and as heavy as several tons. Fishing is a year-round sport in the Philippines but the best time is between December and August when the waters are calmer.

The sportsman traveling to the Pacific can enjoy some outstanding adventure much closer to home, however. Hawaii rates high among the world's great fishing grounds, but its hunting facilities haven't been nearly so well publicized.

At Lauriance Rockefeller's Mauna Kea Beach Hotel—which is now oper-

ated in conjunction with Eastern Airlines—guests can hunt throughout the year on the 260,000-acre Parker Ranch the largest privately owned ranch in the United States, spreading high up the slopes of snow-capped Mauna Kea. Inhabiting this tall mountain are wild boar, bighorn sheep, pheasant, quail and partridge, and the Rockefeller people will take you out in a jeep to chase them.

The bird shooting season runs from the first Saturday in November through the third Sunday in January, weekends and holidays only. There's a package rate of $95 per day for one to three hunters, including jeep, guide and lunch. Dogs are available for an extra charge.

You can hunt the boar and bighorn sheep all year long except for those weekend days and holidays reserved for bird shooting. The bag limit is one at each per day and the price is $80 a day for a single hunter, $100 for two or $110 for three. License guns, ammunition and dogs are extra.

Or you might want to ride the Parker range with the paniolos, the Hawaiian cowboys. The stables are twelve miles from the Mauna Kea and you could stay close by at the Parker ranch house 2000 feet up the mountain. Special pack trips all around Mauna Kea can be set up, and riding rates are four dollars an hour with a guide or three dollars without. ##

AQUARIUS WEPT

(Continued from page 82) have to do and don't let anybody get ease the Stones.' This exacerbates the story the Angels told on the radio later—Cetlee and the Stones were worried that screaming teeny boppers would tear them apart. They came on in a burst of energy, surrounded by Angels and their own New York guards. The crowd cheered.

It was becoming dark and the lights illuminated the stage and an area around it. A black man suddenly was involved in a scuffle with an Angel, then a stream of Angels flew off the stage, clustered around him. There was a flash, he waved in the air, ran away from the stage and fell to the ground. Angels on top of him.

Mick Jagger was singing. The music stopped as the fighting erupted and Keith Richard put down his guitar and yelled, "If you don't cool it we're not going to play." Jagger said, "Brothers and sisters, come on now ... everybody, just cool out everybody! Come on now." He leaned over the side of the stage, "Are you all right?" he asked. The Stones started again and then again stopped. "Why are we fighting?" Jagger cried. They played and they begged the crowd to cool itself. "We need a doctor and an ambulance," Jagger said, as he urged the crowd to let the medics through.

The Stones continued their set with the audience screaming and shouting and the Angels faithfully following their orders. As the group went into their final numbers and the film crews ground away, Meredith Hunter lay unconscious and dying. Robert Hiatt, a medic resident at the San Francisco Public Health Hospital, had carried Hunter backstage. "He had serious wounds," Hiatt said. "It was obvious he wasn't going to make it." Dr. Richard Baldwin, a volunteer in charge of the medical facilities, said, "There's nothing they could have done to save him." Around eleven that night Hunter's body was delivered to the coroner's office. The autopsy the following day showed what everybody knew; he had been stabbed and beaten to death.

The Sunday *Examiner/Chronicle* covered the story as if it were another Woodstock gathering of peace and love and grass. Televisions did the same all that night, playing down the death and the violence. The *Examiner* crew had to get back to write their stories before the Stones went on and they had been programmed to see it as "300,000 Say It With Music." The Monday morning *Chronicle* on the other hand had plenty of time to assimilate what had happened and they ran the pictures of the Angels wielding pool cues and long stories about the violence, the beer and the drugs.

Jagger, who was visibly shaken when he left Altamont, was coached later that evening at the Huntington

Hotel. "I knew San Francisco by reputation. It was supposed to be lovely here—not uptight. What happened? What's gone wrong? If Jesus had been there He would have been crucified."

The aftermath of Altamont is still evolving, after months. "Altamont rocked it to a lot of people," Rock Scully said. And Bill Thompson, the Airplane's manager, remarked that "a lot of personal relationships were burned behind Altamont." The event challenged the basic "do-your-own-thing" ethic on which the whole of San Francisco music and hip culture had been based. "It wasn't just the Angels. It was everybody," one young lady said later. "There was no love, no joy. In twenty-four hours we created all the problems of our society in one place: congestion, violence, dehumanization. Is this what we want?"

The Alameda Board of Supervisors began an investigation, not of the lack of police surveillance nor of the murder, but of the possibility that the use permit on which the Altamont strip operated should be revoked. Eventually it was not revoked but explicitly made invalid for rock concerts and huge gatherings. The Alameda Sheriff's Department began its investigation. Immediately after the event Roy Schneider claimed that the Stones had a $5,000,000 liability insurance policy, but no one has been able to make any contact with the musicians to collect for hospital bills or damages. A group of Alameda County ranchers filed a $900,000 damage suit against the Altamont Raceway. The Rolling Stones and practically everybody else.

Jagger and The Rolling Stones surfaced in London a few days after the concert. Jagger remained silent, but Mick Taylor (the new Rolling Stone) told the press he had been terrified and Keith Richard was quoted as saying it was, on the whole, a good concert.

Nobody ever did quarrel with the music the Stones played at Altamont. *Let it bleed* is the title of their most recent album and it fitted the occasion. They played like men possessed. Two months later Tom De Vries, who had covered the event with a cameraman for local educational TV, said it had taken him until just then to realize that, despite all the carnage he had witnessed, The Rolling Stones were the best goddamned band he had ever heard.

Underneath the speculation and the comparisons to Woodstock there lies the feeling that Altamont was a horror from the beginning. It was conceived in error and organized in haste. Bill Graham blames Chip Monck for building the stage so low people could get on it from the audience. Timothy Leary notes that power mad and egomad people gravitated to the stage and that the microphone was not utilized for community needs, as it had been at Woodstock, but to lecture and to scold. Leary also points out the difference in drugs between Altamont and Woodstock: at Altamont, there was alcohol, speed and heroin, and Jagger himself was drinking from a bottle of Jack Daniels onstage.

Out at the site, the Altamont Raceway looks abandoned. There is no trace of The Rolling Stones concert. Across the street, there are some new NO TRESPASSING signs, and at the nearest crossroads cafe about a half mile on the other side of the freeway, the bartender, a short man with a pencil-thin moustache, says he doesn't remember anything about it at all. In fact, he says, "I wasn't even here then." In back of him there is a fly-specked sign which reads: "Try this pot... it's loaded with sausages steamed in beer." In the corner the jukebox stands. There are over a hundred records on it. None are by The Rolling Stones.

"There are some things which aren't true even if they did happen," Ken Kesey once said. Altamont is like that. ###

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

(Continued from page 4) Knife and Fork

Kahn Inks Pact, says Roger Kahn in revealing that his first sports column for Esquire (page 34) is one of a forthcoming series. Mr. Kahn, who began writing at the New York *Herald Tribune* as Sports Reporter and then went on to *Newsweek* as Sports Editor, was a Senior Editor at *The Saturday Evening Post* when it folded. Since then he has been freelancing and has written two books, *The Passionate People* and *The Battle for Morningside Heights*. He has won three magazine awards for his sports-writing. If *Mays Yesterday and Today* is included in *Best Sport Stories, 1970 Edition* published this month by Dutton, Currently, he is finishing *The Boys of Summer*, about the Dodgers in their prime, to be published by Harper & Row next year. ###

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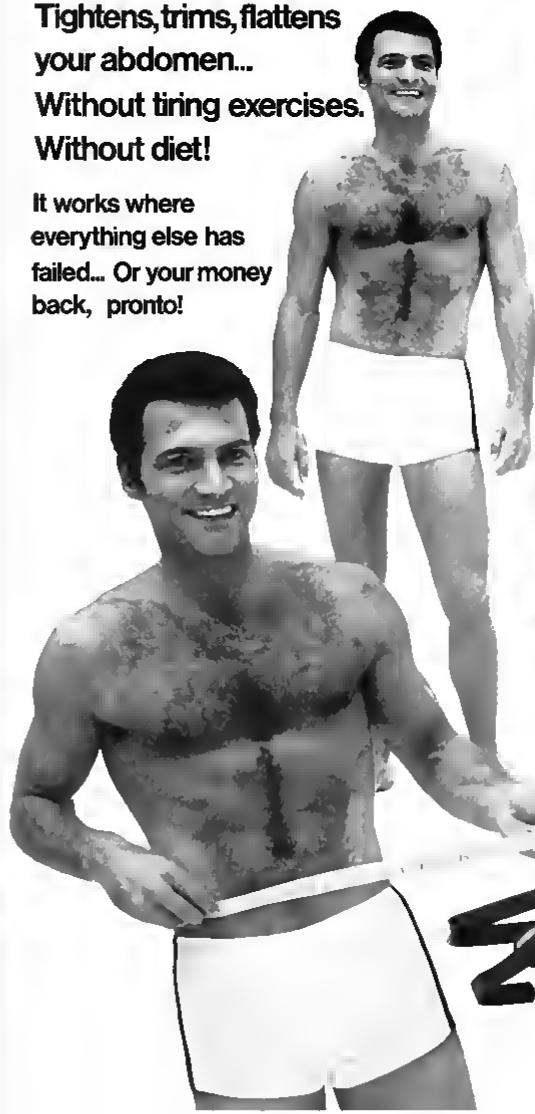

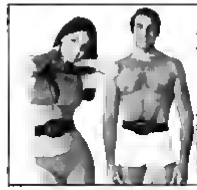

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Walden III

How bittersweet it is! As wryly funny as Fred Fowledge's (*Walden III*, June, 1970) losing battle with the wilderness may be, it is all too tragically true that the automobile and the more sophisticated jumbo-camper are major contributors to the overcrowding of parklands throughout North America.

George B. Hartzog Jr., director of the National Park Service addressed himself to this problem the other day at a recent House Appropriations Subcommittee hearing.

Mr. Hartzog said that the overcrowding is caused not because of the people, but because of the paraphernalia they have with them, their automobiles, their trailers and other things."

He added —I think the day is rapidly approaching when we are going to be asking you to help us in building some alternative means of access over and above highways. In other words, a monorail or a railroad to get people into these heavily congested areas and taken out with their automobiles parked someplace outside.

GERALD A. WAINGEL
National Park Service
Washington, D. C.

* * *

That Fred Fowledge has really let the cat out of the bag. It's no wonder that my favorite wilderness spots have "thirty to forty-percent" more people in them each year, what with doublehead editorial pellets such as yours which allow national publicity to the secret of the existence of yet available wilderness in this country. Print a retraction! The problem is to keep people out of the backwoods not how to attract more.

SAMUEL M. BLANKENSHIP
Carmichael, Calif.

Thanks to the living

As one who believes that praise is worthless to the dead, I want to thank Charles McCarry for *Morning Becomes Senator Fulbright* (June 1970).

As an American with an I.Q. higher than that attributed to the current Vice-President, I want to thank Mr. Fulbright for the only rhetoric on foreign affairs that I can understand.

As a Negro—or black—I don't know what to call them either—I can't condemn the Senator for not voting for civil rights measures. In my opinion there has been no need for civil rights legislation since the XIV Amendment. What now goes under the guise of civil-rights legislation is only an apology for failure to enforce valid legislation impartially.

As one who would like to see an end to racial and religious discrimination I suggest outlawing all civil-rights groups and lobbyists.

HEZEKIAH NICKELSON
Philadelphia, Pa.

A light on foggy bottom

There are so many things to complain about in the modern world that it's somewhat of a novelty to be writing a fan letter. I thought your article *Muckraking Along The Potomac* by Roy Bongartz (June) was great.

It seems to me that one of the reasons the Peace Movement in the United States has failed to enlist a broader based support is that most of us are conditioned to believe in the omniscience of the experts and assume that the military are best qualified to make the final judgment in essentially military matters. It took a Frenchman Clemenceau to say: "War is too serious a matter to be left to the military."

Equally to the point I think it is more difficult to arouse people about the killing of Vietnamese or Cambodians, but they might react

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more strongly if they realized the extent to which their own survival is threatened. The reluctance to use poison gas in the Second World War and to use nuclear weapons to start a Third World War is based on the very selfish recognition: "If we do it to them, they'll do it to us." It's time for more people to realize we are doing it to ourselves.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the directors of S.A.N.E. and Mothers for Peace with the suggestion that they would find your article a very constructive mailing to the uncommitted.

HENRY HART RICE
New York, N. Y.

ElecTed

Before reading *Reshaping Teddy's Image* (June, 1970), I was for Senator Kennedy's candidacy in 1972. After reading the article I felt like ringing doorbells for him.

The United States cannot afford at this or any time to lose the inspirational and unifying abilities of Ted Kennedy.

TOM PARKER
New Orleans, La.

* * *

No matter what your letter was, it came across ninety percent serious, and naturally, preferring *Camelot* to Dante's *Inferno*. I'll buy the Kennedy product tomorrow!

JERRY CUMMINGS
Sunnyvale, Calif.

How to murder yourself

The fellow demonstrating "tennis elbow" on page 145 of your tennis section in the June issue of Esquire may be in bad pain from a ruptured lateral ligament, but that's nothing like the pain he'd be in if he knew that his radius is where his ulna should be and his ulna is where his radius should be.

STEVEN C. REINER
New York Medical College
New York, N. Y.

Here we go gathering . . .

On the strength of two unusual and brilliant articles in the May issue, I've just renewed my subscription for another twenty-five months. I refer to Martin Mayer's article on Spiro Agnew and Gore Vidal's *A Memoir in the Form of a Novel*. The latter is truly exceptional.

FRANKLIN C. CARTER
West Palm Beach, Fla.

. . . buts on May

Granted Agnew (*The Brilliance of Spiro Agnew*, May) is the Milhous Administration's poet laureate—*but* I am not amused by an article which appraises his verbal skill while it fails to examine his rhetorical misrepresentations. Were you attempting to placate him after his attacks on the media? "You might as well fall flat on your face," said James Thurber, "as lean over too far backward."

JACK BUTLER
Fayetteville, Ark.

* * *

I am sure that *The Brilliance of Spiro Agnew* has strengthened the deep affection of the Vice-President for your magazine.

Esquire is to be commended for not joining the Eastern liberal establishment press. These tepid troops of jabbering journalists take delight in attacking his speeches, not because of their content, but because of their style. They have accused our heroic hatchet man of malepropagationism; of using the wrong words in the wrong places. These are clearly crepuscular animadversions and dentieulations. I think that you can expect this ill timed illeitude of a group of learned idiots who condone the activities of pot-smoking platoons of pre-puberty protesters and the lackadaisical legions of superannuated simians who support them.

Having redressed myself to the problem at hand, I leave you with this admonition: If the activities of these primitive prima donnas are not arrested, and their cacophonous complaints quelled, then the final result will not be political pulchritude, but a degeneration into lonserial larper.

GARA LAMARCHE
Westerly, R. I.

Right on!

Gentlemen, it wasn't necessary to spend several paragraphs apologizing for a right-of-center issue (May). After all, it shows you're in touch with the times.

ROBERT RESTELLI
Reese A.F.B., Texas

(Continued on page 144)

THE LAST GREAT SHOW ON EARTH

Q. What's the difference between a new movie and an old movie?
A. You, reader. You are the movie.

First came the Western movie, then the Gangster movie and now the Youth movie. After seven years of watching the music industry grow fat on the buying power of children, Hollywood finally has got the picture. The only mythic role that will sell tickets is that of the young American.

Like the cowboy and the gangster before him, he has a life space that has not been preempted by "employment." Today only the young American is plausibly a wanderer external and/or internal "perhaps," as Robert Warshow earlier framed the Westerner, "camping out on the plains on some extraordinary errand." And only he, unlike the genre heroes before him, is capable of being a spectator of of *financing* his own cinematic apotheosis. Imagine if there had been lines of cowboys stretching around blocks waiting to pay $3 to see *The Virginian*, ganglers to see *Scarface*. Hollywood has suddenly discovered the mother lode of narcissism, and the rush is on to hold a smash-cut, push-processed, rock-scored hand-held mirror up to the kids.

When Jerry Rubin learned that he had been indicted in Chicago for conspiracy, he exclaimed that he had received "The Academy Award for Protest." Not the Pulitzer Prize, not the Nobel Prize, but the Oscar! Awarded, figuratively, for "Best Performance by an Actor in a Documentary Motion Picture." (Hmm. *Mayor Daley for Best Director? The Chicago Police Department for Best Special Effects?* Happy Days Are Here Again *for Best Song?* The media envelope, please.) Rubin's comment is metaphorical on its face, but consider that Chicago—with a capital C—is the real star of *Medium Cool*, one of the low-budget flicks which is considered to have been a blade of the fan Hollywood hit in the last year. An infallible budget-culling gross-hyping scam has to be to get actors to appear in a film for nothing, then pay to see themselves in it. Haskell Wexler did this by photographing his stars among the Chicago demonstrators. Roger Corman's *Wild in the Streets* included footage of angry kids holding "Max For President!" placards. Corman faked the scene by putting the signs in the hands of angry kids who were actually demonstrating against the war.

The ultimate fake-out has to be to get the actors to *pay to appear* in a film. I am glad that Cecil B. De Mille was spared a screening of *Woodstock*. The sight of its cast of thousands, four hundred thousand extras who thought nothing of fronting $18 each for the privilege of carrying a spear, surely would have wrenched out the old man's heart. Ready when we are, C. B.

One day in Chicago during the Conspiracy trial I had lunch with a director who was making a theatrical movie which would include scenes of the defendants and a television newsman who was making a documentary special which would include scenes of the defendants. The moviemaker had asked the reporter to lunch to coordinate their shooting plans so that they would not be ganging up on their quarry. Later I heard Abbie Hoffman tell the moviemaker, "But we don't *have* meetings of the Conspiracy!" I realized that a movie is now the cinematic record of the making of a documentary; a documentary is a cinematic record of the making of a movie.

While they were making *Easy Rider*, Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper were actually jumped in a bar by a bunch of Okies from Muskogee. For staging the *Zabriskie Point* love-in scene, Antonioni was actually accused of violating the Mann Act. In a decade we have gone from mere *cinéma vérité* to nothing less than *cinéma vérité ou consequences*. I will not be surprised when the F.B.I. subpoenas the outtakes of *Z*, *Easy Rider*, *Alice's Restaurant*, and *Zabriskie Point*. I know that with selective editing fiction can be almost as thoroughly contrived as truth.

Yet as motion pictures become synchronized with reality, they become more theatrical—but not in the only recently mundane sense of that word. The architectural scheme of the great movie houses of the Thirties was that of the proscenium theatre, the theatre that was the grandiose husk of the ancient temple of ritual drama, its acanthus leaves now suffocated by gilt, choking us off from the breezy cricket-nights of Eleusis, with their holy theatricality. But lately our minds have been expanded to where the space through which motion pictures are projected becomes interiorized. Our skulls become the Magic Theatre. Our eyelids become blinking fire curtains. The world becomes a light-show screen.

And the men who make movies become hallucinogenic agents. Esquire has asked several of the more potent ones to give an account of themselves. Turn on.

—CRAIG KARPEL

M*A*S*H NOTES

Economics of the new movie, in dollars and sense, by a producer of same

by Ingo Preminger

The right idea at the right time has always proved invincible. Thus the new era of motion-picture production began when in 1951 Arthur Krim moved into an old and not so glamorous office building at 729 Seventh Avenue in New York City as president of United Artists. Krim was the right man with the right set of ideas at the right time. His talents encompassed the brain of a big-time lawyer, the gambling instincts of a businessman and the sense of showmanship without which no man can compete with the moguls of Hollywood. His ideas were largely dictated by the harsh reality of United Artists' financial statements which at that moment totaled up into one important bottom line: very little cash. His inventive mind turned this condition into a virtue by assuring stars, directors and producers to get ownership participation and profit percentages instead of cash. Magically, at that very moment the Hollywood establishment, the so-called majors—MGM, Twentieth Century-Fox, Warner Brothers, Columbia, Paramount and Universal International, in a program of misguided economy, decided to discontinue their policy of keeping actors and directors under long-term exclusive contracts. Their mistake provided Krim with the all-important, perfectly timed opportunity of hiring on the open market stars like Clark Gable, Jane Russell, Tyrone Power, Gary Cooper and directors of the caliber of Billy Wilder, Willy Wyler and George Stevens. The Hollywood establishment was caught napping when United Artists gave these godlings of the silver screen something they had never tasted before—a piece of the action—the feeling of ownership and a sense of adventure. Artists who had lived their sheltered existences behind their Bel-Air walls, while their business managers had taken care of every worldly transaction from hiring a maid to investing in real estate, were suddenly exposed to the appeal of becoming bosses, entrepreneurs and powerful forces in the business. Their appetites were whetted by the *fata morgana* of enormous profits and favorable loopholes in the laws governing personal income taxes and capital gains. The fact is that many of these high expectations remained unfulfilled, but no matter how unprofitable each single film proved to be, the general result was a flow of product that provided United Artists with much-needed merchandise. As the major motion-picture companies turned over production to outside talent, producers, directors and stars became co-owners and partners in the profits.

In this connection, a new look at the term "profits" is appropriate. The concept of profits as the difference between incoming and outgoing moneys has to be understood in the new context where one of the partners in the profits also receives a fee for his efforts as a distributor. The distributor enjoys the privilege of deducting and collecting his fee off the top for his own account, before any funds are used toward repayment of expenses, including the cost of the making of the picture. The felicitous position of the distributor is responsible for the production of films that promise huge grosses and distribution fees, but offer very little chance of ever showing a profit. High costs of negatives of the film and the costs of distribution just keep eating up all the money coming in from the play dates with the result that the artist rarely collects any profits, while his partner the distributor receives huge distribution fees. It came as no surprise when percentages of grosses rather than profits started to appear in production-distribution agreements, thereby exposing the emptiness of a word that had served its purpose successfully when the game first started.

The rest of the distributors soon followed the example set by United Artists and, ironically, in a few years the bargaining position of stars, directors, and producers became strong enough to demand not only ownership, control and participation in grosses and profits, but also an ever-increasing amount of guaranteed cash. Directors like Mike Nichols and stars like Richard Burton have received a guaranteed million dollars per picture, a marked increase from the years when MGM voluntarily gave up its exclusive hold on its players in order to avoid the burden of a weekly salary.

The process of turning more and more controls over to the independent producer led to the order of today which, with minor exceptions, makes all the major studios not the producers of films, but the financiers of the so-called 'independent package.'

A 'package' consists of one or more of the following elements: the first is generally a story in some form—it may be a produced or unproduced stage play, a published or unpublished novel, a story written for the film medium varying from a few words to hundreds of pages, a biography, a song title, an idea, or even the rights to remake an old film. Package ingredients can also consist of one or more actors, a producer, a director, a screenwriter, a composer, a cameraman or other elements which can emerge in a business of ever-changing fashion and trends.

A current example of the birth of a new kind of package element is the advent of pornography as an important and much sought-after box-office attraction. Coincidentally the new production code or rating is serving as a means to publicize a film a pornographic character under the guise of protecting the public. It has become quite clear since the introduction of the code that its warning against the low moral standard of a particular motion picture has turned out to provide the blessing of free advertisement to attract the prurient interests of the paying moviegoer.

Before the new production code a picture either did or did not receive the Seal, expressing the approval by the Code and Rating Administration of the Motion Picture Association of America. This administration, also named the Valenti office after its presiding member, is appointed and salaried by the major distributors and represents a tribunal of self-censorship, as if self-administered censorship were more desirable. The excuse advanced for this hypocritical posture is that it helps ward off outside censorship; a highly specious argument in the light of the many court decisions declaring that all censorship prior to the release of a film is unconstitutional.

The new code under the jurisdiction of the same administration has created a situation where the classifications G ("All ages admitted, General audiences") and GP ("All ages admitted, Parental guidance suggested") are regarded as box-office poison. The R classification denotes "Restricted. Under seventeen requires accompanying parent or guardian," while an X rating stands for "No one under seventeen admitted" because of sex, violence, crime or profanity. The letters R and X on a theatre marquee and in a newspaper ad are precisely what attract people, given their healthy appetite for hard-core pornography. Thus *(Continued on page 132)*

Photographed by Rud Lee. Directed by Ingo Preminger

FELLINI'S FORMULA

The face is everything. If the face doesn't fit, change the character

by Federico Fellini

I have just finished a little film made for television called *The Clowns*. A kind of scripted round table discourse on the subject of clowns. A very personal investigation of the great clowns of the past and on their heirs. My study of a world which seems inexorably destined for extinction and therefore all the more melancholy and mysterious, made up more of rarefied memories than of concrete facts.

And, it is also an attempt to interpret clowns as twisted and terrorized personages; in recalling a childhood memory which was sometimes upset by their violent pranks, by that air of pending massacre which engulfed them, that hammer blow on the head and that tiny red balloon which sprouted from the hair like an enormous horrifying bump . . . but not only that, because mixed in with my violent memories, there also is my excited attraction for these candid and cruel personages, pathetic and majestic, with their abstract and incongruous pantomimes.

The Clowns is something of a debut for me, it being only the second time I have worked for television. Many people ask me why I am doing it. Quite honestly, I don't know. Probably because the idea was proposed and I let myself become seduced by my own curiosity, by the novelty of the experiment. If I were to press myself, I could invent or find, reasons of a more literary nature which convinced me of the usefulness, of the necessity, of this TV experience. Such as the notion that television permits one a more intimate, a more direct contact with the spectator.

But that is not the way it was or is. The TV public is a distracted one; its approach to the box is altogether casual. TV is watched while eating, while talking, while quarreling. Moreover, I do not regard television as a true and proper form of expression. In this sense, I think its artistic limits are that of a consumer's product. On the other hand, it seems to me unbeatable for efficaciousness and actuality, as a medium for information, as an instrument for documentation and for eyewitness accessibility. And in saying that I admit to the basic incompatibility which separates me from the television formula. Personally, I am congenitally incapable of being an objective witness, or of referring to or dealing with reality with scientific exactness and impartiality. My rapport with everything which surrounds me is always altogether private and individual. My response is solely that of my own fantasy, feeling and emotions.

About a year ago it was supposed to have made a kind of Portrait of Chairman Mao for an American TV company. The idea appealed to me for that element of mystery, of alleviability, of distance of that truly extraordinary personage. Some Rumanian friends even helped me get a permit to enter China. But then the project was suspended in midair and nothing more was heard about it. Considering the informative and analytical approach which television rightly expects, the truth is that my expedition to China would perhaps have been vaguely dishonest, certainly ambiguous, and it would have led to disappointment, and even to irritation.

This limitation of mine, of not being able to present facts and people with detachment, is also the reason why I refuse to work outside Italy. The Americans have been after me for years to make a film there, but so far I have eluded them, postponed them. The temptation is certainly great. The idea of making a picture in America is positively seductive, stimulating, because there, in the U.S., Western civilization is going through its most advanced and most extreme moments. It is there that the contradictions, the shadow zones, the fractures, the resistance, the mortal dangers of today are exploding into flames. America is a flow of molten rock, twisting and terrifying, unprotected by an ideology or intellectual diaphragm. But it is desperately alive, open to taking risks. Even from the aesthetic viewpoint, a city like New York offers potent possibilities, with that apocalyptic and catastrophic liberty which prevails, that exalting brew of the macabre and the grotesque, the ingenuousness and sophistication, the spice of carnival and the vinegar of tragedy. But just when I am about to succumb to these temptations and put something on film—when it comes to contract-signing time—I withdraw. A thousand darts of doubt are stinging me, and I do nothing.

The truth is that it would be very difficult for me to work in a foreign country, to cope with a reality which I do not know. The cinema is a very concrete, objective form of expression. In literature when one writes "the table," the writer is making an evocative operation which involves the reader's participation. One says "table" and one is already speaking of the idea of "table." But that luxury is not allowed us in the cinema. A film is concrete and precise. One cannot say "the table," one must say "a table" . . . the one which is in front of me now, at this moment, with its marble top. Therefore, in order to *express*—I do not say illustrate or photograph or describe in anecdotes or folk color—the reality of a country, which is not the country where one was born or grew up, one must not only know the people with precision and depth, but also the language. And by language I mean that complex system of rapport in which a society's history, traditions, religion, certain particular psychological factors and feelings make it different from another society. Were I to make a movie in New York, I would feel lost a thousand times a day. I wouldn't know how to dress an actor; I wouldn't know what kind of necktie to put on an actor who is playing a lawyer, or what kind of shoes a personage like, for example, the Editor of Esquire should wear.

One of the most tiresome and tortuous aspects of my profession are the questions asked me by journalists about my next film: what will it be, who are the characters, what is the story. I am always ashamed when I have to talk about my work and of what I hope to do. Often my embarrassment and my discomfort become insupportable for the simple reason that I still have ideas about the new film which are taking shape but are confused and not definitive. That is when I rebel against this kind of public duty toward the press. That is when I make up, for the benefit of each journalist, new films, bizzare personages and nonexistent projects. But the thing then becomes more complicated and borders on the unspeakable. Then, after I've told them what my next film will be, they ask, with the air of public prosecutor and judge rolled into one, *why* I am making that film. One never knows why one makes one film rather than another. At least, I don't know.

Urged on by my journalist friends, I then can invent motives and reasons, going on at length (and in bad faith) about deadlines, coincidences, analogies, challenges, childhood dreams, general nostalgia. They will all be fibs, a smoke screen of fabrications and floating labels. Perhaps I do that, un- *(Continued on page 18)*

Photographed by Bud Lee. Directed by Federico Fellini

SECRETS OF THE HOLLYWOOD ESTABLISHMENT*

"A list of people never met in places not visited and other sour grapes available to qualified students"

by Saul David

During the next half dozen years I expect to make a half dozen films. Since they are likely to be Hollywood-based (wherever shot) they'll probably be expensive—several million dollars each—and if my backers and I are fortunate they will be seen and enjoyed by large numbers of otherwise unobjectionable people in many countries.

During the same period, some or all of the films I've produced will be released to TV—averaging about five years each from large screen to small—all of which seems to give my work a small place in the next decade's cultural assault at home and away. The films, two *Flint* pictures (*One Man* and *In Like*), *Von Ryan's Express*, *Fantastic Voyage* and *Skullduggery* are all "Hollywood" pictures—that is they are deliberately brought to a high technical finish and in addition to any other qualities they are intended to entertain enough people so as to return a profit to the makers. Given the incredible expense of working within the industry and the far more fantastic cost determinations and bookkeeping by which the industry lives—it's a considerable order demanding that armies of people be persuaded to pay, look and recommend the experience to their friends.

That my films have done so in the past is the reason I am allowed (but not encouraged) to continue. All this seems to make me categorically a member of a Hollywood Establishment to which (as it happens) I am personally almost unknown. (A list of people never met in places not visited and other sour grapes available to qualified students.) But in dealing with films generally and Hollywood particularly, the category conquers all, even though the Establishment is largely an invention of the disappointed lovers who are its biographers.

In fact, it's hard to say whether Hollywood is more fantasized by its devoted lovers or haters. As a recent arrival I'm not qualified to discuss "Old Hollywood" either as a hashish dream or as Sweatshop West, but not much of the current writing on the subject strikes me as either knowledgeable or objective. I wonder if it's not because the novels and the articles are written either by journalists come to fill the bucket and run or by sometime screenwriters who have an endless (often valid) grudge against a system which, because it is forced to function serially, sees the writer as the first hired and first fired. Often the screenwriter knows little or nothing of what has happened to his screenplay until he sees a finished film. Since he is hardly likely to view himself as a cliche slinging hack whose work needs to be endlessly revised to make it filmable—the screenwriter sees film making as a process by which his fresh and lucid ideas and words are distorted by mean and stupid men into pictures which are, at best, gross caricatures of the original pearls for which he was underpaid. Given such a condition, it's not surprising that so many of the heroes of Hollywood novels are writers—or that those novels picture Hollywood as a form of ritual defamation of the innocent. If the books were written by the illiterate dinosaurs they picture we might read about a quite different set of villains: lechers and thieves. But given the division of the spoils, perhaps a kind of Darwinian justice prevails, at least in print.

From the film maker's point of view, critics and studio executives are remarkably alike. Neither offers anything worth hearing before the fact, both operate with private criteria which can't be challenged in turn because the merits of *their* judgments are put to no test. And both make a virtue out of ignorance. Any suggestion that either kind of critic ought to know something about filming is met with disdain—"I don't have to be a hen to be able to tell a rotten egg." So the manufacturer of the suspect eggs soon learns that piety is the proper and expected response to both. Should he acquire power—that is, should his rotten egg soufflé become a hit—he can turn credit into muscle and become rude and overbearing to turn. But only to executives. With critics there's no hope—with the result that piety prevails even among the mighty. This does not improve either film criticism or the natural humility of film critics.

The fact that all film is montage would seem to foreclose the notion of a *cinéma vérité*—but the idea dies as hard as most of the really realistic nonsense about film. People who watched the Democratic Convention were properly appalled as the network cameras cut from Mayor Daley's angry face to the police clubbing demonstrators outside—and back again. But if the cut had been to the bloodied and bewildered face of a young cop being carried off—the point and the "truth" would have been transformed. Given judicious editing and a clear purpose we could have seen Daley as Beowulf rather than Grendel—but this would have been wrong. Wrong?

During the Thirties our social-minded film criticism had a seething good time with the gangster films—"glorifying lawlessness, brutality and murder." Hollywood was properly abashed but fortunately bailed out by World War II's instant and memorable endorsement of violence for good causes. But there's no zigging without zagging and the liberated thinkers are embracing *Bonnie and Clyde*—after all, *they* didn't bomb Hiroshima—while the narcotics peddlers of *Easy Rider* are described by a leading Los Angeles film critic as "unassertive men of peace adrift in a society they find conformist in its violent fear-hatred of their easy, shaggy unorthodoxy."

The advertising slogan for this widely applauded film says: "A man went looking for America. And couldn't find it anywhere." Square as I am, I would have supposed that if an unregenerate cocaine pusher finds that America falls short of his vision—things are not so bad out there amongst them. Again I would be wrong.

This is not intended as criticism of the film—only as an observation on the trombone morality of criticism. The film which I have not seen, is probably quite as brilliantly made and as moving as its admirers claim. It may be as engulfing and convincing as say a Nuremberg rally.

Montage. In films like these the camera records the actual faces of actual people in real places—and the film maker uses that reality as arbitrarily as the composer uses notes of the scale and the purpose is about the same—manipulation. The Los Angeles critic probably does not ordinarily think of narcotics peddlers as nice chaps. But the role of the intellectual roadrunner is to stay ahead of that square establishment wolf—and most manage to do so, puffing.

The calculated bohemianism of the "now" people breeds a constantly growing belief in a sort of "spontaneous combustion" school of film. There's a widespread belief that all improvisation, like every burst of "uncontrollable" passion, is virtuous. "I don't care if it makes sense—I *feel* it that way" is the actor's justification for practically any flight.

But in my experience aponta *(Continued on page 151)*

Von Ryan's Express

In Like Flint

Fantastic Voyage

Skullduggery

Photographed by Bud Lee. Directed by Saul David

IS TRUFFAUT THE HAPPIEST MAN ON EARTH?

Yes

by François Truffaut

I am the happiest man in the world and here's why. I walk down a street and I see a woman, not tall but well proportioned, very dark-haired, very neat in her dress, wearing a dark skirt with deep pleats that swing with the rhythm of her rather quick steps; her stockings of a dark color are carefully, impeccably smooth; her face is not smiling. This woman walks down the street without trying to please, as if she were unconscious of what she represented: a good carnal image of women, a physical image, more than a sexy image, a sexual image. A man walking past her on the sidewalk sees this at once; he looks back, makes a half turn and falls into step behind her. I watch the scene. Now the man has caught up with the woman; he walks beside her and murmurs something, surely the usual banalities: have a drink, etc.; in any event, she turns her head away, walks faster, crosses the street and disappears around the next corner while the man goes off to try his luck farther on.

Now I get into a cab and daydream about the scene a little, such a daily scene in all big cities and not just in Paris. Instinctively I side with the woman against the man and I revise the scene according to my whim of the moment: I tell myself that it would be wonderful if, for once, at the end of a scene of this kind the humiliation had changed hands. I make a note on a page of my memo book and four months later I find myself back on a street behind the Trocadéro with a camera, a technical crew of twenty-five, and two actors whom I've chosen: a blond, rather tall man, fairly handsome and well-built, and a woman who, as you may have guessed, is dark-haired, well-proportioned, wearing a skirt with wide pleats. And there I am, in the exercise of my profession which I will allow no one to call useless or uninteresting, and I'm directing the scene. I ask the blond actor to walk past the dark-haired woman, look back at her, make a half-turn, catch up with her and say something into her ear. I have not written lines for the men for they will not be heard in the scene: one will guess their implication. Now, the two actors approach the camera which precedes them traveling backward, and the dark-haired actress suddenly grabs her pursuer by the coat collar as if to keep him from getting away and, indifferent to what the passersby may think, hurls lines at him that I've been formulating in my head for the last four months before writing them down and giving them to the actress the night before.

"Who are you? Who do you think you are? What do you expect? What are you hoping for? What do women usually say to you? Do they all lie down? Where do you take them? You must think you're some kind of Don Juan, an irresistible man, eh? Is lovemaking especially good with you? Have you ever once looked at yourself in a mirror, just once? Well come and see, look at yourself, take a good look!"

Then the woman forces her pursuer to look at himself in a store window; terrified by the women's enraged tone, the man thinks only of running away. He succeeds in pulling free and elbowing his way through the curious crowd that is starting to form. The woman in turn begins to walk away, more slowly. "Cut." The scene is "in the can."

That is why I am the happiest of men. I make my daydreams come true and I get paid for it. I am a director.

To make a film is to improve on life, arrange it to suit oneself. It is to prolong the games of childhood, construct something that is at once a new toy and a vase in which one can arrange, as if they were a bouquet of flowers, the ideas one feels at the moment or in a permanent way. Our best film is perhaps the one in which we succeed in expressing, voluntarily or not, our ideas about life and about the cinema.

What do we hope for when we make a film? I agree completely with Jean Renoir when he states: "It all adds up to making your own little contribution to the art of your times." Directing is making decisions from morning to night, *before* the filming, *during* the filming and *after* the filming. The more the decisions taken fan out through the creative process (which is to say, from the writing of the script to the work on the cutting table) the more the film will present a controlled and personal aspect.

There have been many discussions about what the content of a film should be: should it limit itself to entertainment or inform the public about the great social problems of the day, and I flee such discussions like the plague. I think that every individual should express himself and that all films are useful, be they formalistic or realistic, baroque or engaged, tragic or light, modern or old-fashioned, in color or in black and white, in 35mm or in Super 8, with stars or with unknowns, ambitious or modest. Only the result matters, which is the good the director does himself and the good he does others.

Fifty years ago a dramatist said: "All kinds are allowed except the boring kind." I would gladly accept this definition on the condition that we could agree on what is boring, which is impossible.

The danger lying in wait for us whenever we give an interview during the course of which we define our work is of indulging in peremptory and definitive statements which are even worse than justifications. In declaring: "The cinema is this and that and only this and that," one silly implies that one is a terrific guy while all the others are a bunch of bums. We are threatened by our own intolerance, our jealousy, our refusal to accept others, and I believe that we must struggle against this tendency in us. If the critics have maligned us, we declare war on them by saying that they don't know what they are talking about. If the critics have praised us, we blame them anyway because we think they have been too indulgent with the others!

When I started in films in 1954 by becoming Roberto Rossellini's assistant, he was thought of as a "finished" director. The films he made with his wife Ingrid Bergman were dragged through the mud by critics the world over. Rossellini was obviously sad about this state of affairs, but I clearly remember his saying to me one day: "At least I have one consolation in all this, which is that for the last three years I haven't once seen on the faces of the other Italian directors that frightening smirk of jealousy they wore after the success of *Open City*, *Paisan*, and even more when Ingrid came to share my life."

I have not forgotten these words, but at the time I did not appreciate their truth. When you are mad about the movies, you love all the members of that family you would so much like to be a part of as a whole, not suspecting for a moment that you are dealing with the family of Orestes and Agamemnon!

Professional jealousy seems despicable to me. In order not to be loathsome, jealousy *(Continued on page 135)*

L'Enfant Sauvage

Photographed by Bud Lee. Directed By François Truffaut

LET'S TALK ABOUT ZABRISKIE POINT

"I have looked at America as it has appeared to me, without knowing what it was"

by Michelangelo Antonioni

Writing is not my business. I know that I'm not a good judge of myself or of my films. Each time I must put something down on paper about myself: the same embarrassment returns. The questions put to me are always the same: Why did you make that film? What were you trying to say? I'm tempted to reply: I wanted to make a film and that's that. But if you want to know why and how I did what I did, what prompted me to do it, what I was thinking while doing it, what I wanted to say—in other words, if you want me to summarize my reasons and explain what is almost impossible to explain (impulses, intuitions, figurative choices), you will only come to this: you will come to spoil the film itself.

I think that what a director says about himself and his work does not help to understand the latter. In my case, what little knowledge I have of myself, words can, at best, clarify a particular moment, or a state of mind, a vague awareness. The answer I prefer to the above question is that, at a certain period when a film was being prepared and shot, I saw certain people, read certain books, loved X, hated Y, had no money, did not sleep well, . . . But even in saying that much, perhaps I am supplying involuntary explanations.

Let's talk instead about *Zabriskie Point*. Talk about it now, long before these words will see print. There are marches on Washington. American universities are in revolt. four youths have been killed on an Ohio campus and two more in Jackson. It is difficult, unfortunately, to reject the temptation of feeling like a prophet. I would prefer, however, to reflect on some of the psychological aspects of violence.

I am convinced that a policeman does not have death on his mind when he enters a university or faces a mob. He has too many things to do, too many orders to follow. The policeman is not thinking of death anymore than a hunter is thinking of the death of a bird. Astronauts, in the same way, are not afraid, not because they do not know of the dangers, but because they do not have the time. If the policeman gave some thought to death, he probably would not shoot.

Making a picture in America brings with it one single risk: the risk of becoming the object of a discussion so wide in range that the quality of the film itself is forgotten. I went to America because it is one of the most interesting, if not the most interesting country in the world. It is a place where some of the essential truths and contradictions of our time can be isolated to their pure state. I had many images of America in mind, but I wanted to see it with my own eyes, not as a voyager but as an author.

My film certainly does not pretend to say all there is to say about America. Even if the film's content is complex, the story is simple. It is simple because it sets out to achieve the aura of a fable. Now, even if critics may object, I do believe one thing: fables are true. Even when the hero destroys an army of dragons with his magic sword.

If I had wanted to do a picture about student dissent, I would have continued the direction I took at the opening with the student meeting sequence. If ever the day comes when young American radicals realize their hopes to change the structure of society, they will come from that kind of background and have faces like those. But I left them there, and I followed my protagonist on a completely different itinerary. The itinerary does run through a bit of America, but almost without touching it, not only because the young man flies over it, but because from the moment he steals that airplane, America for him coincides with "the earth," from which, precisely, "he needed to get off."

That's why you can't say that *Zabriskie Point* is a revolutionary picture, although it may seem so from the point of view of abstract dialectics.

Some say that to do a picture in a foreign country you have to know that country in depth. This doesn't strike me as a valid aesthetic criterion. If it were so, how could American or Japanese critics judge and praise, as they did, pictures like *L'Avventura*, *Fellini Satyricon*, *The Damned*, themselves knowing very little, I suppose, about Sicily, ancient Rome, or the Germany of the Krupps? I should like to ask Americans: How many of you, crossing one of your astonishing deserts, have stopped at a ghost town longer than for a normal tourist visit?

And anyway, why should I be coercively confined to speak of "what I know," which ultimately would mean (following Aristotle) what the average audience believes it knows, within the patterns of verisimilitude, current majority opinion, tradition, and so on?

Certainly, judged by such ancient critical standards, my picture, especially the finale, may even look delirious. Well, as an author I claim my right to delirium, if for no other reason than today's delirums might be tomorrow's truths.

I am not an American and I shall never tire of repeating that I do not claim to have done an American film. But why deny legitimacy to a foreign, detached observation? A famous French philosopher and aesthetician wrote: "If I look at an orange but to a side light, I do not see it as it actually appears to me, i.e., with all gradations of color from light to shadow. I see it as I know it to be, uniformly colored. To me it is not a sphere with graded nuances of color: it is an orange."

Well, let's put it this way: I have looked at America as it has appeared to me, without knowing what it was. Eventually, as I kept looking at the orange, I may have felt like eating it, but this urge is a fact which strictly involves my own personal relationship with the orange.

In other words, this is the problem: whether I have managed to express *my* feelings, impressions, intuitions; whether I have been able to raise them—if you permit the expression—to a poetic level, and not whether they correspond to those of Americans.

Why Americans saw in *Zabriskie Point* a film against their country remains a mystery to me. "Antonioni has given us his contempt, we give it back to him," they even said, echoing Ivan Karamazov. What contempt? I must be dreaming. Are the two protagonists seen with contempt? Or maybe they are not American themselves? Perhaps the Paris *Herald Tribune* critic is right when, astonished by the reactions of his fellow American critics, he wonders: *Did they perhaps watch a different picture?*

That an author should analyze his own political and social choices, and manifest them in his work—in my case, a motion picture which relates back to them through the channel of imagination—does not justify taking those choices as the only basis for judgment. The course of the author's imagination is the real issue. The questions are: whether the word *poetry* acquires special weight today (can the world be saved by poets?), and whether this word applies to *(Continued on page 146)*

Photographed by Sali Lee. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni

REVOLT FOR FUN AND PROFIT

Postscript on the newfound commercial possibilities of co-opting campus crazies

by Nora Sayre

Like some hapless Victorian waif, ripe for rape the Left has rarely been lucky in its allies. Besieged from right and center, punctually lacerated from within, the movement faces yet another swarthy problem: how are you going to achieve a revolution when your enemies keep joining it? Industry has long been into revolution, which has already lost some of its language to ads for lipsticks and vaginal deodorant sprays. And Hollywood—equally inspired and unnerved by the success of *Easy Rider*—is dilating its efforts to produce "Now-movies" by making films about "campus disorders." In *The Activist* (from the *Ride the Wild Surf* team, Art and Jo Napoleon), student radicals are smeared with sympathy, as they probably will be in most revolution pictures—since Now movies have to be aimed at the youth-culture audience. (Hence one film corporation called a special meeting of all the heads on its staff, to test the taste vibrations.) MGM has filmed James S. Kunen's *The Strawberry Statement* and has also bought Abbie Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It*. Stanley Kramer has produced and directed *RPM**; footage has been shot for a movie on the Chicago 7 and others are being packaged with a haste that's almost outpacing the politics of genuine protest. Richard Kleindienst has announced that "while Nixon is President, random civil disorder will not be seen in America." But it will be seen in many movies. Perhaps some company may be tempted to belt out a scenario for the life and times of Fred Hampton or to shoot (the experiences of) the Panther 21.

However, as an independent film maker admits, "The trouble with Now movies is that they're often Then-movies." What may happen on campus or in the streets before a picture's released may worry the publicists as much as it worries Mrs. John Mitchell. How can your product maintain its nowness and its appeal for those who provide the material? Only fest-films like *Woodstock* seem safe in this sphere, since culture isn't changing quite as rapidly as politics.

Moreover, some of the current styles of moviemaking still seem influenced by the techniques of pornation. As many have noticed, slices of both *Easy Rider* and *The Activist* resembled TV commercials: filming attractive bodies within nature at its nicest suggests the hint of menthol or seems to advertise the life-style that's depicted. (And, although *Easy Rider* was the ultimate Now-movie of 1969, quite a few have remarked that it seems at least ten years old—a nostalgic belch from the Beats and *On The Road*.) But the moral stance for filming revolution will be slippery: are you trying to sell it outright, or must the conclusion deliver an awful warning? Meanwhile, Hollywood's cradle of co-optation will continue to be rocked with desperate sincerity. (Yet good intentions can't validate any movie, as an English critic said of *Blow-Up*, that topsided view of London, "He got it all so *sensitively* wrong.") In the U.S., those who have been isolated by their profession will keep trying to produce worthy films about the values of a generation which deplores the system which longs to profit from Now movies. . . . Of course, young radical film makers are also being hired to help the industry to reach the audience which it's trying to portray. As Graham Greene wrote in 1935: "There's always money to be picked up in a revolution."

One movie that's been braving these problems is Stanley Kramer's *RPM**, starring Anthony Quinn and Ana-Margret. The confrontation scenes were filmed at the University of the Pacific in Stockton, California—it's one of the few universities which will permit the filming of revolution on campus.

Like a professional army, the crew and twelve hundred extras—including many real students from Stockton—stand about on location, where the bushes around the college buildings have been sprayed with yellow paint to make December look like fall. A chorus of response punctuates the shooting.

'Quinn's finished. They knocked him down and they've been kicking him in the head."

"Were there some nice kicks?"

"Yeah, fine."

Policemen scrape dirt and leaves from their uniforms, rub their sore ribs and knees; compare shattered visors and broken clubs; students press ice bags against bruised faces, share bloodied bits of Kleenex for cut lips. Some pat one another's backs or shoulders, others scowl. All wade in succulent mud, which clutches their boots and streaks their thighs. One says: "The vibes are getting ungood." Two crewmen recall the styles of riot control which they once saw in Italy: "We should have the kind of equipment they have. They squirt guns full of red stuff all over the leaders, the inciters—it dyes their skin. Then it's easy to arrest them later."

"That's good. Not messy, you know what I mean?"

The *RPM** script is by Erich Segal, an associate professor of classics and comparative literature at Yale. Anthony Quinn plays the acting college president, one of the world's most distinguished sociologists, author of *Studies in Alienation*. A radical in his fifties, he has been chosen by the students to replace the president, they've forced out. (The faculty agreed to his appointment, since the other choices were Che and Eldridge Cleaver. And at least some of them are flexible: one professor admits: "We've been absentee slumlords in the Ghetto of the Mind.") Stanley Kramer, who cheerfully refers to himself as "a discarded liberal," focuses the movie on the long-term rebel who's racked by his conflicts of responsibility when the younger militants outpace him. At one point, the Quinn-president protests: "I marched for the Textile Workers' Union! I fought against Franco. . . . I spoke out *against* McCarthy. . . ." (Throughout, he gets limited comfort from Ann Margret, cast as a student body, whom he urges to "read Talcott Parsons . . . and put on a *bra*!") He does satisfy most of the radicals' demands, but balks when they insist on hiring and firing faculty and abolishing formal courses. But they acknowledge that they will continue to invent unreasonable demands—as soon as each batch has been answered. They threaten to wreck a two-million-dollar computer in the building that they've occupied. The president accuses the white student leader of having "a pathological need to destroy." But the latter, unmoved by this analysis, as well as by the president's earlier defense of private property, the student replies: "Private property is the jockstrap of the American conscience." The anguished president orders a friendly police chief to clear the building, stressing that there must be no violence. But as the students are gassed and a psychotic bad-month female activist attacks a cop and inspires a bloodbath. After a giant bust, the president is hissed, booed and pronounced pig by even the moderate students, who continue to jeer as he walks away.

Filming is slow because the weather's unreliable.

Photographed by Alan Pappé on the set of *RPM**

Someone says "It's all in the lap of the gods."

"Yup. And sometimes the gods stand up."

Sweating beside a swimming pool before Christmas, drenched in steam and cooked by lights, they're shooting an earlier scene in which Quinn mingles with the students just after his appointment. "You gotta look radical," a makeup man says, pasting sideburns and a moustache on a sulky extra. "Yeh like one of those goddamn hippies." The one-line actors explain that they were cast as Left or Right according to their looks.

"Oh, but I was Left yesterday and Right today."

"Well, I was Left in my last picture."

Then they talk about the word faggot, its multiple meanings and what it stems from.

Blue lights are arranged to shine on Quinn's scene with the Right; later, a red glow bathes his consultation with the Left. The two groups assemble at opposite ends of the pool. The conservative students tell Quinn that they deplore the Left's tactics, that the university should stay the way it is. "Love it or leave it." One actor keeps muffing "Maoist" for "Marxist"—a slip of the Sixties.

Just before I came to Stockton, a couple of young New York revolutionaries were disturbed to hear that such a movie was being made at all. One said, "That really hurts. What will they make of us? Brutes or clowns?"

Disgusted with the Right, Quinn dives and swims down the pool to the Left. They keep telling him, "You're beautiful." The president basks in their admiration.

Then they say, "No more classes!"

"Unstructured things are tightness."

"No more goddamn science requirement."

"Science is killing Vietnamese children."

Quinn says, "It also cured polio, guys."

They tell him, "Back to nature!"

"Let the flowers grow straight and tall!"

He mildly defends classes, but they explain. "The important thing is communication. We are the only subject. We've got to relate to each other."

"No more classes."

"No more ghettos."

"No more wars."

Quinn surfaces from the pool between takes, shaking himself and scattering water like a formidable sea god, shedding the kind of charm that makes the soles of your feet sting. No wonder he has eight children. It's nice to hear him speak without an accent, after all those life-affirming Mediterranean roles.

As a tenth-grade dropout, he describes preparing for this film. "I didn't know what PhD meant or the function of sociology. I really crammed—I've read forty books for this part. I even read Abbie Hoffman and those dirty newspapers at Berkeley." He and Stanley Kramer visited universities questioned many students, attended classes. He says that the theme of *RPM*® is "where does permissiveness end and authority begin? There comes a point when you have to say, 'Here's the line. Right, dad, it stops here.'" (He no longer thinks highly of Dr. Spock. "I think he was well-meaning like Emily Post—but so many sins have been perpetrated in his name. I just bought his book in Italian and threw it down the toilet.") He praises students for their instincts, their ideals, and their approach to love, but he considers the rebellion to be psychological rather than political. And yet he hopes that a third political party will come out of the student movement. "If the students could ever unite they could put this country on its ass economically. . . . I don't think a lot of them are morally against the Vietnam war—instead, they know they're being exploited as slave labor. But nowadays you don't need kids to fight a war—you can have old men pushing buttons. If my generation wants this war, let *them* fight it. With their buttons."

He says that he refuses "to do anything outside the system." Still, he was recently touched when the Brown Berets asked him to be a spokesman for them (he's a Mexican Indian). "If I thought I could be a leader, I'd give up acting." He visited the Indians who were occupying Alcatraz, has been speaking on their behalf, and was chided by George Murphy for his participation.

Quinn says that he and his family came to Stockton from Mexico when he was a boy, and that they were migrant fruit pickers, traveling in rattle cars with wooden slats. At first they didn't know that the California workers were on strike, that they themselves were being used as scabs. "I do know about hardship. Still, I can't relate to militancy." Now, he says, he's left of center, although "my son thinks I'm one step behind Nixon." But don't make me sound like one of those far-out leftists." And yet: "The public doesn't do anything. . . . If tomorrow a shooting war started, we'd all run and hide." Suddenly he's furious: "We've reached the same point that Nazi Germany reached when they were killing the Jews!" He's fiercer than I've ever seen him on the screen. Then he shakes his big head, there's a pause, the outrage subsides. He talks quietly about the potential power of economic boycotts. "A twenty-five million Negro boycott would really hurt. . . . But I still wonder how far the balloon can stretch—like a balloon, you've got to say, 'This is all the air I can take. You've got to stay within the balloon within the system.'"

He takes off his robe, stretches, swats his tits, prepares to dive for a retake. "Some people are buying goodwill from the students by saying, 'Go! Go! Go! kids. I don't agree with that.'"

He swims off, soon the radicals who will later defy him are repeating that he's beautiful.

Stanley Kramer, whose productions include *Home of the Brave*, *The Men*, *High Noon* and *The Wild One*, and who has directed *Judgment at Nuremberg*, *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, *Ship of Fools*, *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner*, and *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, among others, says that he'd like to be "a leader of the counterrevolution"—which means "hope against frustration. Life against death. Many films of the moment have a death-in-life motif at the end." He emphasizes that *RPM*®'s student revolutionaries must appear "pure and idealistic. I take very seriously the responsibility of having people understand them. I dig the activists. If I were black I'd be a militant now. And I also think that tyranny is worse than anarchy." However, he feels that some students have carried their tactics too far, and that many are in the grip of fashion. He's already been attacked by some. "I told them, 'I've been fighting the establishment for thirty years, and I can't find out what it is.' And *they* said, 'Because you're it.'" Ta refuts them, he cites some of his earlier films, which were considered radical. The Navy objected to *The Caine Mutiny* as anti-American; they protested that the character of Captain Queeg gave them a bad image, and that they'd never had a mutiny. The government refused to lend him a nuclear sub for *On The Beach*, and he had to defend himself before a congressional committee concerning "world guilt" about nuclear weapons. A spokesman from an adjunct of the State Department told him that it was ridiculous to suggest that nuclear war "would wipe out all humanity. Only about two hundred million people would be killed, so it wouldn't be the end of the world."

Now, stressing that he dislikes the documentary approach, that no single movie "can tell the whole truth," and that any film changes constantly while it's being shot, he underlines his identification with the president played by Quinn. "My own concept has always been to give voice to all the things that are bothering me. Yet I'm part of the system that's financing me." He looks momentarily wistful. "Isn't it possible to be someone who has a little compassion and awareness—and work in your own area? Isn't it possible to wait a little while, until things become clear? Before you choose sides?"

I'm up against the wall, standing with my back to a college building. The police are about to charge. That sickening suspense—of waiting to see if and how the cops will move—uncoils from the experience of Chicago, Paris, even Washington—so many confrontations of the past two years. In Chicago, I waited like this against the Hilton, just where the police had told the press to stand. Suddenly they rammed us against the hotel smashing random heads (for no reason that could be immediately determined)—The New York *Times*'s New, as the sun winks on visors and helmets and the revolving red lights of real police cars. I shrink as the uniforms and boots hurtle toward me and past me. But it's only a rehearsal: those who practice tussling with each other have to be reminded not to laugh. "*Please!* No more laughing!" Smoke billows from the windows; it does look exactly like tear gas and dispels a mildly unpleasant stink of inner tube. I remember how gas can make you hate your own lungs, detest your throat.

Two young cops twirl their rubber guns, fence lightly with their plastic clubs.

One mishearing directions, says, "Hey the riot starts now!"

"No, we don't get to be violent until after Christmas."

Most of the cops are from the University of the Pacific's student football team. The black football instructor and the president of the Black Students' Union tell me that U.O.P. is very conservative, very expensive, and that many undergraduates are still apolitical. Atmospherically, the Stockton campus seems a solar distance from most impassioned universities—few of the student extras seem to have any feelings about the war, the draft, or institutions. However, when the B.S.U. demanded a number of scholarships for minority students, the administration granted more than they asked for. Still, verbal agreements have outstripped tangible action. Meanwhile, the football instructor details the most practical and concrete plans I've ever heard for involving the schools in the community. As for white activists, he says that "their main project is to get rid of football, they forget that it gives scholarships to blacks." He adds that whites at so many universities are particularly isolated from current issues due to their recent discovery of drugs, which absorb so much of their time. "Drugs have done a flip-flop. They were a black thing for years. Now they're white." He and I share a queasy sensation that this movie's being filmed far from the questions of death or suffering from the ghetto or Vietnam. . . . Yet my own actuality bump is dissolving: at moments the movie jolts into what one knows so well—at others, it jars because it's so remote. Sometimes the *RPM*® company seems to distill most of the opinions and quandaries of the whole country, with all of the contradictions that are thickening up around us. Only one ingredient is missing: militants.

Now they're making some close shots of the Left. I chat with an amiable old lady from Stockton who enjoys watching the shooting. She has a library face, haloed with the transparent Martian pleats of a rain hood. Apropos of nothing, she asks if I believe in giving eighteen-year-olds the vote. I say yes, and she says, "But look at the kind of people they turn into! Look what they did to Sharon Tate." She points at the college building, occupied by actors and some extras, who are leaning out of the windows for a close-up. "You never know," she says, "they might do anything."

Rep-groups tend to form around Gary Lockwood of *2001—A Space Odyssey* and the TV series, *The Lieutenant*; he now plays *RPM*®'s leading white revolutionary. Young actors and extras close around him, arguing, asking questions. He talks about redneck California, the world he grew up in, which is now hostile to the abundance of his (not very long) hair. Shaggy Californians are used to being called dirty faggot hippies, but mere insults in the East can be threats fulfilled in the West. Although *Easy Rider* is not his favorite movie, he and others agree on the validity of the theme: you really can get killed for the way you look. He's regretfully giving up his place on the Colorado River "because of the polarization": those who yell at him when they drive past his house could one day start shooting. . . . Of course the police are equally suspicious at the sight of him, he describes being frisked at gunpoint by a cop who snatched a small brown box out of his pocket. "What's *this*?"

With his hands over his head, Lockwood meekly replied, "That's my electric garage-opener."

"Your what?"

"You press that little button on and off and you can dig my garage door going up and down." Still, he was held for several hours at the police station, where a boy who was descending from acid was weeping and rolling on the floor. Lockwood mimics the two cops who bent over the writhing boy: "'*Seeing a lotta monsters*, huh? Having a *bad trip*, aren't you?' Yet he has a rueful sympathy for tough, rural whites—after all, he was one.

Two crewmen disagree about Vietnam: both fought heavily in World War II. One says we should withdraw. The other insists that we've got to stay. Someone asks him why. "Because of the minerals."

Meanwhile, the local police of Stockton, who patrol the location, are very friendly to the company; they admire the professionalism of Stanley Kramer's staff. They snort with disgust in referring to MGM's *The Strawberry Statement*, which was filmed very freely in Stockton a month ago—the police called it Fruit's Delight. "Those hippies were so disorganized, and they used four-letter words that were eighteen inches high." The city hall was used as an administration building, and the city manager was staggered to find his office being occupied by extras. He said that he had to get into his desk, but they said, "We're making a movie, daddy!" (The bona fide policeman loves imitating them: he switches his hips and snaps his fingers.) "And *he* said, 'Let me in or I'll call the *real* cops!' Ha!"

One theme that drifts around the lot is the plight of the huge Hollywood studios. Many have been bought up by business companies attracted by the vaults full of old movies which are rented to TV and the profit from selling the valuable property which the studios own. Bob Yaeger, the unit publicist for *RPM*® (which will be released through Columbia), remembers the lush years of Hollywood, "when the golden goose was erupting eggs from its backside." Of the take-overs, he says, "There are more laughs in a heart transplant." He describes Paramount trying to endure "like a convict underwater breathing through a reed while the dogs are after him." Others repeat the point that the businessmen who now dictate to film makers are limiting the chance for experiment or change (it's the same complaint that one hears from some of the New York publishing houses that have been ingested by conglomerates). "All they want is to make money. They bring in their IBM machines and their M.I.T. graduates in tight ass dark suits. But they don't know anything about pictures." It's stressed that big business is strangling big business. But when the voices of seasoned Hollywood protest, they may not realize that they sound rather like student radicals deploring capitalism. . . . Bob Yaeger refers to the vanishing ethics of the industry: "So you shouldn't break a broom handle off in your neighbor's fanny."

Anthony Quinn thinks that the movie business has been its own worst enemy—by pandering to popular taste, descending to the level that the public is supposed to like. "They want screwing—so we'll give them screwing! There's this twelve-year-old girl, we'll have her screwed by a horse. . . . It's our own fault that people don't accept movies as an art form." Younger actors love listening to him—they nudge each other's ribs when he roars with disapproval. (He detested *Oh! Calcutta!*) The extras even repented having to shove him off his feet. "He is beautiful."

"He's much too good for lots of his crummy parts."

Gary Lockwood is having another rap-group. Someone's talking about survival. He says, "You dig plants?"

"Uh?"

"Man, plants are outtasight! Say you've got a sick plant—he's got so many ways of trying to tell you. He puts out tendrils all over the house, his leaves will change color or droop in a certain direction. If he won't make it—if you don't understand his signals—he just dies. But the plant that survives! He's stronger than any of the others. Sometimes you even have to starve them to make them strong."

Someone objects that starvation isn't equally good for humans. Lockwood doesn't fight it. "Look, man, all I mean is that you've got a very complex society—it's like onions growing under roses. . . . You can't store apples and potatoes in the same cellar; they don't like each other. I do think there's a weird connection between people and plants. But I don't think people are really into people yet. . . ." On the set of *RPM*®, an echo steadily recurs: so many kinds of Americans can no longer stomach living with one another. Later, several crewmen reminisce about "how the boys who came home from the war cleaned out the zoot-suiters in two weeks—they strung them up and had them hanging from the lampposts in L.A."

"Oh, I don't think they actually *hung* them."

"Well, anyway, they got rid of them."

Bob Yaeger says, "Well, time's scythe has reaped another day!"

Gentle and cordial, Ann-Margret is reflective when asked for her views on revolution: "I've never been in a riot," she says, and pauses. "I'm not an intellectual." But she's sympathetic to student protest—"I think it's very healthy"—and says that she can identify with the issues. Still, "I find so many of the kids so mixed up, they don't know what, because the world is going so fast. I wish there were more leaders than followers. The leaders know exactly what they're doing, and sometimes they're doing wrong.

"You get a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old kid seeing their parents into the Martinis and sleeping around, they tell them not to smoke pot, you know, blah, blah, blah, they're so confused, they'll grasp at anything. Some of them find it.

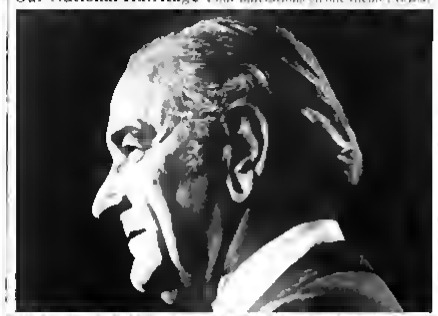
"Lord knows it's ten thousand times harder to go to college now than it was for me." (She went to Northwestern's School of Speech.) "I don't know how the kids remain sane. And some *(Continued on page 10)*

From Hair To Eternity

What's next? Decadence or barberism?

"Greatness in age is not the imitation of youth but the [illegible] upon it." Demonstrably then, if the people here look funny [illegible] because you don't understand their accomplishments. They have taken hair, plain hair, and improved it into a big new thing. Sure any kid can do it, but over thirty, we figure, you have *got* to be great.

Our National Hairitage Four hairiations on one theme: L.B.J.



"All [illegible] L.B.J." now means almost to the [illegible] collar (above). In the other pictures, some guesses as to the next leadership initiative.

Here we see the Absalom cut, named for the first politician to wear it (see 2 Samuel 14), not recommended until campaigning is over (see 2 Samuel 18).

Variations in texture and wildness might be achieved by dressing the hair with correct amounts of Pedernales water, Texas crude oil and other local products.

One of these views will probably appear on the 1990 five-cent piece, and if you think you know which one, find a nickel in your pocket and look carefully.

Whair It's At Twenty trend-followers expose the latest fad in small change

John Crosby
Expatriate observer hair

Jan Papijana
Swinging at first base hair

Torben Ulrich
Danish tennis viking hair

Sid Caesar
Show of Shows hair of hair

Duke Ellington
Presidential sideman hair

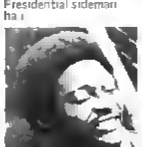
William Shirer
Autsleeping and Fall hair

Tray Donahue
Clean soap idol hair

William Kunstler
In defense of everything hair

Elvis Presley
Ducktail hound dog hair

Robert McNamara
Escaped bureaucrat hair



Richie Allen
Catch me in St. Louis hair

Pierre Salinger
Guide philosopher and friend hair

Drawings by Peter Green

The authentic return of the "then" man

What has happened is that the growth and maintenance of a fine head of hair on a man is no longer exclusively the obsession of the young. Now it is a matter of concern to men of all ages, from a twenty-three-year-old South African tennis player named Ray Moore to Duke Ellington, who, though seventy one and as full of honors as of years, has a hairstyle that must be the envy of every stripling to whom the Eastern mysticism of Hermann Hesse is holy writ. This is what distinguishes this era from all the other eras within memory in which men fussed over their hair. John Crosby, a fifty-ish columnist on the esteemed *Observer* of London, is just as much with it as is Elvis Presley, William Shirer, sixty-six and a distinguished author, is as Now as Namath. It is getting so you need a scorecard to know the names and numbers of the players engaged in the hysteria over hair. From a distance these days, it is not always easy to tell a former President of the United States from some pop idol not yet old enough to vote. Over the years since the Twenties a number of male hairstyles have assumed the proportions of fads—the patent-leather look, which found its laureate in John Held Jr., its evangelist in Rudolph Valentino; the puffed up pompadours of the decade of the drape-shape; the crew cuts of the years immediately after the Second World War; the devil-may-care of the ducktails inspired by Presley; the Mohawks of the very young of practically all eras; the Afro or natural that became a symbol of nationalism among proud blacks. Yet, with the possible exception of the crew cut, these were all vogues of youth, and any man over forty who presumed to appropriate was told to act his age. It wasn't until the rise of rock, the impact of The Beatles, that the care and feeding of one's hair became a matter of much, much moment to all men regardless of age. Now, in retrospect, we can recognize this as part of the urge to be young that almost everybody had elders feverishly emulating their offspring, with portly men and pudgy women of forty-and-over quaking the floors of discothèques as they decided to do the Twist or be damned. In our time there is no word more pejorative than passe. The grail we would grasp is some spring of eternal adolescence. The evidence is everywhere—in the not-inexpensive invitations to instant physical fitness that Abercrombie & Fitch announces almost every other day; in the health spas; in the cornucopia of cosmetics carrying promise of crow's-feet forever erased; in the skin bronzers and the reducing belts; but the biggest part of all is the care and feeding of long hair. On the opposite page, in the picture at the top left, is Lyndon B. Johnson looking pretty proud of his fine head of hair. He is as Now as the man in the two pictures at the upper left on this page is Then. Nor is there any end of the wonders that might be wrought with the Johnson hair. In the other three large pictures he is shown as he might look if the whim so moved him. And yet, though long hair now enjoys the imprimatur of substantial men such as not only Lyndon Johnson but also former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, William L. Shirer, John F. Kennedy's press secretary, Pierre Salinger, and Michael Burke, the president of the New York Yankees baseball team, it continues to occasion a certain contentiousness, notably among athletic coaches like Robert Troppmann (fourth from the left directly below), who stirred up one of the unruliest of all the hassles over long hair when he suggested that athletes at Redwood High School in Lakespur, California, better get to a barber in a hurry. Still, there are those, among them John Lennon, who would argue that it is Troppmann who is where it's at, not his football players. And they may be right, for the New Wave in hair may be the look of the line below—short, neat and no-nonsense. Or, on the other hand, the New Wave could be as waveless as Yul Brynner's head, a possibility considered likely by designer Rudi Gernreich. Meanwhile, though, there is always a compromise open to the man who simply can't make up his mind. Donald K. (Deke) Slayton (second from the left directly below) solves his dilemma by wearing his hair crew cut, his sideburns bushy. —G. F.

Hairetics Precursors, perhaps, of the nakedest cut of all

Frank Howard
Washington (proleptic) Senator hair

Donald K. Slayton
Way far outer space hair

John Lennon
Transcendental guru hair

Robert Troppmann
Molder of cleanly youth hair

Peter Lawford
Hollywood British hair

Ray Moore
Afro (white Southern) tennis hair

Jimmy Breslin
Guild sod of Queens hair

Andre Previn
Unwed father of twins hair

Mike Burke
Bottom of the American League hair

Mendel Rivers
Top of the military industrial bayou hair

Budd Schulberg
Make Sammy run harder hair

Hugh Shannon
One summer in Southampton hair

Gone Tomorrow?

Yul Brynner, whose message may finally be falling on fertile ears: the shape of the future is roughly spherical, with occasional lumps.

Letters from James Blake: Southern Con, American Author

Once upon a time there was a magic castle called the Pen

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Recidivism, the aberration that sends ex-cons back to prison, is a fungus which thrives in the jelot. The spores float on the prison air, infecting some, sparing others, but hitting more than they miss. A recidivist is like the driver of a car who walks away from a smashup saying *I made it*. While he bleeds internally.

They had a wardan down thare once, in the old chain-gang days, a wily cracker knewn to the cons as the Fox. He used to say, "Some of you boys are purely trvin' to wear out muh jail. Ain't no way. But ah don't mind if yawl try, ah gotta be heah anyhow."

The first time I heard of tha label was when I went back to prison for the third round. It was in one of those perfunctory interviews during Orientation Period when convicts and minor functionaries regard one another across an abyss.

This buttoned-up stud behind the desk is looking at my rap sheet, and he goes *Hmmm*. "A recidivist. I see." It sounded bad, I considered denying whatever he was flashing me with.

My confusion meds bis day—he smirked. "Recidivist. Repeater. You're a three-time loser, is that correct?"

I left his office, my head full of the word. "Recidivist." It had a mean metallic sound, and it made me feel suddenly heavier, all the wildness and spontaneity going down under the weight of something *scientific*.

I had been certified, a certain grandeur bestowed on my erratic floundering. Blindly, goofily, I had stumbled onto the high ground of a Category.

No doubt about it. When I was IN I cried for OUT, when OUT I yearned for IN. At the time of the letters that follow, I was beyond symptoms into a galloping relapse. And, typically, no sooner do they slam the Iron Door on my felonious ass than I am sending frantic distress signals to the outside. ("There must be some mistake!")

Out of a need to communicate, mostly. And for diversion, a change of pace from the peaceful monotony of tha joint I'd gone to so much trouble to bust into.

Also the chronic need for bread. In the jailhouse there is a devalued currency that would send a Brazilian banker up the wall, so the scramble to get bread never ends. You can escape from a number of things in a number of ways, but no Consumer ever escapes usuhorn, wherever he is, not while he lives.

A convict writing to the outside is always and inevitably a supplicant, seeking reassurance or bread, or both. With this in mind it seemed to me that more was required than the I-am fine-how-are-you the-canary-died today letter.

The instinct was (tha necessity was) try to amuse, beguile, ingratiate.

Okay to hustle. The film and the flam, tha old soft-shoe. Like the blind beggar in the city street playing accordion, who needs it? But he bangs in there wailing, and tha lugubrious din gets him noticed.

As for the recipients of these letters, tha blessed battered targets of my entreaty, there was Ken, a painter, who gave me peace and a place to rest from running on a farm in Wisconsin. Harry, whom I never laid eyes on, who read something I wrote in *Paris Review* and wrote me, then sent what seemed like a shower of money with no hope of return. A stranger, strangely good and generous.

And Algren, who is also the Pappy and the Doctor addressed herein. There are no adequate words. For years he gave me instruction, hope. And a thousand remembered moments of falling down husting-up laughter when he would explore—nasally, laconically—the sweet mystery of life, and advance his useful solutions for those who were stuck with it. He once wrote me, "Some of your letters would make ideal suicide notes. They promise always the intention, never the prospect of suicide."

Thus, these letters—written when I was more or less free and getting steadily and inescapably less free. A recidivist, they call it and after so many years that word sounds just as mean.

Jacksonville, Florida
December 5, 1956

Dear Pappy:

All I can say is you're just too much, the bread gave me a respite, and saved me from going ignominiously to a small-time jail, when my aims are so much higher.

I might as well level: you have probably already surmised as much—sooner or later, I'll probably wind up back at Raiford. It's not as aberrant as it might seem, it's tha only way I know that I can gain time, peace, leisure to do what I want to do, write, and read read read.

And I am increasingly disenchanted with tha world outside. When I left the joint I came out with a brand-new fresh eye, and I was appalled and infinitely wearied to see the dull, mindless, crippling enmity the Good People feel for one another and for all men, the sullen truce they live under.

Tha routine of working just to eat doesn't make much sense to me anymore. I want to work at something that will be an end in itself. And since I do most of my living inside my head anyway, it shouldn't make much difference where I am—That or Toledo, the silly cinema in my skull keeps right on rolling.

I met Roger down here, a fellow alumnus with whom I had some tender passages in the joint. We tussled some for Auld Lang Syne, but I saw early on that we weren't going to make it. He has a firearms fixation—sees himself forever at bay, but furiously, like ambuscades and barricades. That sort of thing could only get progressively noisier, and I abominate uproar.

So he went off with a cannon in each armpit and a darringer in his crotch, for all I know. A Flit gun is as far as I'll go that route. Or an ammonia gun loaded with witch hazel.

Subsequently I get a do-it-yourself burglar's kit, and I've been dabbling in that art. So far I've been dismally inept, and I've acquired a profound respect for burglars. How hard they must work!

Boosting is shot to hell. Everybody has climbed into that act, lisping tots to palsied crones, and tha Willmark ferrets are disguising themselves as nuns, bird watchers and begonia bushes. Chaos.

Accordingly, I spotted a likely joint for a break-in and sallied forth in the small hours clanking with what I conceived to be suitable implements, all of them boosted. A purist.

The first obstacle was a heavy wire screen. Chuckling inwardly, I whipped out my wire cutters, found they were a shade delicate for the operation. But I sweated and strove and cursed for what seemed hours. During which my glasses fell out of my pocket and broke.

Talk about the Finger of God. I had a momentary superstitious chill, the omens were bad, and I thought irritably, "Ain't You got nothing else to do but watch me?" But I persisted till, triumphantly, I peeled back the screen.

The window slid up easily. To reveal behind it a barricade that made the Great Wall look like the backdrop in a tent show.

My faith in human nature has taken some memorable beatings, but on that dark, damp chill, forlorn morning I drained the cup.

Love, The Phantom

Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Doctor:

Second job was an *succès fou, d'estime, d'éclat*. Came away laden, but laden.

Such a physical thing, though, all that weight. I was exhausted, as you know I have not been well.

How do I get to be an international jewel thief? Seems to me it would be easier to tote karate around, compared to tons.

Paris Review has bought a story.

Love, Jeem

P.S. No idleness in the daytime though, I've been writing, like they say reams.

J.B.

Jacksonville, Florida
December 18, 1956

Dear Nelson:

I swung with a copy of *A Walk on the Wild Side*, and had an hilarious Sunday with it.

Lovely party, the host a charmer, at times the stern enchantment nailed me. The music that came from your ear, devastating. Some day, surely, a play.

Where you will not be compelled to do that Go Down, Moses bit all the time ("For what doth it availeth a man?")—Holy cow. An iron bird on aluminum wings. Baby, you can *sing*, you don't have to *talk*.

But, in all, so vibrant.

And then it was Sunday twilight, and I had to go out and steal, with this shadow still on me, and I said to myself, "The son of a bitch I been hexed." But baby, only tha nowhere people do it hard by the yard. You look on for a while, and then you jump in. The comedy has a brilliance that falls short of Chaplin (who never told people when it was time to cry). But it's so close, so close.

Love, Jim

Jacksonville, Florida
December 22, 1956

Dear Nelson:

So I'll fill you in on what I couldn't say phone-wise. Roger, my torpedo friend, came back, fondled my libido into favor and me into folly. We went hotel-prowling Saturday p.m. Roger had seen in the paper the arrival of a Shriner big wheel and his big ol' fat wife. Roger has a file in his head of all the fat women in Florida with too much jewelry.

No problem to get in, the celluloid bit, and we found her jool case, big as a rowboat, perfunctorily hidden in a drawer. Both of us got a jolt when we opened it. Like opening a box and having the moon rise out of it, truly a glitter. I have them wrapped in a bandanna and I've only looked at them once since. They make me nervous, they seem to speak, or anyway stare.

While we're in there we get a break shouldn't happen—the maid lets herself in. Her mouth a great black O when she saw us. Then it opened wider, incredibly, and all the whistles of hell went off. We both had pieces but Roger was cool. Apparently the biddy couldn't move, and she was in the way, so Roger pushed her in the face, and said, "Pardon me, doll." We ran down two flights to the seventh for the elevator, and met the house dick coming out. Roger automatically tried to crease him, but he wasn't one of the folding types. Coming up, I'd noticed a back service stairway and remarked on it to Roger, but I don't think he heard me. Anyway it made the difference, he took a wrong turn and wound up in a big blind alley hallway. I was moving on, the dick's piece went off like a cannon. I hear Roger cuss and gasp. I had the stuff, so I kept going, I couldn't do him any good.

Down seven flights like a big bad bird (thank God for bicycle training) and through an arcade that went to the next block. Where I made myself walk and tried to mop the rivers of sweat and keep from fainting.

I listened all night to the radio, heard nothing about Roger, till the next day when they said he was shot in the leg. Later I talked to an orderly in the hospital, he was actually shot in the arse. Such delicacy.

This is such a fink town, I despair of finding a straight fence. The stuff is too hot, the town too small, so I've got to take it to Tampa, Ybor City, where I know some Puerto Ricans if I can find them. The bread will have to go for bond for Roger. With his record they'll put him *under* the jail. So far they haven't charged him, they can stall him for a long time on that gunshot wound. So I'll have time to sniff my way to a bond shark.

Temporarily parlous times for our little group of sunbeams. Another Raiford chum, a beautiful tiger of a man, body like rawhide and eyes like a gazelle, is in for manslaughter. He picked up a local playgirl in a bar and took her down to the riverbank for some outdoor combat.

A feather minded broad looking for something with menace, and she found it, poor chick. Bob induced her to strip off, then she decided she didn't wanna, so impulsively he put her in the river. That's a bad swift treacherous river, the St. Johns, she couldn't swim, apparently, so she drowned.

What may be in Bob's favor, this town is so mealymouth they hushed it up, seems the chick is a local career whoal and it mustn't be known she was out with a bad man from the lower classes. He'll get a barral of time, but it could be worse.

The moral if any? She who rides a tiger should wear water wings.

I'm scared, but the fortunate thing, in a bad scene like this, I go sort of numb—shock, I guess. To all appearances it looks like calm, like I'm unflappable. I'm not.

Take cautious care. Jim

Duval County Jail
Jacksonville, Florida
January 7, 1957

Dear Nelson:

I wrote you a note on the day I landed in this joint (December 26), but since I gave it to a rumdum sailor to mail, I fear it may have miscarried. In any case, I have not heard and the sweating it is rough.

They tell me it's possible the judge may hit me with the hitch (habitual criminal) because my record will have a possible four strikes when I go up for trial. Which will be late next month, probably the 19th. That means an automatic life sentence, which is assuredly more than I bargained for. I think the possibility is a fairly remote one as yet.

I've been bound over to Criminal Court on a charge of B & E and grand larceny. Hopefully I look for a 3-to-5 bounce.

One minor hitch—my gear is still at the hotel so far as I know containing an assload of barbiturates, amphetamines, tincture of opium, paregoric and assorted shit. Nothing has been said of this cargo, which is ominous. I've tried several dodges to wiggle it loose without success. If they find it, the Gay Pay OO may take a hand.

Thing that bugs me is that the theft from all I can learn hasn't been reported. There's a thin possibility I may yet pull this one out. When I came in here the shakedown was so cursory that I got by with a vial of fury pills in my crotch. The cats in the tank were stunned by my vivacity.

I still think this course I've embarked on is the beginning of something rather than the end of everything. Whatever else happens, on this trip to the White Rock, I mean to come out of it with some writing done.

This is rough time at present, being confined to a tank with twenty-two others, twelve hours out of twenty-four, nothing to do but read, which would be great if there was anything to read, aside from the ghoulish publications that stem from the Baptists and seem to sift into every jail I ever made. Eerie lifeless pale, I think they must be printed on the moon or in some underground cavern where no birds sing.

Here I have found a few kindred souls among the congenital rebels, acceptance with no questions, casual compassion without pose.

And always I learn something new. There is a veteran of Georgia chain gangs. I wish I could follow with pad and pencil truly a fount of pungent talk-sayings ("My brother could steal the stink off shit and never get a smell on him.") He is morose much of the time but any talk of farming brings a glow of idealism to his eyes, and he speaks of the land as of a lover.

I have not yet paid my club dues here, so if there's any bread around—and stamps if you're able, good partner.

Hang on to your belief in me yet a while, cher maitre. I have barely begun to fight. And let me hear soon. Things are tight at present.

Ever, Jim

P.S. It would be an act of mercy to send some magazines for the lads here. They're glassy-eyed from trying to whip up an interest in the bleary theology of *Christian Messenger*.

Duval County Jail
Jacksonville, Florida
January 15, 1957

Dear Ken,

I'm awaiting trial on two charges of breaking and entering and grand larceny. Trial February 19, at which time (with some luck I'll get hit with a five spot. Without it, I may get hit with the bitch... since I already have two strikes. What that could mean I'd rather not think about.

I should have stayed on that Carolina Island and learned to live with the Southern centaur, hectic as it was. Among my many idiotic traits is an infinite capacity for self-deception. No sooner do I flee from a situation that is driving me bananas than I am able almost immediately to look back on it with nostalgia and yearning. Lot's wife and I could have made it.

All of this could perhaps be blamed on an excess of Miltown and vodka. (Plus wrong thinking?) Christmas Eve I was alone and feeling ill used, snarling if anyone mentioned the yuletide. So I was wistfully pounding the bars for some mischief, and ran into a muscular waif from the mountains of North Carolina, as downcast as I, a little frightened of being alone.

Ensued a disorderly Eve, the radio blaring Handel's *Messiah*, the most unsuitable background music one could conceive for what transpired. At intervals a Pharisee disguised as a landlord made bitter threats and protestations, which sailed naught.

Xmas Day we were still wheeling, but supplies were dwindling and I remembered a pharmacy I'd previously marked as a soft touch. I found it closed and effected entrance under cover of the universal assailing.

Once in, I found it difficult to read labels in the semi-dark, so I donned a white coat, I found and snapped on the lights. A passerby would have taken me for a conscientious apprentice making hay in the absence of the sorcerer.

First off I spotted the Miltown, and as I brawsed through the fairyland of pharmaceuticals I popped them languidly like jelly beans. And in no time was over the border of tranquillity into megalomania.

A red-faced harassed looking gent came banging at the door. Impatient at this frivolous interruption of serious research, I waved him away as if he had been a charity patient with the flux. But when he persisted in his clamor, I had to admit him, lest he attract the gendarmerie.

He stammered some lurid story of a purple baby in convulsions.

"Hmmm," I said, peering professionally over my glasses, "sounds like peninsular pip. Common Florida complaint. Suffer from it myself." I measured out a generous dollop of powdered opium. "Dissolve this in rum with a dash of bitters and give it to the whole family," I said. "The baby's crying won't bother you then," I said. "Nothing will."

He went his way babbling effusive seasonal greetings. (Awright, I gave him some paregoric.)

Having collected a bushel of goodies, I took my leave. The waif and I made high festivity. Later that night I was surprised with an armload of binoculars by an irate policeman as I was beating a measured retreat from a nautical supply establishment.

In jail I made the acquaintance of a young malefactor who was due to hit the street on a Federal probation. Struck by his altar boy bearing, I confided in him the location of the cache of pharmaceuticals and he promised to retrieve them. Instead he attempted to extort payment from the injured pharmacist in exchange for information. Thus was I hit with the second rap. Some day I'll learn about altar boys.

Some very bad moments occurred at the preliminary hearing, with the J. P. intoning that ghastly list of purloined pills. Sounded like he was reading the Pharmacopoeia. I was embarrassed. Such fishy looks. Like I was a dope fiend.

Along that line, let me say that I'm kiting this out, and that incoming mail is not opened. Accordingly, it would be utterly cool if you could send a little kef. These are endless dull days, waiting for trial, and a taste of majoun would be heavenly.

The story *Day Of The Alligator* will be in *Paris Review No. 16*, I'm told. If you care to look for it. Got a check due for that, but it's by no means certain I'll have it before I have to split for the joint up the pike. Please write, let me know what you're doing.

Love, Jim

Duval County Jail
February 7, 1957

Dear Nelson,

I wish everybody wouldn't come on like I'm descending into the pit. From the start of this slightly offbeat venture I've had (or thought I had) all everyone began breaking out the mauve crepe, a pretty clear idea of how I intended using the time to advantage. Now I get the uncomfortable idea I got something to prove. Amen, I'll prove it.

You've probably seen one of them Maureen O'Hara films (I know you have, ain't a swingin' dick in the country escaped it) where the hero (Errol Flynn) is captured by oily Spaniards and thrown into the hold of a galleon with a hundred other sweaty, unshaven wretches. Looking about the tank here I expect momentarily to see Maureen maneuver her noble bosom through the narrow doorway, searching for Errol.

Only a few more days till trial (the 19th), praise be, and then it's off to Holiday Inn. In that respect can you help me with the matriculation fee for the academy? I figure twenty bucks should make it. If I have the bread to lay off in the right places, it'll save pain and strain in getting me the right quarters I need to work in. Otherwise God knows when I'll be able to square away. I'm not particularly delicate but that kind of frustration drains me, and I'd like to avoid it if possible. There are also a few additional *pourboires* to be considered, like if I can get the band concerto again, it will give me the free time I need.

I've got some bread coming from *F & F* for the *Alligator* tale but it might be some time before I get it. If you lend advance it, I'll endorse the check to you. It's two bits.

One of the fun-loving lads here is slated to ride the bolt for group rape. He has enlisted my cunning in a project to obtain a tape recorder so that he may, departing, leave behind him messages for his wife and two kids. This flying fantasy (fragrant with the scent of tuberoses and rending sheets) has quite bemused me. I suggested we wait to do the recording till I could furnish a soft accordion background. The chief topped me, though. He agreed to wait.

Ever, Jim

P.S. You ask the meaning of "High Botchery." It's the crime of slapping a blind goose in the ass with a wet towel. (Low Botchery is a duck.)

Duval County Jail
Jacksonville, Florida
February 18, 1957

Dear Harry,

Everything arrived in good shape, bread, stamps and that so very welcome letter. I don't know the words to tell you how I feel about your kindness, and what a lift your letter gave me. Living with twenty-odd other felons for twelve hours daily, day in day out, can be wearing.

We're locked up for the night now as I write this, sprawled on an iron bunk covered by a thin mattress seemingly filled with sand. Across from me the house man or "leader" of the "tank" (cell-block). He is the one chosen by the other jailbirds to maintain order of a sort and to make the rules. Being alone with him in a cell designed for eight is like being anointed Concubine. It's pretty tribal, but I'll try to explain.

He's a slender Latin type tough as catgut, looks like a samba instructor. Actually he's a Florida cracker, ex-paratrooper, hijacker, and is in for killing an unfaithful wife. (His.)

I got into a dizzy contretemps with him when I first hit this joint (The first day in a tank reminds me of being "new boy" at prep school.)

Anyway, when I came into the tank I was wearing a pair of pretty fabulous shades that Lew had given me. John the house man took them off my nose and tried them on. (This is a kind of insidious bracing, to be expected.) I said something lame and was immediately relieved to get them back.

Afterward he began to buddy up in manner most disconcerting. Bought me cigarettes and Cokes when the canteen runner came around and I figured "This sonbitch is softening me up for when he makes another pitch for the shades."

So that rocked along, and I'm getting more deeply obligated than I want to at all— Then he comes on with the suggestion (order, really) that I move into the cell where he's living in solitary splendor.

Couple nights later he came up with some Benzedrine, we turned on and stayed awake while the others were sleeping. He's making instant coffee with flambeaus that's rolled up toilet paper, and I'm still wondering how I can refuse him the shades without making him hostile.

Suddenly he proposes, quite directly and matter-of-factly, a game of Mother and Father. I looked at him stonned for a minute, and burst out laughing. He didn't like that worth a damn, but I couldn't stop and I sure couldn't explain. How could I know that he wanted me for my very own self and not for my shades? And the realization that I still retained some rags of chastity after God knows how many campaigns, the fact that I was still as stupid as I ever was—what a gas! What I need is an agent.

Tomorrow is Guillotine Day. Hold your left eyelash for me.

Warmest, Jim

Duval County Jail
Jacksonville, Florida
February 21, 1957

Dear Nelson,

Trial was postponed till the 26th, for reasons *quids subs*. Another week on the spit. Good thing I got nerves of piano wire.

But I'm a cinch to get my time on that date and to catch the Academy bus about the twenty-nine or thirty. So you see, time presses. If you can send the bread I'll stash it in the office for safety and feel easier in mind about my pending debut—or re-interment, as you will.

Had an interlude the other day with a porcine young man from the Border Patrol. He was so tightly girded that I was uneasy throughout the interview about a possible whiplash from his Sam Browne belt, so I didn't get too close.

He wanted to know was I in the U.S. of A. legally, and did I belong to any human you know, Organizations.

I told him I had entered the country from a Chinese sampan, the Solidarity Forever, concealed in a shipment of Maçao Poppies consigned to Harry Bridges, and was a paid-up member of the Emma Goldman Bird Watchers, Nicolai Lenin Poker and Parchesi Circle, and the Pala Negri Fan Club.

He wrote out a quite meaty little report which he allowed me to read. I had to tell him how to spell "turpitude."

Alors, Jim

Duval County Jail
Jacksonville, Florida
February 24, 1957

Dear Harry,

Today is Sunday, longest and dreariest day of the week, with no Mail Call to look for, and little to read. Talking to you in this way is a means of taking myself out of these wretched surroundings, far at least a little while. The letter won't be mailed until Tuesday, one of the boys hits the street on that day and I'll kite it out with him. So I'm able to speak a little more freely than if I had to mail it through regular channels.

One hazard of being in jail is that one is helpless against the soul-savers and holy rollers that descend in hordes. On Sunday afternoon they infest the joint, striving and strident, a naked ignorance that is sadly obscene.

However, they have their practical uses. (Equally obscene.) Yesterday a Seventh Day Adventist group came in (their credo based on the theory that Saturday is Sunday). The leader of these addled pilgrims said he had a message for me. Turned out he had been to Raiford (the state pen) on a mission, and by this unlikely courier a friend of mine had sent a communiqué.

The friend, Don Ferris, a former cell mate of mine at the Rock. A brilliant cynical cat who made my stay there more entertaining than it might have been. His family owns a hotel in Lake George and one in Palm Beach. Up north, he ran with that hysterical set around Westport, Conn., and tells some probably libelous tales of an association with a Broadway playwright. In Florida they caught him flagrante delicto with some poor little penal tarlet of a beach-boy, in sandy brouhaha, and gave him fifteen years. That's expensive even for Palm Beach.

We coiled together for a time, Don and I, but the attachment was purely a mental one. I was involved eyeball deep with a tall blond horse addict, a drummer in the prison band where I played piano. That affair left me bashed, but it was the affair one looks for all his life. Ecstatic unbearable hell, I never recovered from it. David (the drummer) is doing time in Atlanta. The scars remain. But I know if I were to see him again, I wouldn't hesitate to plunge headlong. No regrets, though—if it's not about that, then I don't know what it's about.

During the time we lived together Don gave me a dazzling demonstration of promiscuity, but he wasn't the overboard type that I was. He had a tough compassion that pulled me through some idiotic seizures. This trip, though, there'll be no tiger hunts, there are things to do. I figure I can finish the book in six months and the agent says she can sell it. Then maybe I can get my country ass out of stir and keep it out. Doing time is an instructive way of life but it wouldn't do to get into a rut.

Tuesday I should know how much time.

Keep the faith, Jim.

Duval County Jail
Jacksonville, Florida
March 11, 1957

Dear Harry,

The books arrived, bless you baby, I devoured them. The anthology of Southern writers included some who are beloved, Flannery O'Connor, Grau and the divine Welty, who stands alone. James Purdy is unfamiliar to me. He's clever and has a tart pert flair for words, but there's an impression of sterility, I thought of Eliot's "chirping bones."

No disposition of my case as yet. I was summoned on the 7th and stood before the bar of justice while his honor and the prosecutor wrangled at length, most of it unintelligible to me. Although I sensed the climate was friendly, almost benign, and I smoked diffidently. At one point the judge said paternally, "I wish we could get this thing straightened out so I could get this boy off to Raiford." Like I was a deserving slum newsboy being packed off to the Catskills.

Now they've set trial date for April 16. *(Continued on page 148)*

Wednesday

by Joyce Carol Oates

Wednesday's child is her father's daughter seven days a week

Arthur woke Wednesday early. The day would be a long one. Already he could hear his daughter Brenda coming out of her room in the hall, on her way downstairs. He listened closely. He could hear, or could imagine, her pulling out the piano bench from the piano, down in the living room. She must be there. The bench was white—a white grand piano very beautiful—and she sat at it, seriously, frowning like her mother, staring down at the keys. Even the cracks arrested her attention. He lay in bed on the second floor of his house, imagining his daughter almost directly below him, sitting at the piano. He heard the first note. His face went rigid.

He got dressed quickly. His wife was evidently not going to wake, but lay frowning and severe in sleep, as if giving up to him the burden of this day. She had turned over in bed, was still asleep or pretending to sleep. The other day she had told him she would not remain herself much longer. "I can't live like this much longer," she had said. It was not a threat or a warning, only a curious exploratory remark. They had come in late from a dinner party, from a marvelous evening, and she had told him suddenly that she was failing, giving up, being conquered, defeated.

Why should she wake up to see him off?

Downstairs he saw Brenda at the piano, seated just as he imagined her. She was running her fingers gently over the keyboard. The sound was gentle, soft. It would not shatter any crystal, there was no power behind it. Down at the far end of the living room the wide French windows were seared with light, the filmy curtains glowing. He appreciated that; he appreciated beauty. The living room had been decorated in white and gold. His daughter's face was pale, not quite white, and her legs pale, limp, motionless. She had put her little white socks on perfectly. She wore a yellow dress, perfectly ironed by the laundry that did her father's shirts so meticulously, and her hair was a fine dull gold, very neat. Everything matched. He appreciated that.

She was playing the *Moonlight Sonata* with a numb, feverish rhythm. She played like a sixteen-year-old girl who had taken lessons dutifully for years, mediocre and competent, with a firm failure of imagination underlying every note. But Brenda, who only six and had never had any music lessons, did not even listen in any evident way to music, and yet she could play for hours with this mysterious competence. Arthur came to her and put his arms gently around her. "Good morning, honey," he said. She stopped playing the piano but did not seem to notice him. Instead, as if held by a thought that had nothing to do with him, she sat rigid, intense, staring at her fingers on the keyboard.

"You're all ready, are you? Scrubbed and clean and ready for the trip?"

She did not appear to have heard him. But she did hear him, of course, every word.

"I'll have some coffee, then we'll leave. Mommy's staying home today and I'm taking you. I thought we'd have a nice drive to school, then come back through the park. I took the whole day off today. I hope the sun stays out."

He was aware of the paragraphs of his speech. Talking to his silent, frowning daughter, he understood how silence mocks words; her blocks of silence, like terrible monstrous blocks of stone, fell heavily on either side of his words. What he said was never quite accurate. She might be ten years old, or eighteen, or two. It was an abyss, the fact of her. As soon as he entered the kitchen, he heard her begin to play where she had left off—the *Moonlight Sonata*. In that sun-filled room.

He made instant coffee. His hands had begun to tremble. The harmonic green and brown of the kitchen did not soothe him. When he came home from the office each day, he always came out to the kitchen to talk to his wife, and he talked energetically about his work. Arthur was thirty-seven, an architect. His wife always appeared to listen with sympathy. His paragraphs of words, tossed against her appreciative silence, were attempts to keep her quiet; he realized that now. She made dinner and listened to him, flattering him with her complete attention. He hinted of trouble at work, maybe a union threatening to strike, or the federal government again raising interest rates; tricks to keep her from talking about Brenda.

When he returned to the living room, Brenda slid dutifully off the bench. She never resisted physically. She was quite small for her age, with knobby white knees. Her hair was thin and straight, cut off to show her delicate ears. Her face was a pretty face, though too thin, unnaturally pale; her eyes were a light green. Seeing her, was always a shock; you expected to see a dull squat child, a kind of dwarf. Not at all. Everyone, especially the two sets of grandparents, remarked on her beauty. "She's so pretty! It will all work itself out!" both grandmothers said constantly.

Drawing slightly away from him, with a woman's coolness, she put on her coat. He knelt to check her, to see if the buttons were lined up correctly. Of course. It had been years since she'd buttoned them wrong. "All set? Great! We're on our way!" he said beautifully. She did not look at him. She never met his eye, as if some secret shame or hatred forced her away.

His wife had driven Brenda to school every week since Brenda had begun, and today he was driving her, a generous act. It was a surprise how quickly time had passed, getting him up out of bed and on his way, drawing him to the ride. He had tried to think of this day as a gift, a day off from work, but it had been a pretense. He was afraid of the long trip and afraid of his daughter.

Between his wife and himself was the fact of their daughter. She was a mystery that jarred the soul; better not to think of it. His wife had accused him more than once of blaming her for the child. Her wisdom was sour and impregnable. "You hate failure," she said.

"Jesus Christ, what are you saying?" Arthur had shouted.

The school was experimental, expensive. "But we make no promises," the Director had said. "Everything is exploratory."

And so Wednesday had become the center of the week. On that day Arthur drove to work with a sense of anticipation, and his wife drove Brenda fifty miles to school and fifty miles back again, hoping. This was the usual procedure. Then, when Arthur came home, he would always ask, "How do you think it went today?" and she would always reply, "The Director is still hopeful. I think it's going well. Yes, I think it's going well."

In the car Brenda seated herself as far from him as possible. No use to urge her to move over. She was not *(Continued on page 123)*

Illustrated by Jean Lagorrigue

What This Country Needs Is A Good $25,000* Car

by Tony Hogg

**Manufacturer's suggested list price, state and local taxes excluded*

If you jingle when you walk, avoid light-aircraft dealers because they will try to sell you all manner of expensive toys up to and including a Learjet. Also avoid realtors and yacht brokers, because the first may tempt you with waterfront property, and the second a nice sixty-footer to go with it. On the other hand, you may walk into your automobile dealer's with impunity because his trade has become so dreary and unimaginative that he will be exceedingly lucky if he can part you from nine grand.

This was not always so. In fact, during the first thirty years of the century, a good automobile dealer could put nearly as much temptation in the way of a wealthy man as a good realtor. The heyday of this particular trade was in the Twenties when $25,000 was certainly not an exceptional amount to put into a car, and it produced excellent value for the money. Without going into nostalgic detail of the glories of such manufacturers as Duesenberg and Stutz or custom coachbuilders such as Brunn and LeBaron, it is sufficient to say that they had a difficult time during the Depression, and the survivors were either killed stone dead by World War II or bought out by one of the Big Three.

Because the luxury car died in the Thirties, it is only thought of in terms of the past, and it conjures up visions of West of England cloth upholstery, walnut veneer, and an interrom fashioned like an ear trumpet to enable the lady of the house to direct the chauffeur to turn the whole thing in at Tiffany's. Although the luxury-car trade of the past may seem archaic today, it was actually most innovative in its time, and because the people who patronized the trade were able and willing to pay for innovation, it produced many of the mechanical developments that we now take for granted.

Unfortunately, those who have attempted to perpetuate the trade, such as Rolls Royce, are still polishing bits of walnut instead of leading the field in mechanical innovation, and consequently their market has hardly progressed at all. As far as Rolls-Royce is concerned, it caters primarily to the English market where status is everything and automobile prices range from very low to very high, with each model the step up that separates the owner further from the lower orders.

Because the production of luxury cars ceased thirty years ago, it is exceedingly difficult to predict what form they could take today, and also what form they would have taken if the continuity of design and development had not been broken. Although self-deprecation seems to be a national characteristic, America is the admitted world leader in both the arts and the sciences and also supreme in engineering and industrial design, perhaps because of the lack of tradition that tends to confine the Europeans. Therefore, all the elements including the vital upper-income group, are present, and the only thing that is lacking, except for the new Stutz Blackhawk, is a luxury car.

The curious aspect of the luxury-car trade is that despite twenty years of unprecedented national prosperity, it has never been revived, and the vast market for automobiles in the $25,000 price range lies virtually untapped. When you consider that unless you are in the market for a limousine, the best a Cadillac dealer can do is sell you an Eldorado fully loaded for $9000, the whole trade in quality automobiles takes on the appearance of a supermarket. Of course, the men who control General Motors would have you believe that the Cadillac is the fairest of them all and for lack of competition it certainly is. With it, GM has established a firm market in the $6000-$7000 price range that has increased sales from almost 122,000 in 1958 to a current figure of 223,200. This is a very adequate volume even for Detroit, which thinks only in terms of immense production lines that become totally inefficient at the least interruption and cannot accommodate any form of custom work.

Competing in the Cadillac market is Mercedes-Benz with annual sales of 28,000 units—up from 12,000 in 1965. With the exception of the 600-series sedan and limousine models which run go over $30,000, Mercedes has done exceptionally well in the $5000 to $7000 range. However, Mercedes is part of one of Europe's biggest corporations with a long tradition of advanced engineering, and a skilled and disciplined labor force. Its market in Germany and the European Common Market is exceptionally strong, and although it offers a diversification of models to suit all tastes and pockets, the company has always shown great ingenuity in the use of unified components.

Because of the dominance of Cadillac, which has established the price of the luxury car in America at $6000-$7000, it has been left to the European manufacturers such as Rolls Royce, Ferrari, Mercedes-Benz and Aston Martin to attempt to establish a true luxury market. Unfortunately, some of these companies do not have the manufacturing capacity to supply the American market, and the others, such as Rolls-Royce, have absolutely no conception of American purchasing power. Rolls-Royce enjoys annual sales in America of some 500 units, which is a pathetic effort for a company that is near the top of the highly technical and fiercely competitive jet aircraft engine industry. This is particularly true when one remembers that Rolls-Royce has a solid market in England, vast capital resources, the necessary manufacturing facilities, a skilled engineering and labor force, and a name second to none.

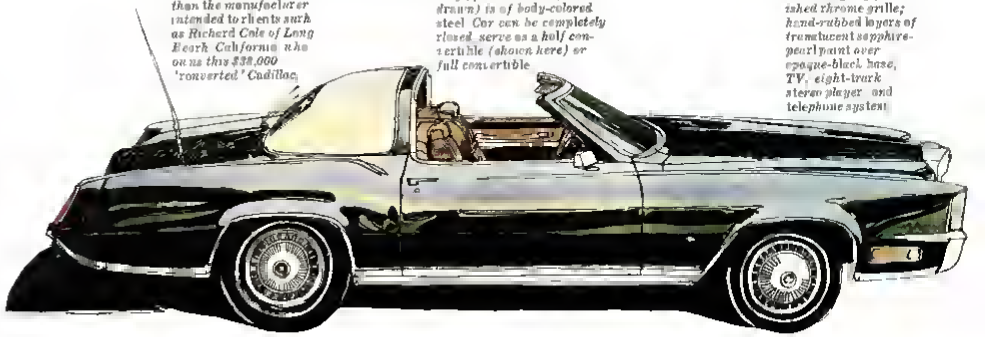
To illustrate the point that Europeans have no conception of American buying power, I can recall a conversation with an executive of a leading European luxury car manufacturer producing models in the $15,000 bracket. We were in a bar in Newport Beach, California, overlooking the yacht harbor and the European executive raised the question of whether the American market could absorb 750 of his cars at $15,000 in the course of a year. The answer lay outside the window, because power and sailing boats costing in excess of $15,000 each stretched as far as the eye could see. Furthermore, a visit to nearby Orange County airport would have shown a similar lineup of private aircraft.

Where the European had made his mistake was in his choice of the word "absorb," because the great American market is virtually nonabsorbent. Before it will absorb anything, it has to be squeezed and teased, prodded and persuaded with all the tricks of modern merchandising, and only then, and in the face of fierce competition, will it part with a buck. As a general rule, the amount of persuasion necessary is in direct proportion to the value of the item being sold, which is contrary to European practice, although it is a fact that seems now to have sunk into German and Japanese heads at least.

Surprisingly, the attempts made by European manufacturers to market luxury cars in America have probably done more harm than good, unless you happen to hold GM stock. The major reason for this situation is that the Europeans come from societies that are riddled with numerous and minor class distinctions which pass undetected by visiting Americans. Europeans assume that American society is the same. In fact, it is totally different, and with the exception of a few people here and there who give themselves airs and graces, the rest of the country is virtually classless, and, furthermore, exceedingly rich.

The merchandising of European cars in America has been conducted by the European executives of the companies involved, and bringing Euro- *(Continued on page 124)*

Illustrations by Ken Ballison

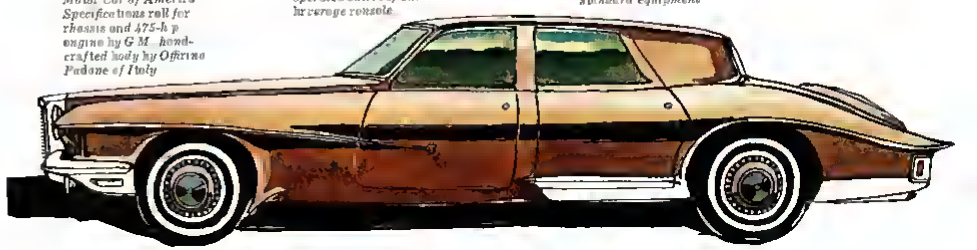


Cabriolet Eldorado

George Barris, custom-car designer, offers more than the manufacturer intended to clients such as Richard Cole of Long Beach, California, who owns this $38,000 'converted' Cadillac.

Custom styling includes two-piece removable landau top—rear portion is of pigskin vinyl, front section (not drawn) is of body-colored steel. Car can be completely closed, serve as a half convertible (shown here) or full convertible.

Other special features: Tiffany-finished chrome grille; hand-rubbed layers of translucent sapphire-pearl paint over opaque-black base; TV, eight-track stereo player and telephone system.



Stutz Duplex Sedan

The prototype of this $25,000 auto is being produced now by Stutz Motor Car of America. Specifications call for chassis and 475-h.p. engine by G.M., hand-crafted body by Officina Padana of Italy.

Among the virtually unlimited free options are sliding glass partitions between front and rear, electrically operated sun roof and liquor console.

Everything from a burglar alarm system to luggage matched to customer's choice of interior—leather by Connolly Bros., London, or imported brocade—is standard equipment.

Mark III Lincoln Continental

Another Barris car: this car modified to give Jack Hennessey of Tahoe Lake, California, the simple custom coachwork he desired while retaining the automobile's basic body lines.

It has half-top of Scottish-grain-leather imprinted vinyl adorned with hand-fashioned landau irons and matching wheel cap for spare tire on trunk.

Interior upholstery is green (the Hennessey color) and the exterior has twenty-seven hand-rubbed coats of olive-mist lacquer. Total cost including price of original car: $18,000.

Aquarius Wept

by Ralph J Gleason

After Woodstock and love came Altamont and disaster

Everybody had heard of The Rolling Stones but until the day they played a free concert at the drag strip nobody but hard-core auto racing fans in Northern California had ever heard of Altamont. Even the press trying to sort out what happened there that day, was unable to figure out whether Altamont was in Livermore or Tracy the two nearest suburban towns.

Altamont is just a name on a map a former flag stop on the Western Pacific Railroad with a garage (W J Armstrong Summit Garage Altamont California) and an abandoned church and it's miles from the Altamont Raceway where the concert was held The Raceway is in the crotch of the hills at the southeast end of the Livermore Valley on the south side of the eight-lane freeway Interstate 580 about fifty miles east of Oakland. The day The Rolling Stones played there the name became etched in the minds of millions of people who love pop music and who hate it as well If the name 'Woodstock' has come to denote the flowering of one phase of the youth culture "Altamont" has come to mean the end of it.

It was the largest gathering of people in modern California history As many as 300,000 may have been in attendance And what happened was that a man was killed there, knifed and beaten to death within twenty feet of Mick Jagger as he was singing *Under My Thumb* The victim was Meredith Hunter an eighteen-year-old black man and his attackers were Hell's Angels the outlaw motorcycle gang The murder took place within the bright circle of light illuminating

Nearly 300 000 showed up to hear The Rolling Stones at California's Altamont Raceway (left) Among them were a naked fat man and facing him, a Hell's Angel leaning on a billiard cue (below)—both ill omens for an ill fated day

Entrance Early in the afternoon of December 6, 1969, a naked fat man walks down to the stage at Altamont. Hell's Angels guard the stage, left above. At center, the man begins to flail his arms; he is pushed. A loveless argument begins. Onlookers wince.

Action The Angel, who is wearing a sleeveless jacket, scuffles in the upper right portion of the third picture—he pushes a man away. Angels begin to beat the naked man in the lower left portion. These shots were taken by Bill Owens from positions on the stage.

Climax The naked man's head can be seen at lower left below as a billiard cue is brought into play. Angels used these to beat on the

Exit The metal frame in the picture at right below is a stretcher, now being brought in for the naked man. Porter Bibb, producer of a movie

the performance area and before the cameras of the Maysles brothers who were making a documentary film. The film shows clearly that Hunter had a gun in his hand before he was stabbed. The film also reveals the knife. Alan Passare, twenty-five years old, has now been indicted by the Alameda County Grand Jury. Dozens of others in the audience were beaten and maimed by Hell's Angels using pool cues for weapons; a girl suffered a near fatal skull fracture from a full beer can thrown by someone in the crowd; performers were knocked senseless or harassed by Angels in several brawls; two young people afterward were killed by a hit-and-run driver while they were sitting by a campfire, and a fourth was drowned in a ditch. No one but the lunatic fringe of the underground press has yet suggested that Meredith Hunter's murder and the other accidents were anything but results of irrational spontaneous violence, but one of the producers of the documentary film, an associate of the Maysles, commented excitedly after seeing the initial rushes: "We've got an *In Cold Blood*. That wasn't staged."

Altamont has become the most significant act ever to be associated with rock music. Its repercussions have resulted in at least four California county ordinances banning large gatherings unless special and prohibitive measures are taken, and there are two bills in the California legislature proposing the same thing. The murder occurred in the early dusk on December 6, 1969. At the end of February, 1970, there had yet to be an arrest. Since Altamont lies in an unincorporated area, the County Sheriff has jurisdiction, and the Alameda County Sheriff's office put two men on the case. They interviewed dozens of people, subpoenaed the Maysles' film (and refused to show it to newsmen) and gathered together hundreds of photographs taken at the event. Yet even though the murder took place in full view of hundreds of people and was photographed and filmed, the Sheriff's office was slow in making an arrest. Critics of the Alameda County Sheriff's Department claim that a detente exists between the Angels and most of the police departments of the East Bay (Oakland and Alameda County). They point to the occasion when Hell's Angels interfered in an anti-draft march in 1968 at the city line between Berkeley and Oakland. The Oakland police at that time allowed the Angels through their lines to attack the marchers (the Berkeley police defended the marchers, one Berkeley officer suffering a broken leg in the melee). That story's follow-up—how the Hell's Angels were then turned on to LSD by Allen Ginsberg and Ken Kesey and how they later become the guardians of the children at the Great Human Be In in Golden Gate Park—is part of the San Francisco rock mythology, which ended abruptly at Altamont.

Ralph "Sonny" Barger, chief of the Bay Area Angels, he who had sat with Ken Kesey and Allen Ginsberg in the front row of the Bob Dylan concert in Berkeley, he who had danced to the rock bands at a hundred dances in the Avalon, the Fillmore and California Hall, went on KSAN, San Francisco's underground FM station, the night after the Altamont murder and said: "We were told if we showed up we could sit on the stage and drink some beer that the Stones' managers had bought us, you know. And I'm bum kicked about the whole thing. I didn't like what happened there. We were told we were supposed to sit on the stage and keep people off, and a little back if we could. We parked where we were told we were supposed to park. Mostly a little bit to the side of the stage so that people who were there didn't have to move back too far.

"Personally, I was there to sit on the stage and listen and drink this beer. That we were promised. I didn't go there to fight. I went there to have a good time and sit on the stage. Finally the Stones come out and they start playing. Everybody's having a good good time. All of a sudden, someone down in front, where this one bike right directly in front, was is yelling I myself jumped down there and the wiring had shorted out somewhere. The bike had caught fire. The people were packed right up to the stage. So I told them to back up so we can put this fire out. Nobody'd back up. Some other Angels caught what was happening and came off the stage and when they did people started backing up.

"Now I ain't saying anything about no Angel hit anybody. I know some of them hit people. But they moved them people back out of the way of the bike. And we got the fire put out. In the process, you know what, some people got hit. And you know what? Some of them people were like maybe them Friday nighters that got that front row. I don't know, but they didn't want to give up that spot even to put that fire out. And when they come back fightin', they got thumped. And a lot of time there was six or seven Angels on one guy and a lot of times there wasn't. After that happened we got the fire out. And everything was cool. The people moved back in again."

Barger claimed people started knocking over the Angels' bikes. "Now I don't know if you think we pay fifty dollars for them things, or steal them or pay a lot for them or what. But most people that's got a good Harley chopper get a few grand invested in it. Ain't nobody gonna kick my motorcycle. And they might think because they're in a crowd of 300,000 people that they can do it and get away with it. But when you're standing there looking at something that's your life, and everything you got is invested in that thing, and you love that thing better than you love anything in the world, and you see a guy kick it, you know who he is. And if you got to go through fifty people to get to him, you're gonna get to him.

"We moved them people to save that bike. And, after that, they tried to destroy our bikes, and we're not gonna stand for it. And that made it personal. . . . You know what? I'm a violent cat when I got to be. But I don't really want to be. But there ain't nobody gonna take anything I got and try to destroy it. Mick Jagger, he put it all on the Angels.

"Look. I ain't no cop. I ain't never going to ever pretend to be a cop. I didn't go there to police nothing. They told me if I could sit on the edge of the stage so nobody would climb over me, I could drink beer until the show was over. That's what I went there to do. . . . I'm no peace creep, by any sense of the word, and if a cat don't want to fight with me, don't want to hassle with me, I want to be his friend. If he don't want to be my friend, then out of sight, don't even talk to me. But if he don't want to be my friend and he's gonna get in my face, I'm gonna hurt him, or he's gonna hurt me. And you know what? It doesn't really matter if he hurts me, because I've been hurt before. And I've been hurt by experts. Over the years, though, I've learned how to get up and do it again."

The Angels haven't done any talking since, and they specifically won't talk to the press. The underground, which means non-Angels who are close to Angels, says that even within the Angels' community there have been repercussions. Some officers of the San Francisco club, for instance, are said to have dropped out, and other Angels, faced with a new kind of crisis, have left. One Angel, Terry the Tramp, who was close to the rock bands (he was one of the investors in the Carousel Ballroom which The Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane operated for a brief time before Bill Graham, the ever-expanding entrepreneur of San Francisco's rock, took it over), committed suicide in mid-February with an overdose of sleeping pills, driven by the murder; his friends say, to emotional collapse. When the Angels confiscated the luxurious carpet on which Jagger had performed, Terry the Tramp returned it.

It is clear, too, that the tight group loyalty among the Angels and their fans has begun to erode. Passare's identification proves that. The sequence from the film showing the knife-wielding Angel was blown up and points were shown to Angels and witnesses. For almost three months no one would admit knowing who it was who held the knife, but finally someone talked. Police at the time of the indictment would not say who had made the identification. Passare, who has a police record for theft dating back to 1963, was, ironically, already in jail when indicted. He had been arrested in San Jose in July, 1969, for the sale of marijuana and for theft, had pleaded guilty to the former, but sentencing was held up to await disposition of the latter. He had been free on bail at the time of the Altamont killing. Between the killing and his indictment, he had pleaded guilty on the theft charge and was sent to jail. He was the only Angel indicted, although there is the strong possibility other indictments will follow, now that the identification block has been broken. The Maysles' film clearly shows Angels stomping Hunter after the stabbing and police feel that identification of them may now be relatively easy.

Whatever they say now, the significant thing about the Alameda County Sheriffs on the evening of December 6, 1969, when the huge crowd gathered at Altamont, is that they were not there. Only two eyewitnesses have ever mentioned seeing any uniformed police officers anywhere that night, and the Sheriff says he had no plainclothesmen at the event. Bill Belmont, who was equipment manager for The Rolling Stones' coast-to-coast tour and who was on the Altamont site far more than twenty-four hours before the show began, says there simply were no police, at least not before the show began, when he went looking for some. "We had to get an emergency highway-patrol permit to bring in a crane to lift the big light towers into place and I jumped into my Rover and went looking for a cop and I couldn't find one. I eventually ran out of gas!"

Although there were no police at the concert site, there were security guards. One group consisted of half-a-dozen or so short-haired muscleman wearing golf jackets. These had flown out the night before from New York. And there were guards to protect the Altamont grounds. The rest of the security force consisted of Hell's Angels. They sat on the stage, lined the area in front of it, and controlled access to the backstage area. At nine the morning of the concert (which began close to noon) drunken Hell's Angels were brawling and cavorting and throwing full beer cans, according to Ron Schneider, the New York personal manager who had arranged The Rolling Stones' coast-to-coast concert tour and was functioning as the Stones' business manager. "I was terrified," Schneider said after the concert. "There was even a fight between the Frisco Angels and Angels from San Jose. We were petrified to death. Even our own people were getting beat. We couldn't control anyone."

When The Rolling Stones decided to return to active touring and, especially, to return to the U.S., the idea of a free concert in San Francisco was already implanted. Mick Jagger facetiously said at one press conference that he was all for a free tour, but the other guys needed the money! Guitarist Keith Richards, in London before the tour and later, emphasized his desire to appear free in one or preferably more concerts. What actually happened was that the Stones' management put together a tour which far from being free was one of the highest-priced in the history of U. S. concert tours as well as being one of the most successful and profitable (the Stones reputedly made four hundred thousand dollars).

As the story began to break in the various rock-oriented underground papers and in the overground columns, it developed that the Stones' management had, in the Stones' name, made exorbitant demands on promoters all over the country and even inserted clauses in the contract saying that there could be no student discount for tickets. One of the most unusual parts of the contract was the demand that the concert promoter in each individual area put up the entire guarantee upon signing the contract, rather than half on signing and half the night of the concert, as is customary. This meant that promoters had to tie up thirty, forty, and sometimes fifty thousand dollars for weeks in advance. Michael Lydon in *Ramparts* claims that the money was then loaned out in short-term notes for eight and a half percent, but no one will admit it now.

Jagger held a press conference when he arrived in Los Angeles and was asked about the prices. He shrugged off the question saying: "We can't set the price of tickets. I don't know how much people can afford." But later, those who were in the inner circle say, he was furious, just as he became furious when anyone spoke of his $250,000 London house or the royalties from his records and songs. Actually, the contract with the promoters said ticket prices were subject to approval by "the artist."

One reason the Stones and Jagger were very sensitive about money was that they had been adopted by the New Left as musical revolutionary spokesmen, supplanting even Dylan and certainly taking over from The Beatles. (John Lennon had said, "If you go carryin' pictures of Chairman Mao, you ain't gonna make it with anyone anyhow.") Jagger had sung about the "sounds of marchin', chargin' feet," in *Street Fighting Man* and the Stones had long been the symbol of hard-edge battle against pretense and straight-world hypocrisy. "Please allow me to introduce myself, I'm a man of wealth and taste . . . ," Jagger sang in *Sympathy for the Devil*.

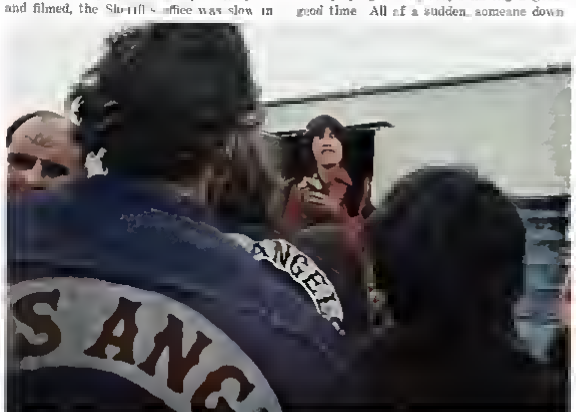
So it is not surprising that there were increased rumblings about the Stones' ticket prices and about the ethics of the extraordinary profits from their tour. Emissaries kept trying to coach the Stones to ask them to play free. Actually, Jagger and his associates were discussing the idea of a free concert in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Rock Scully, once the manager of The Grateful Dead but now free-lancing as a proselyter for the San Francisco hip scene, made contact with Sam Cutler, then Mick Jagger's confidant and chief of staff for the commercial tour. Scully, Emmett Grogan and other San Franciscans even approached the Stones midway in the tour for money for other free concerts not involving the Stones.

Finally, Sam Cutler made a trip to San Francisco to scout out the terrain. It was all supposed to be hush-hush, the affair was to be spontaneous and as intimate as possible. Scully proposed that the Stones merely show up on a weekend night and play a set at the Fillmore Ballroom with no advance notice. ("What a trip!" he said excitedly.) Scully and Grogan contacted the San Francisco City Parks & Recreation office concerning the possibility of allowing free music in Golden Gate Park on a weekend in December (after the Stones' tour was over) without saying what they had in mind. Nothing was decided, because the Parks people were leery of commitment.

As the tour ground to a close, the San Francisco contingent plotted the logistics of the magic event. Emmett Grogan and Scully had it all worked out. Grogan's solution to the first problem raised by the Stones—how to keep the musicians from being mobbed and possibly hurt by their audience—was to involve the Hell's Angels. "We'll have a hundred Hell's Angels on their Hogs escort the Stones into Golden Gate Park. Nobody'll come near the Angels, man. They won't dare," Grogan said.

Although by this time the Angels seemed like a normal part of the San Francisco scene, they had never before been put into such a position of authority, a position where authority was loosely defined, and in the exercise of which they were to get a truckload of free beer. On a radio broadcast the night after the concert, the secretary of the Frisco Angels, a motorcyclist called Pete, said on the air that Sam Cutler had approached the Frisco Angels about two weeks before the December 6 date and asked them to be a kind of security force. "We were asked to do this thing and we did it. If we say we're going to do something, we do it. Cutler, he was real sincere, and he offered us $500 worth of beer to do this thing . . . when people ask us to do something, if we decide to do it, it's done. No matter how far we have got to go to do it."

By the time the Stones' tour ended it was obvious that Golden Gate Park was out. The story of the possible free concert had been broken in the *Los Angeles Free Press* by



Before the murder, Mick Jagger met the Angels, who were to act as his bodyguards that night

John Carpenter who got it from Stanley Booth, a Memphis rock writer who was on the Stones' tour doing a book about them. Booth, and then Jo Bergman, Mick Jagger's personal assistant, said it was all set. The story appeared in the *L.A. Free Press* and then the next day in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The City Parks & Recreation people denied any plans for Golden Gate Park. Instead, they suggested the possibility of one of the unused Federal forts in the San Francisco area, Fort Funston, for instance. Then the Stones' regular business managers came into the picture and promised the local planners they would get some other site. The first one they picked was the Sears Point Raceway, an auto-racing track well-known in Northern California. It had a natural amphitheatre, good fencing for crowd control, and isolation from areas the crowd might damage. The management of Sears Point accepted the free-concert idea pending approval of the three cities near the site, Vallejo, Napa and Novato.

By noon on Thursday, December 4, a stage had been built and huge towers for the lights were being erected. "We only had $2500 from the Stones," Rock Scully says (Bill Belmont says $15,000), "the rest was all donated. People just gave us things." Chip Monck, who had staged the Stones' concerts and the Woodstock Festival, put together the huge structure with a volunteer crew. Then everything went wrong.

There had been some indication of crossed wires a few days before when the question of the film rights to the event was brought out. In New York a spokesman from the Stones' business office said that the money from the film would go to one charity. In San Francisco the organizers spoke of Vietnam orphans or war relief. Finally there was talk mostly from New York of using the money to buy a piece of land where concerts could be held free anytime. Jagger, it developed, would not get involved in the Vietnam situation. "That's yours," he is reported to have said to some of the Americans talking to him. Next it turned out that Sears Point was owned by Filmways, the holding company which also operated Concert Associates in Los Angeles. Concert Associates had booked the Stones in Los Angeles, the group had reneged on an agreement to play a second concert there, and the feeling between them was hostile.

Filmways representatives flew up from Los Angeles and met with the Stones' business agent Ron Schneider and others and were said to have abrogated the original agreement to allow the concert to take place at Sears Point. "The Filmways people demanded a huge liability insurance and $100,000 rent or distribution rights to the film," Ron Schneider said. "All they were interested in was the money." No agreement was possible. And so late Thursday afternoon at a press conference in the Huntington Hotel in San Francisco it was announced that the Sears Point concert was canceled and that an alternate site would be sought.

By this time the operator of the Altamont drag strip, Dick Carter, had entered the scene. Carter's Altamont was a fairly new enterprise and, in another of the bizarre co-

Tension Just after dark Mick Jagger (left) and the Stones stepped out on the stage. Angels watched the crowd. Meredith Hunter (6'4" [and marked "X"]) stands out near the stage. The crowd presses against the low stage, which is littered now with rose petals. A man at stage right (off camera) tries to hand a musician a rose and is beaten. Angel at center crosses to him.

Release Jagger watches as this incident is resolved. Hunter can still be seen in the crowd. The police dog at lower left belongs to a security guard hired by raceway management. Now Jagger sings. Hunter turns away and minutes later is to pull from his pocket what appeared to be a gun, waving it over his head. Hell's Angels then raced to him and one stabbed him fatally.

incidences of this entire affair, had been selected by James Wynn, a student at Stanford, as a requirement for a course in Small Business Administration, to see how Wynn could further the racetrack's business. They had talked about having small rock concerts at Altamont before the Stones came to San Francisco, and when Wynn heard that the Sears Point concert had been canceled, he called Carter, who in turn called concert headquarters. Melvin Belli then learned of the offer and contacted Carter, who said, "Use Altamont and use it free. There's no way we'll lose money. The added publicity, all over the Bay Area, is enough alone to compensate for the canceling of our regular program. And, anyway, we stand to make a lot of money on our own concessions. We're stocking up good for the expected throng of kids."

Chip Monck went out to Altamont late Thursday night, returned and agreed rather reluctantly that it would do. Early the next day trucks and helicopters carried all the stage equipment from Sears Point at the top of the Bay down through the East Bay cities and fifty miles on out to the rolling hills of Altamont. "When I got there in the morning, Friday, I took one look at it and said, I think it was to a radio crew from a Sacramento station, that it *wouldn't* do," Rock Scully recalls. "It was terrible. It was just a drag strip. There were junk cars and wrecks and broken glass all over. I said we'd have thousands of people with them feet cut from the broken glass alone."

But the magic of the idea of a free Rolling Stones concert had taken hold too deeply for it to be stopped now. Even the previous night, when Sears Point was canceled, the throng had been gathering. Long-haired kids walked out along the country roads to Sears Point. Volunteer workers were arriving and offering their services. When the deal was made for Altamont, the two top 40 radio stations, KFRC and KYA, told their listeners about it minute by minute. Local television plugged the concert on Friday as did the afternoon San Francisco *Examiner* and the suburban afternoon papers. Saturday's San Francisco *Chronicle* put the news on the front page, and the rush was on.

People started arriving before dark on Friday night. Bill Belmont says, "We announced to everybody that the gates wouldn't open until the next morning, but they came anyway." Helicopters buzzed around the site like bees, bringing in people. Mick Jagger got to San Francisco that evening, went on the air from his hotel and then drove to Altamont in a rented limousine with his managers. They ran out of gas.

At the site "It was like a Boy Scout Jamboree," Belmont says. "People had little official junk cards cut in half as identification. We had a tent and the Dead's family was cooking. We fed the crew great. Ribs. Open fires. Mick and Keith walked in after their limo ran out of gas. Keith stayed all night. He didn't worry. There was no security at all then. They had a great time and everybody else did that night."

Some people drove on to Tracy or back toward the hills to Livermore or Pleasanton, to stay overnight in motels in order to get

Photographed by Beth Bagby

a good start for the site in the morning. Hundreds of others just camped out wherever they were.

The media was set to see Altamont in a sunny light, a sort of reprise of Woodstock's good vibes. But good vibes were scarce on Saturday, December 6. Bill Thompson, manager of the Jefferson Airplane, and Chet Helms, of the Family Dog, described Altamont—the motorcycle racetrack and Demolition Derby site—as a permanent holding ground for tense vibrations. One of the underground weeklies pointed out that the moon was in Scorpio and it was a heavy day. The Stones arrived by helicopter and walked flanked by their mysterious New York muscleman guards through the crowd, when a long-haired youth ran at Jagger screaming, "I'm gonna kill you! I hate you!" He slugged Jagger in the face. Jagger wasn't hurt, only bruised, but it was an ill omen for the day. The truth was that the kind of time one had at Altamont depended upon where one sat. If you got there early and sat down near the stage, you saw the concentration of Hell's Angels, saw them beating people and had a nasty feeling from the beginning. "That was an ugly crowd," Rock Scully says. "When you'd get up to go to the John, you'd get karate chopped on the legs as you stepped through the crowd." Even the Hell's Angels complained that the crowd was ugly enough to make uncomplimentary remarks about Hell's Angels. When the last Angel contingent came riding through about midafternoon, a girl in the crowd said something with an edge to it. One of the Angels stopped his bike, turned to the girl riding behind him and said, "You gonna let her say that about a Hell's Angel?" The Angel's girl got off the bike and belted the girl who had made the remark, then remounted and rode down to the stage.

"The people who weren't near the stage had a good time," Bill Belmont says, but that wasn't always true either. Barry Olivier and his wife and son, for instance, had gotten there midmorning, driving on a back road after staying overnight in a motel to get an early start. "The drive in was the most interesting part of the day, in some ways. Hundreds were walking. I'm sure they didn't know how far it was. Many others were parking along the road, and in a few places we had to squeeze between parked cars, almost scraping on one side or the other. They were parked one deep on one side and two deep on the other, on a very narrow road to start with. There were some waits—perhaps up to twenty minutes in a single spot at one time. Many were hitching and others jumping on top of car hoods or even tops.

"A big manned balloon was just being inflated as we came over a rise and saw the crowd. It was smaller than I thought it would be and the people seemed less in a mood of anticipation than I had expected they would. We walked down toward the denser part of the crowd before determining to go up to the rear, where we could sit down easily and spread out without being crowded. People back there did seem more relaxed and we spread our blankets and paraphernalia and sat down. It was about ten or fifteen feet between small groups and individuals at the back, perhaps 250 yards from the stage—which we had a hard time making out at first, even with good binoculars brought along for the purpose.

"Just about fifteen minutes after we got settled in our spot at the back the music began. Immediately the sound problem struck me as overwhelming—that was the single most important factor in keeping us from really enjoying the day. You just couldn't hear the music—although you could understand the announcements. I hoped they would get it fixed but they didn't while we were there. Another very negative element was the announcer (Sam Cutler, I discovered later). He spoke very condescendingly to all of us in the gathering and he was negative from the outset. Instead of talking with us as though we were in this together and would help each other, he talked *at* us as though we were some kind of unmanageable beings which were as likely to cause trouble as not.

"Right away everyone became aware that trouble was breaking out around the stage as the music stopped repeatedly during Santana's opening part, and then again during the Airplane's—although back where we were it was not apparent how bad the vibes were down there.

"We walked around some and dug the people, some of whom were very interesting, some very bummed out, most were extremely neutral—just kind of waiting for the show. Shortly after we had sat down, a heavy nude guy came walking down from behind us and of course right on down toward the stage. He was the only nude we saw all day—and that also surprised me. I thought there would be more people sans clothes. The motorcyclists were riding quite near people, coming as close to us as one foot away—just to show their prowess and skill. I figured. The constant buzzing of helicopters plus the light aircraft (I counted as many as seven planes and helicopters over us at one time) made the experience seem unpleasant, too. At first it was kind of exciting, but after a couple of hours it got to be a drag."

At about three p.m. the Oliviers left. Curiously enough, many others were leaving at this point too, although the Stones had yet to go on. Elsewhere in the crowd at the back, Sister Mary Korte, the poet, felt the bad vibrations from people near her, but many others had a great time. The only real problem back on the hill was when someone stepped on you or your food.

At the stage site things became increasingly chaotic. People tried to climb onto the stage. A hysterical topless girl, huge breasts flapping, tried to get onstage and the Angels pulled her down. "Angels were throwing people off the stage all afternoon," Belmont says. "I was terrified." Several times the musicians tried to calm down the crowd. "Every time the bands played a violent song there was trouble," poet John Thomson said. "Only the Flying Burritos played without any trouble at all. There was trouble when Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young sang *It's Been a Long Time Coming*, and when the Airplane sang *The Other Side of This Life*. Marty Balin, the Airplane's lead singer, jumped offstage into a group of Angels and tried to stop them from beating up a young black man. He was joined by Airplane manager Bill Thompson, Belmont and several others. One of the Angels decked Balin and when Thompson asked "What did you do that for?" replied "He spoke disrespectful to a brother Angel." Paul Kantner, still onstage, asked, "What's going on? They're beating up on my lead singer!"

It has never been established whether or not this black man was the one later killed. In any case, the incident was typical. Somebody would move, yell or take some action that would draw a stream of Angels offstage like a swarm of bees into a struggling mass.

Denise Jewkes, a singer and guitarist with the Ace of Cups ("An All Lady Band," their business card reads), walked down near the stage to join some musician friends. Suddenly a can of beer thrown by someone (Hell's Angels played catch with full beer cans all afternoon) hit her above the eye. Bloody and dazed, she wandered around trying to find out how to get to the Red Cross tent. She saw Jagger and the Stones go onstage, but she was too hurt to listen. Finally she found a doctor who saw she was seriously injured and managed to send her to the Livermore hospital where, she says, dozens of young people bamtripped, beaten or cut were gathered.

The medical facilities for the huge crowd were clearly inadequate despite heroic efforts of a volunteer crew for the Medical Committee for Human Rights. "We had less than twenty-four hours to plan a medical presence there," said Dr. Richard Fine, acting assistant medical director of the San Francisco General Hospital outpatient department. "We mustered nine physicians including several psychiatrists, twelve registered nurses and some forty medics. We were terribly undersupplied. We got four vans there with medical supplies and almost immediately had to send out for more. There was an amazing lack of concern by the kids for their own health. Pregnant women some overdue, walked miles getting into the place." Dr. Fine charged "totally irresponsible management" and called the event "a reprehensible act by The Rolling Stones, the various managers and promoters." No children were born there, he said, despite the claims by those in charge that three babies arrived. "They were just trying to balance off the deaths that occurred."

Late in the afternoon, as the sun began to dip back of the range of hills that lies between the Livermore Valley area and the San Francisco Bay, it got cold, but most of the crowd was determined to wait for The Rolling Stones. There was a long wait, almost three quarters of an hour, before the Stones went on. It was just like one of their regular concerts across the country, where, in every auditorium from Fort Collins, Colorado, to Auburn, Alabama, they had titillated the audience with a long wait, a dramatic tease to bring the crowd to fever pitch before they appeared. Just before the group went on, photographer Jim Marshall, standing along side Sam Cutler, heard him say to an Angel, "Just do what you *(Continued on page 48)*

Beautiful Soup

by Donald Newlove

He who consumes himself eats not wisely but too well

I picked her up or she picked me up in front of the Dixie Hotel, among the cheap movie palaces on Forty-second Street. She must have just slept off her afternoon drunk because it was nine-thirty and she was only half lit up. Her eyes were brown and puffy. She was about forty-nine, almost my mother's age when this happened, but she wore a fresh chiffon dress and her hair was combed and parted with water and when she dropped her lush, used eyes to my paper bag and said "Honey, I'll bet you've got something good in there—I said, You bet I have.

My husband's upstairs passed out dead drunk in bed. I don't want to see That Man until he sobers up.

What part of the South are you from?

Mobile, she said with drawn butter. You been there?

I don't remember.

You don't remember—how could you forget Mobile?

I may have had my paper bag with me when I went through. I been carrying this bag quite a while now and it never seems to get empty.

It isn't sweet wine, I hope? I cannot endure sweet wine.

It isn't. It's Swell Company. I'm treating myself to the best.

And what are you celebrating? Maybe I'll come to the party.

An end to abstinence.

You've been in jail?

No, only in a cell. Monk's cell.

You mean you need a woman, honey. I trust you don't mean a paid companion?

I came to this great white street for just such a woman! Nature has ground me down. Tonight I am determined to score as a lover or quit.

I believe you're sincere! But, honey, you are not going to win anything with a paid woman. You need honest companionship and sincere affection.

By God I do and I can't find it. You wouldn't happen to be free for a few hours, would you? Like to see my part of town?

And what do they do in your part of town?

Well, they drink a lot! And they have poetry readings, ha. And like that. It's a nice place to walk around.

Why, honey, I love poetry reading. But you'll be good to me, won't you? You are a gentleman?

As gentle as the man in the moon!

Then let's go. She laughed, tossing her hair like a calendar girl, and took my arm. Relief threaded me as if the night were consummated. We hailed a cab and left the shining street.

Cutting down darkar Broadway to the Lower East Side, I felt as if fished out of the river and brought back to life. This woman of the moon gave me strength. You've given me life again, Old Mother Moon, and I shall rid my lap of its ashes forever... I was shaken out and fresh.

You know, you're a very sweet person, I can tell, she said. Lean down . . . What's your name, honey?

Harry Rainbird, what's yours?

Never you mind! I'm having fun tonight.

I've got to call you something.

You just make something up.

Perversely, my mother's name came to mind. But I said, How about Dixie?

Whoo, everybody's named Dixie!

I like Lulu, ha.

That's trashy. There is a low song about Lulu.

A low song! How does it go?

I will not repeat such words. Now think, she said.

You want a mellifluous magnolia-fied name?

Honey, you name me anything you want! This is your opportunity, don't you see? You're sitting beside the girl of your choice.

Well! Herald Square lay deserted as wartime, but nothing under the moon piqued me. Would you like a sip?

Oh, not in a cab, that isn't proper!

Hey, a New York hack is an enclosed gondola on a Venetian canal. Now would you like a sip of this sunny hundred proof?

One hundred proof! Oh, I couldn't drink that without a gallon of ice water. If you can drink it, you go right ahead and be my guest. Go on.

Look, this is really Wild Turkey. I made up Swell Company *because*—because it's always Old Agony. What is it, are you a churchgoer? I was playing, but I could taste that Wild Turkey.

Well, not every Sunday! Why? You aren't an atheist?

No, but I don't go to church either.

So we sailed into the evening, two bed-bent Puritans, the bottle untouched, my stomach mildewed as a dirt cellar.

Look, she said finally patting my hand, I will take one sociable sip, but it is a breach of behavior I make just for you.

I uncorked, sniffed the sweet booze and handed her the bottle still bagged. It smells like candy, she appraised. Oh yes, it's smooth, I said, you'll never taste better. Well, here goes, honey. She sipped like a schoolgirl. Why, there's no burn at all! Oh that is good. I'll have another. Mmm! She handed it to me with a smirk and I took a dirty old snort. It's practically candy, she repeated, giving me the message and I handed the bottle back. Now this is absolutely the last for now, she said. She took a country snort and passed the bottle. Oosh, I think I took too much that time.

But the Turkey was still robust and after I drank and corked up, she snuggled over to me. Mmm, she sighed, what do you do, honey? For a living? Nothing at the moment. I'm an unemployed ambulance attendant, I guess.

Why do you guess?

It's what I do most often. Florida, New York, California. But it's nothing to talk about on a casual evening.

Why not?

It's a pretty disgusting activity, picking up heart attacks and prying corpses out of wrecked cars. It's a loser's game and I want to stick with the winners, so I'm going to change my specialty. No more oxygen tanks.

Ugh! she said. Good for you, honey. It was bad for your spirit?

You're not just whistling Dixie. God!—waking up each morning hell bagged. But I'd get out there, drive between the bottles. It was impossible. I couldn't save a cent. Boy oh boy. I'd spend every penny on bottles just to get my heart turning over again. That was me, Harry Rainbird, drinking winner, or whining drinker. I'd wake

up at three a.m., laughing, just bursting . . . Ha ha, Harry, baby, get outta the soup!

What were you laughing about?

Everything was so hopeless! Sometimes I'd lie thinking I was a dead man floating on the East River with the full moon breaking me down... there, riding out past Brooklyn Bridge and South Ferry... outstretched on moonlight. Nothing to desire, just a body, just—satisfied at last, maybe even happy.

Unh! She squeezed my hand. That's the worst thing I ever heard in my life. How awful for you.

Ready? For a Turkey wing?

Wait a minute... she said and kissed me fully.

Oh, that's what I wanted, I said.

Wa decorkerl.

See that coffeehouse... that's Les Deux Magots. It's packed, they're having a poetry reading.

Oh, I want to go! I love poetry!

Not this poetry, you don't.

But you *said* you'd take me. Oh, please take me. I'll never see another poetry reading like this in my life! Really. I mean it. Honey, please... for me, you don't know what this means to me. You don't know Mobile. This could be the thrill of my life!

Good God, I can't deny you that. I uncorked as she pecked my cheek.

We passed my apartment and I ran in for more money for another bottle. I've given up carrying all my money with me. Snapped on the kitchen light and there was . . . delirium of milling roaches, fleas, water bugs, silverfish, ants poleing the sink, the night linoleum and kitchen table. What will I tell her? I wondered. Key in hand, I'll announce casually in the hallway: We might see a bug.

Then I slugged down the heel of a burgundy gallon and, money in hand, ran out again, leaving the light on like some amulet for the kitchen's protection.

A cloudy, lost smile webbed her eyes. Straining at the cab window, I saw the moon over Tompkins Square Park. The blue-white artifact was abandoned. We've some harmony with that merciful moon. What's that pang when we see its whiteness? That birthlight says: Sleepers, awake! Some lost word that vibrates between the moon and all living things below. We polled up to the steamed windows of the cellar coffeehouse. Honey, she asked... what about this bourbon? They let you bring in an open bottle?

We uncorked before a final rush through the Spanish jabbering kids bunched at the windows, peering and screaming at the poet-readers and their listeners. At my apartment I'd put on my Castro hat with its two cent badge on the crown, and the kids asked, Hey, man, you the fire inspector?

Yes... I am. I've come to inspect the fire.

Les Deux Magots had the stripped brick walls of a Roman sewer, camp chairs, wobbling tables, chess players, nightworn girls with witch length hair in black leotards and black sweaters, vintage smoke and, twice weekly, mumbling versemakers making their first public flights. An established West Village poetess, her cheeks soap carven, read from a lectern on the postage-stamp platform: *O how the mind's vectors divide my latitudes and graphs*... she read drily, and I knew I was in for another stone evening of serious poetry.

The place was packed but two uptownies before us got up from their table to look for less boring perversions, and I quickly seated mother... taking her bottle. Sculptured applause for the poetess. The featured poet of the evening was introduced—Heath Cliff, who doubles as queen flower of underground movies. His opening poem was about being groped in Central Park by a famous virile actor. The uptownies down slumming laughed into their palms as Cliff eliced open one fruity obscenity after another and held it up to drool. She leaned over the table, touched my hand and whispered with aching eyes: When do the *poets* read?

I pointed at Cliff. This is it, I said.

Why *I* can't sit here all night listening to this.

This is the worst you'll hear, I said hopefully... but after Cliff finished a girl got up and read a poem about being laid in Paris by a Congolese diplomat with abysmal bathroom habits. My lady shone pink. Everyone breathed on sandals, listening. They were so breathless we couldn't lift our bottle.

Then applause whaled up and I poured into my demitasse cup. Fill mine too! she said, shoving a lipsticked leftover cup at me. Lord of mercy, she said fanning away the poem. She slugged decorously at the bourbon coffee.

One by one the poets read for ten minutes each. We were never served... having cups. She slugged her Turkey, and covered my hand with hers. Don't worry, she said. I'm enjoying it.

Somebody bumped me from behind on his way to the platform and suddenly my shirt was drenched with Wild Turkey... People looked about for the source of the great flowing odor while I sat wiping my shirt.

By evening's end we had chopped wall below the bottle's shoulders. We failed to pay the bill and left. She clung to my arm amid the banditti. Hey, man, what you gonna write in your report? one asked me.

I shall report that the place was heavily intoxicated and inflammable.

As we walked over Seventh Street, I felt new again. The stoops of summer beer drinkers, every parked car and each lamppost and garbage can, each was novel to me, with my fresh moonlit identity.

The moon over Tompkins Square Park burned in a magnesium-blue tunnel of clouds as in a Doré etching of angels. Again that birth pang. Do you know why the moon is melancholy? I asked her. Why? she said. Because it's like red leaves in autumn and tells you you have to give up all this life that you've grown so accustomed to, or you can't be born again. You can't put your new spirit into an old bottle. That old moon wants to break us down and start distilling us into something new.

We drank here and there down the street. The park was sinister with glittering lamps into its policed heart. The undersides of leaves were aquariums, a sloughing breeze kited the leaves heavily. I couldn't worry about old lives and bottles.

There are a few bugs, I'm warning you. Maybe you'd better have some soup first.

We uncorked. A few bugs never scared me, honey. I want to see what a real beatnik's apartment looks like.

Don't let the hat fool you. I led her up my stoop, through a Spanish landscape with figures, to limbo hallway with its one yellow bulb and cracked tile flooring. Kitchen light squeaked through the panels of my cracked red door. This must be it, I admitted... unlocking the door and sticking my head inside. Honey, we have bugs down South, you never seen yet, she said. Have you tried bug killer?

My bugs are too tough for science to deal with.

Get a spray can with a plunger.

Oh, they lap it up like sweet cream at a family reunion. They're almost human. Well, let's have a drink and some music. I'm really feeling my spirits!

Wonderful! You let out *all* of your spirits. She gave me a holy look! You just let me kiss those lips, she said.

If I could just shoot fifty thousand volts straight through this apartment, I'd wash them out. Sometimes I have this sweet, deep daydream where I've incinerated every roach in the world.

Her eyes were slits and we kissed and I wondered what I was doing in the dark of this kiss with my mother.

You've got to drink Wild Soup straight, I said. Not even an ice cube.

It's sheer candy, she said kissing me, her face all cloves and velvet.

And so we drank, and read Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* on the couch, my cat sacked out over our laps, and wound up nipping on the love duet from *Butterfly*. Her puffy eyes avid, even plaintive, we listened and read for hours. I played the little duet *Là ci darem la mano*. Her hands were chapped as cheeseparings. But she liked to shake her hair back, a teen-ager on horseback riding into the wets of an April morning. All new again.

She liked, too, to display a valiant stance, an one hip, and undefeated smile, and yet she stammered, and once I saw her unguarded, a little girl wandering down the shadowy cells of a city drunk tank. I knew she'd hit bottom more than once.

Shall we go to bed? I asked.

Leave the music on, too.

She went to the bathroom, dawn the outside hall, and for the first time I noticed a slight swagger as she bumped the wall. I dug out Schoenberg's *Transfigured Night* and sat wilting, dry mouthed. Everything in my front room, each chair and glowing chamber of the hi-fi, had its edge of identity. Now *(Continued on page 129)*

Illustrated by David Wojnar

What Is The Difference Between This Photograph And A Real Frozen TV Dinner?

A real frozen TV dinner comes with green peas in the upper right-hand corner. Everybody knows that

by M F K Fisher

Rich in the family with at least every generation or so, its own newspaper or magazine! It appears two or three times on the average and seldom is the advance subscription price held to. (Once when I was going on ten I asked for one cent a copy, or six issues for a nickel and I should be ashamed to admit here that I brought out only five and never refunded a penny to my four subscribers.) Jewels of inadvertent wit and even wisdom lurk in the hand-printed pages of such journals and if a doctoral thesis has not yet been written on the subject, with prime examples, it is probable because in almost every case the paper has long since been lost. Hearsay is left. I cannot remember the sound of any of my own pearls, of course, but forever in my mind is one from another family.

A brother and sister wrote and published a weekly for the comparatively long time of about three months and for the Christmas issue each editor contributed not only fiction, poetry, news and an editorial, with of course the usual riddles, gossip items and other such classical fillers, but a full-page illustration. The little boy drew something like a wreath or a *tannenbaum*, but his little sister's picture was so odd when he appraised it that he submitted it to the cold eyes of their mother. She as bluntly as almost any grown-up, asked at once and no matter how gently, "What is it?" The artist said patiently, "This is the Christmas edition. So that is the Virgin and Child."

The drawing, as I have been told about it, consisted of two ovoids, one half the size of the other and below it a little to the right. It was plain that the small egg was looking up at the big egg. The big egg was looking down with infinite tenderness at the little egg. They touched together and were filled only with space. The artist's mother perhaps suggested some eyes, a smile . . . . The little girl took back her picture and left with dignity, and when the family paper came out on Christmas Eve the drawing was called, in firm ornamented printing, *Different People Have Different Ideas of Madonnas and This Is Mine.*

The phrase sounds familiar, as if somebody like Orwell had said it, but of course it was new in the mind of the innocent creator. It is a useful one. It applies to some of our most basic puzzlements and their satisfactions . . . the TV dinner, for instance.

This is not all things to all men, certainly, but it can be everything from an exotic or neurotic adventure to a lifesaver for countless Americans, and it is bound to become more so . . . a probability which is perhaps its most frightening premise. In different words, TV meals are not my own idea of how to survive, but they apparently are to myriad others of us.

Newcomers to our country find the flat rectangular packets, frozen stiff, in every grocery store from the biggest supermarket to the smallest crossroads "general," an amusing thing to play with, and gradually to depend on. They seem, and too often they prove to be, unreal, unbelievable . . . and then routine. On the outside is a brilliant fakey picture in full color of the gastronomical bliss within. The directions for attaining it are in basic language, with the required oven temperature often in bigger, larger type for those of us who can read numbers but not words.

The process of hopefully turning the flat block of ugly, lumpy grey ice back into an appetizing collection of nourishing tidbits for human consumption is kept as simple as possible. After the final chef of a long series of them sees how hot the oven should be and how long the meal will take to emerge at its peak of perfection, the foil top is left alone or loosened or partly removed, according to what will finally emerge. (French fries and rolls are "exposed," while their accompaniments steam along under covers, and presumably one's taste buds ready themselves as the tray with its neat compartments turns into exactly what the pretty picture promised: a juicy tender all-sirloin chopped steak with gravy, fluffy whipped potatoes with extra pat of butter, peas-n-carrots just like Mom's . . . ? Yummy Estin, one nationally distributed brand calls it.)

Another popular purveyor offers, of course, in its own little depression in the foil tray, what it calls an exclusive feature as well as an extra, home style touch: a *muffin!* A full page color ad in national magazines directed at Togetherness in the Home suggests that this bonus can turn any meal into a festive birthday treat by having a little candle stuck into it. Such whimsy contradicts the original and always preferred practice of eating TV meals in the half-dark in almost any position, but preferably on the floor or on the southernmost tip of the spine if in a chair, the bright cartoon shows a cretin-like little boy actually sitting at a table, probably because it is a Special Occasion. He is grinning perhaps with anticipation. Mom, rushing in from right, is grinning with self-satisfaction at how loving and generous she is, to stick the ramble in the fluffy free muffin which in turn has soothed her last-minute qualms about forgetting Junior's birthday . . . and all this thanks to the benevolent thoughtful home-style chefs who watch over our national diet in their sanitized factories.

Behind the grinning child and his harried but so happy grinning mother sits a grinning cat. Perhaps he thinks there is something he too can savor on that dimpled tray . . . although during my own clinical pursuit of the Really Delicious TV dinner I have yet to find a cat, my own pampered one or any of the otherwise omnivorous neighborhood bums who will give the food more than a sniff. This in itself seems ominous, but I think that the actual virtuals are harmless enough, but that felines rightly mistrust the excessive use of monosodium glutamate in every frozen dinner I have thus far baked, especially ones with *fish!* It makes their tongues and throats burn. (Mine too.) It makes them fiercely thirsty. (Me too.)

Millions who come to our western states for work, usually migratory, find TV meals not only handy but glamorous. Living conditions are seldom more than rudimentary, but somehow a way to heat an oven to 450 degrees for half an hour is generally procurable, and people who live in every seasonal-crop area along our border have told me that often one stove will run twenty-four hours a day, while families wait their turns. No pots and pans, no plates, no garbage: all are real problems to people who live in cramped cabins or tents and must follow the harvests in whatever beat-up car will hold the most children and cousins.

My grocer by now one of the last small town holdouts against supermarkets (which he knows tacitly that I go to for things he cannot possibly afford to stock), worries every summer when pickers move into our California valley for the prune and grape crops. Exhausted men will come into his store and buy twelve or fifteen frozen meals every night after work, he says. He hates to take most of what they have earned that day in the blazing sun, stooping over the vines and stretching into the trees. But they tell him their children love the surprise of the exciting dishes, and will eat every crumb. He sometimes reminds them in his anxiety that he carries good dried beans and fresh chili powder and that they can feed a hell of a lot of kids for what one frozen meal will cost them. They laugh happily and say that they can eat beans in Jalisco. This is variation, they say. "We take it easy in your country," they say, and they keep right on laughing, so that my friend is not sure what the joke might really be.

They buy without regard to price but by the pictures on the packages, and they pay from an occasional 39 cents or "today's special smash bargain 3 for $1.19" to a rare 79 cents, as do perhaps a hundred million other visitors and residents of America. The chance is wide, and while most combinations of food are straight Yankee (Swiss steak in beef and tomato gravy, French fries, mixed vegetables in seasoned sauce, vanilla pudding with macaroon crumbs) there are available dinners called Italian (spaghetti and meatballs), Chinese (chicken chow mein), and even "Continental" (beef Burgundian).

One production our spendthrift stoop laborers never seem to buy is called Mexican Style. There are several versions of this, depending on the distributor and perhaps the locality, but a typical one (79 cents on sale) will include in its three compartments two cheese stuffed enchiladas in a mild chili gravy, some pinto beans, and a portion of corn with bits of red and green pepper in it. The package will give some sensible hints on adding tomato soup, a salad of avocado and grapefruit, a custard of some kind for dessert.

Not too coincidentally, a costlier version of the same feast, grandly specifying three courses, has almost exactly that menu in its dimples, except for the salad, which would not survive too gracefully a half hour in a hot oven. (Neither does the pudding, unless one really likes one's custard bubbling . . .) This "typical

Photographed by Ben Rose

Mexican fiesta,' still costing less than a dollar, has five places in its foil tray... filled with good bland tamale soup with bits of toasted tortillas floating limply in it, a bean enchilada and a beef tamale in chili-flavored gravy... "Spanish type" rice, refried beans with grated cheese and, for a special surprise, an apple-custard pudding. Even gringos, whose palates are abashed by most seasoning south of the border, admit that such so-called Mexican frozen meals are almost tasteless, but that the quality of the food is somewhat above the usual level... for some reason. They are popular... unless you come from Jalisco!

Pressed-foil trays are as standard as the ubiquitous "fresh peas in seasoned sauce" which in eight out of ten manns fill the top right-hand compartments and an aficionado will know exactly where to put his fork or spoon if he stares at the television or the wall... and exactly what will go into his mouth, and how it will taste... depending upon which brand his girl patronizes (or oftener... which one the nearest supermarket stocks)

It is perhaps of some historical interest that hostesses as opposed to day-to-day cooks are now urged in national advertising to be guests at their own parties and use plastic-coated disposable paper refills pressed of course into four neat compartments which will fit into stylishly designed metal trays for countless gastronomical gatherings. No fuss, no muss! No dishes! These time-savers are promised as 'the ultimate in serving ease and dining elegance' and to misquote a childhood joke would be handy things to have on a picnic. I would not spurn them, *kindly* anyway, under a redwood tree on a sunny day, but am afraid I might behave coldly if I were expected to use one at a decent buffet supper. Tourist class on a transcontinental jet... yes for how can one argue at thirty-three thousand feet? Section D at the Medical Center... yes for there are twelve beds jammed into a six-bed room and the nurses are going crazy and what more can one expect at only $79.50 a day with free aspirin? At home with aloneness or togetherness... *no*. Frozen dinners come already divided into compartments if they are required at all (once, in my whole culinary experience, I served something like twenty in three days to two little boys who had spent all their lives in Africa and wanted to be Americans in a hurry), and small trays with sturdy plates and bowls on them are much more fun if one wants a chair-side meal... more *appetizing* to diehards like me, and no messier than those fancy foil things with soup splashing around in them!

Another household design which may possibly be a permanent part of our future dining habits is a plastic tray invented to hold exactly one TV dinner... which in turn will fit into it on its little molded legs without any damage as it comes sizzling from the oven, for the gadget is made throughout of heat-resistant machine-washable "Hi-Impact Styrene" whatever that may be. It looks a little like polished wood carved in Australia and is "decorator-designed and Space-age engineered" to speed from the kitchen to one's easy chair and once more there will be no fuss, no muss... and of course the kitchen will be immaculate because nothing has gone on in it except turning the oven to 450 and then off...

Although most of the pressed-foil trays have up to five compartments brimming with yummy eatin, there are a few with only two like a Chinese dinner which is supposed to be augmented with fried rice (also procurable frozen)... A typical one costs about 65 cents and even without a starch it can make a good simple meal for one hungry person. It should... there are some thirty-five ingredients listed in the almost invisible print required legally for the contents of any such package. Of course they include monosodium glutamate, even more ubiquitous than green peas in TV meals, and there are such banalities as caramel coloring and egg white and such castles as hydrolyzed plant protein and sodium alginate (generously identified as a vegetable stabilizer).

A four-compartment banquet which somewhat surprisingly costs only 79 cents is the opposite of this two-section presentation of a harmless but almost meaningless mixture of would-be Oriental delicacies (guaranteed to leave you hungry in an hour, in the best tradition). It is a Yank's version of the good old Limey fish and chips, except of course that the label makes the word 'and' a bit homier by spelling it 'n'. Under the strangely revolting picture on the lid it states that it is made of breaded filets of ocean haddock apparently sliced from a fish shaped exactly to fit the largest compartment. This convenience probably the result of special genetical research in the company's laboratories, is less astonishing than the statement repeated at least three times, that the fish is from the *ocean*. Dictionaries say without quibble that the haddock is a small prolific food fish found in coastal salt waters. If the word 'ocean' must be used to convey freshness and even authenticity, why not splurge even further and call the flat triangles something really tempting like "honest-to-Pete genuine Atlantic haddock"?

In one such production, the fish turns out to be chopped, seasoned, breaded, and shaped into position, although the word "filet" is used shamelessly... This man-made wonder is accompanied by Krinkle-Kut deep fried potatoes and ah yes, *more sauce*, "peas in seasoned sauce." (One reason for this gratuitous addition of MSG, salt, a pinch of marjoram, is so that the diner need not be bothered nor menaced by having to add condiments in the obscurity of his flickering room.) The little vegetables are very green, as if that matters in the dark, and they are round and uniformly meaningless. In the upper-middle compartment, usually reserved for the 'extra festive touch' of a roll or muffin in this brand of meal, there is something called tartar sauce. What happens to it when it has been heated for twenty-five minutes at 450 should not happen to anything meant to be made of fresh and correctly chilled mayonnaise and its crisp additions. It is flatly a hot sour pickle custard, very disgusting. Peculiar, these Yanks! In London or Plymouth or Penzance we just douse a little vinegar over the fish in the newspaper twice if we feels like it.

There seem to be three main levels of dining on frozen meals. The first one is mass-produced and mass-distributed, all over the nation, mostly by reputable companies which are often local subsidiaries of huge firms like Campbell's and General Foods. (For this reason I use the word 'reputable,' in spite of some personal qualms but with legal approval.) The locations of their production plants are strategically near main distribution centers for vegetables and meats, and are as awesome in their combining of the mechanical and the computer ages as a secret missile site. Words like 'countless' and 'untold' and 'myriad' are ridiculous in describing the daily output of these plants, for not only every completed foil tray... correctly labeled, but every milligram of food it holds has been computerized. Precision is of the essence in the enormous vats that do their controlled simmerings and blanchings in the sterilized air-conditioned laboratories, and then the tons of seasonal nutritives shoot down to their separators, and when they fall at a blinding speed into exactly their right compartments on each tray as it whizzes along the belts, they will all look like the labels that are finally stuck on their sealed covers. They will vary a little in content, according to local and ethnic appetites, but usually one can buy the same meal in Vermont as in California or Wisconsin, and its additives will follow exactly the electronic decision... this much MSG and that much riboflavin per serving... and precisely the same number of those raised green things in the upper right-hand compartment.

The second level of frozen foodery is comparatively amorphous. Its practitioners or disciples or victims usually live (usually alone) in small apartments. "Our junior executives," one serious and youthful manager of the frozen-food department of a stylishly located store assured me, 'are real gourmets. They ignore the complete dinners, and don't seem to care how much they spend on the fancy stuff in small packages... frozen canapés maybe stuffed Cornish hen with wild rice and the special sauce in a little bag inside and then green beans in butter with fresh mushrooms. They go wild.' This is when they entertain, you understand. At home like. They always get a good bottle of wine, too. If it's for a girl they get some frozen pastry. They just don't care about the rest... and they love to cook, gourmet-style. They have little kitchenettes, mostly." (The young men sounded wistful. I asked him if he liked cooking too, and he said almost apologetically, "Well, you see I'm of Italian descent. So what I like is to start a good sauce on my day off... my girl grows basil and parsley like crazy in her window box... and then I pick up some fresh capellini... and we were off, while the frozen gourmet staff lay stiffly in his counters.)

A less extravagant side to this middle level of buying is maintained by people who are literally too housebound, too fragile or convalescent, too old to prepare decent meals for themselves, but who for one reason or another are still free from the hypnotic bands of the enclaves built to receive them, the Rest Havens, the Golden Years Villages.

Much as I dislike TV dinners for my own self, at least now when I can still choose, I have often introduced them to gallant older friends and have shown how to cope with the almost idiot-proof modes of preparing them. Even after half an hour in a hot oven, one of those pressed-foil trays is not actively dangerous in the wobbling grasp of an old man in his one-room flat and there is usually pap like food in the tidy compartments that will not need strenuous mastication, in either the mouth or the belly.

I know one Sprat-like couple who share a TV platter once a day, not from economy but because Jack cannot eat meat and his wife cannot tolerate vegetables... and so, between them both, you see they lick the aluminum clean! I know another old lady who manages to feed her equally aurient dog and herself from one so-called dinner... he likes the meat and she munches slowly on the bright peas, carrot-colored but otherwise unrecognizable carrots, the occasional trent of a pickled crab apple or a glazed slice of yam.

Such maneuverings as the Junior Executive goes through, needing pots and casseroles and plates for his Lucullan and wily tidbits... are impossible for the very weak, the elderly. They often find real succor in the makeshift but attainable food provided by an average frozen meal, and I am glad for that.

The third level of patrons of the galloping ready-to-heat food industry is strictly high-cost luxury living, with no heed for the bills but with an often finicky palate. It is made up of people who are used to good restaurants in many countries, to good chefs in the classical European attempts at *la haute cuisine*. They know something about sauces, either innately or by forced sophistication as their incomes have burgeoned. They pay for, and usually get, the best there is to be had and, much as I begrudge admitting it, that can be very good.

They are furnished by small outfits, usually headed by a noted and retired chef. They learn the lists of packaged foods they can choose from, as well as their own and their guests' tastes, and they stock their yacht, reefers twice a year or oftener, and send hundreds of pounds of fine precooked frozen courses to their mountain lodges. When they recognize their own brand in First Class on a jet to Paris or Teheran, lasciously imbibing from the stewardess infrared oven, they smile possessively, for they know that they are indeed flying high. Sure, it would cost little more to hire a good chef of their own. But fifty carefully wrapped packages of breaded breast of chicken with prosciutto don't have tantrums. They don't quit in the middle of dinner. They sit there in the fridge, waiting silently, worth every ounce of gold they cost.

There are small, quiet top-drawer freezing kitchens all over the country... near affluent centers, that is. I know one north of San Francisco that does nothing but make entrées for a big airline noted for its worldly meals. A famous chef-emeritus from one of the very great restaurants in Paris supervises the immaculate kitchen. The packaging is done without any outward splash in colored advertising and so on, since the whole operation is discreetly under wraps... committed... pledged.

Another small factory south of Los Angeles takes care of a certain amount of summer Carriage Trade when there is anything to spare, but is mostly devoted to provisioning the yachts which rest between cruises in Newport Beach or San Diego or Santa Barbara. Its list is fairly simple, and its quality apparently unwavering. Of course it is run by a former chef, and he keeps his tidy light kitchen humming quietly in the hands of a mixed batch of French, Italian, Swiss cooks in a fascinating ballet of puff paste here, puree of abalones there, sauce for a wild rice stuffing at the big range, cheese straws being cut at a long corner table...

As in all small surressful operations like this one, the setup is basically unromplicated with one man at the head, perhaps a couple of moneybags in the background, and a carefully chosen and dedicated crew to watch everything from the deep-freeze room to the temperature of a pot of sauce on the stove... (It will be poured into a big flat pan, on crushed ice, to cool on a kitchen table, and then moved directly to the flash-freeze room kept at 50 below zero. Once well frozen it will go to the deep freezer kept at 10 to 20 below, depending upon its ingredients and purposes.)

Food poisoning is Brother Nightmare to professional freezer cooks who refuse to use some of the preservative tricks of their bigger colleagues. Once I ate a stuffed chicken breast from a careless and pretentious company and was very sick indeed, because I knew almost at once that the rice had been put into the fowl while it was still warm and that then the whole had been quick frozen without pre-chilling. This one be death in the pot.

There is comparatively little demand, even in specialty shops, for this third and most elegant type of 'TV' food. It needs careful attention, and proper serving utensils in the private kitchens it is prepared for. And it can be good, for it is fastidiously prepared from the best procurable ingredients, and by knowing cooks. It costs a lot. A single portion of Chicken Burgundy, for instance, costs about $2.50, and if one likes that type of food it would be hard to equal it in a fine restaurant. On the other hand, a box of a hundred artfully fabricated canapés, correctly frozen according to their ingredients and flavors, can cost a moderate $11. Or there will be things like an excellent baked chicken-liver pate for about $2 a pound, and a fancy sweet tart to serve eight people for $3. No fuss, no muss, again... and who could duplicate them for less?

The trouble with all such small dewy-eyed, and idealistic ventures is that Expansion is almost bound to take over. I am sure that is why I was sick after eating the stuffed chicken from the little place where deep-freezing had started before the food was properly chilled. And once I could focus my bilious eyes I read the tiny print on the label, and was astonished as well as further nauseated to learn that the sauce contained pork, lard, MSG, and soy! There is an need for any one of these in a proper stuffing made of rice and mushrooms, and the label spelled doom to whatever dreams were left in the head chef's heart. His was neither a huge mass production, able to market a "gourmet delicacy" for 79 cents, nor was it a ruthlessly small operation selling packages for $2.50. His stamped price was $1.29... and there are cheaper and easier ways to die.

At the little factory near Laguna Beach in Southern California, I sensed danger too... there was an air of controlled panic in the corners, for on a recent trip in Chicago the boss had rashly been flattered-cajoled-conned into promising to send back five hundred boxes of one hundred each of his really exceptional little hors d'oeuvres. He was scared but still beaming at the memory of the praises he'd been heaped with. Several daily operations in his fine quietly buzzing kitchen had been pushed aside for this basically eccentric caper, and I felt dismay. When I asked if I could take away a few of his deservedly famous chicken wings to grill for a cocktail nibble, he said in a carefully bland way that three tube full of them would have to wait until the damned canapés were sent of the way, but that extra marinating would not hurt the wings too much. Again I felt a cool whiff of apprehension, for in such evasions can be disaster. Where will the quality go? When? What does it matter about those casual gluttons in Chicago? The boss will grow more harried, and his harkers (and perhaps he) will be richer, and then they will sell out to a big company and nobody will bother to make these delicious silly chicken nibbles... and his once-fine sale stuffed with lobster mousse will sell for 69 cents instead of $1.50, and I won't be around to eat it...

Actually I am not around to eat frozen food on any level except perforce when it is served to me on a plane or at an otherwise trusted friend's table. I think it is fine to buy top quality whenever one can afford to... but I would rather cook it myself, now and then, for a luxurious spree. I think it is fine that eager Junior Executives can splash around in a fairly decent Hollandaise which comes in a little plastic bag with frozen asparagus spears, but I would rather forgo the whole thing much as I admire both the vegetable and its stylish ornament. (I use several frozen vegetables which are often much better than the fresh, but I like to play with them according to my own whims, and not have them swimming in some computerized version of 'a special butter sauce.') I think it is truly fine that frail and old people, and families without decent pots and dishes, and even lonely little boys on their birthdays can spoon fairly decent nourishment from the compartments of millions of pressed foil trays every day. I just wish that I did not feel so dismal about it.

Frozen packaged food is an increasingly important part of our culture. Its rapid adoption will give *(Continued on page 124)*

Up the Pacific-Orient

Seven men at the top pass on their keys to the real executive sweets

Confucius say, "He who has reached top of tree knows where bananas are." Now that American businessmen are flying out to the Pacific-Orient as casually as they used to go to lunch, Esquire decided to go to the top of the tree—the outstanding executives who regularly try out the best of everything—to learn what pleasures they have learned how to combine with the exigencies of business travel. In tourism as elsewhere R H I P (Rank Has Its Privileges), one of them is finding out where the bananas, so to speak, are, another is passing the secrets, as in these informal memos and the accompanying snapshots, along to you.

Hong Kong

By John G. O'Donnell, Vice President, Sales—Pacific, Pan American World Airways

Jerry O'Donnell has spent most of the years since World War II developing Pan Am's passenger sales throughout the Pacific Orient area especially in Hong Kong

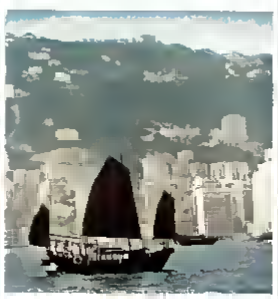
It's hard to think of the seventeen years I spent in Hong Kong for Pan Am as work. I fell in love with Hong Kong when I first went there in '47 and I've loved it ever since. This is one of the truly magical cities on earth and I manage to get back about three times a year—as often as I can without making our people too suspicious. I go there on business but I have such a good time that it's practically all pleasure. I especially enjoy working with old Chinese, British, American and Swiss friends. They're all doing business together—happily and profitably. Hong Kong epitomizes free capitalism governed by the needs of the marketplace—and it works.

Hong Kong's appeal has many facets. Here is a dynamic, moving, exciting city set on one of the greatest harbors in the world, and all around you is beauty you don't find in too many places. Within thirty minutes from downtown Hong Kong or Kowloon you can be on the tranquil beaches of Shek-O, Big Wave, Repulse and South bays or out in the New Territories where people live as they did centuries ago, their lives unchanged except for transistor radios.

Visitor attractions? Fine hotels—especially the Mandarin and Peninsula, ranking with the greatest you'll find anywhere. Wonderfully diversified dining at reasonable prices—Shanghai and Peking styles, the spicy Szechuan dishes and the great Cantonese cuisine. Terrific Indian curries. Excellent western food, too, especially at Jimmy's Kitchen. And dining on the veranda of the Repulse Bay Hotel before it gets dark is a delightful experience.

Shopping of course made even more pleasant by the genuine hospitality of the shopkeepers. Sit down, and you'll have tea, coffee or a Coke in front of you before you know it.

My favorite tailors: Jimmy Chen on the Kowloon side, and M. K. Loo, in the Peninsula Hotel. Also Taylor Chen. Jimmy Chen's old cutter, now in business for himself. On



the Hong Kong side there's [illegible] the Hilton hotel, run by an [illegible] mine, John Shoemaker.

Shopping tips: Duck the touts and [illegible] responsible stores. Most display the [illegible] the very efficient Hong Kong Tourist Association in their windows. Lane Crawford is a fine small department store with shops on both the Kowloon and Hong Kong sides. And now that President Nixon has relaxed the ban on goods from mainland China, you can pick up some amazing bargains in the Chinese department stores. I predict they'll soon give the Japanese a run for our money.

In setting prices, be sure to find out whether the shopkeeper is talking about U.S. dollars or Hong Kong dollars, worth about sixteen cents U.S. A visiting friend of mine once was happy about giving a shopkeeper eighty U.S. dollars for something with a $100 price tag—until he found out later that the $100 was Hong Kong—or about $16.50 U.S.!

I happen to love the Hong Kong crowds, but visitors should get away from crowded Hong Kong and Kowloon for a while to know some of the colony's other attractions. There are some great harbor tours by junk or on the brigantine *Wan Fu*, or aboard a ferry fitted out with a public-address system like New York's round Manhattan boats.

And few visitors ever get to such delightful off-trail islands as Lantau and Cheung Chau, yet there's excellent boat service from Hong Kong and Kowloon, and on the islands you'll find some good Chinese restaurants and pleasant places to stop for a cold beer.

If you've got friends in Hong Kong, they'll probably take you out sailing—the favorite recreation of local residents. The Chinese like motor launches, but most British and Americans prefer sailboats.

You might enjoy a couple of rounds of golf, too. There are good courses at Shek-O on Hong Kong Island and at Fanling in the New Territories, up near the Red Chinese border. This is where my Chinese and Japanese friends like to play. They've got two eighteen-hole courses here, and there'll soon be three eighteen-hole courses. Weekday guest privileges are easy to arrange and green fees aren't expensive.

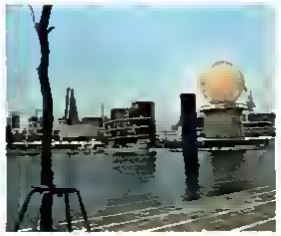
The only thing I don't like about Hong Kong is the organized begging, especially by little kids working for individual racketeers who might have as many as twenty youngsters on the street at the same time.

Japan

By Dr. Louis K. Eilers, President, Eastman Kodak Co.

As head of the Kodak organization since 1967, Dr. Eilers has looked over the company's plants in Europe and Mexico. His first Pacific crossing was for his recent visit to Expo '70.

Our first visit to Japan last March was a series of "firsts" for me. We flew there on the inaugural flight of Pan American's new 747, and it was the first visit of a Kodak president since George Eastman's memorable Japanese trip half a century ago. Our first view of Japan was a jumbled ridge of



mountains and lights stretching across the horizon. Off to the southwest, the moonglow tipped the top of Mt. Fuji while the offshore islands disappeared into the darkness.

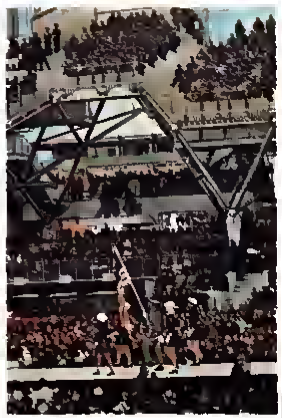
Although we knew Tokyo was the largest and fastest growing metropolis in the world, the reach of the city, the streams of traffic on express highways and the activity visible from the air went far beyond anything we had expected. It was the beginning of an almost constant feeling of surprise that was to prove an endless source of delight to my wife Fran and me. I suspect that the same feeling will enhance the first visit of other Americans to this amazing country.

No matter how well-prepared the visitor is beforehand, the realities of life in Japan will surpass anything he has imagined. We knew, for example, that the Japanese are industrious and efficient—the nation's rise to the world's third ranking industrial power is proof of that. We also knew that Japan's reputation for courtesy is legendary. It is only when these qualities affect you directly, however, that this knowledge changes from the abstract to the concrete.

We found throughout our stay that Japanese efficiency and courtesy plus a sincere concern for the visitor's comfort and convenience—on planes and trains and in hotels and restaurants—makes travel in Japan enjoyable and relaxing.

Main purpose of my visit was to open Eastman Kodak Company's Golden Picture Pavilion at Expo '70. The Japanese have spent $2,300,000,000 to ensure that Expo '70 is not only the first world's fair to be held in Asia, but also that it will be the model against which all future expositions will be judged.

My visit gave me a chance to take my own color photographs of the pavilions that impressed me most at Expo. But Americans who limit either their picture-taking or their visit primarily to Expo will miss much of the beauty and contrast of Japan. This was readily apparent when we made a brief tour of Kyoto, which had been the Japanese capital for more than ten centuries. Here, in the



country's fifth-largest city, often surrounded by modern industrial plants, office buildings and hotels are shrines, temples and castles—all beautifully preserved and maintained—that recall the glories of a bygone age.

However, the traditions of ancient Japan

Photographs in this section by the authors

do not lie just in buildings they are part of the fabric of Japanese life One excellent way to savor them is at a dinner party at a classical restaurant such as Tsuruya in Kyoto where the many-course dinner is served by geisha trained from childhood in the art of fine service There is a sense of unhurried graciousness about it all that should set the tempo for any really enjoyable visit to Japan This is something that takes time—it simply can t be rushed

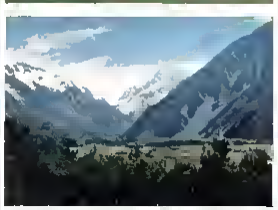
New Zealand

By George J. Wimberly, President Wimberly Whisenand Allison & Tong Architects Ltd

An outstanding Honolulu based architect Mr Wimberly has helped design hotels and undertaken government tourism studies throughout the Pacific

After five visits to New Zealand, the most recent in April I still look forward to enjoying again the mountain scenery the picturesque countryside the old-fashioned country towns going fishing and viewing the old Maorian and Victorian buildings The latter at e of special interest to me as an architect all the others should enchant any visitor

May be I should say any *nate* visitor I've



seen many happy Ameri[illegible] met tourists in New Zealand but somehow I always think of it as a man's country Perhaps it s due to the fact that this is outdoor country—a land for the farmer, cattleman, sheepherder hunter and fisherman And the image is helped along by the fact that you're likely to be drinking in English-type pubs almost spartan in their simplicity as well as in the more sophisticated co-ed rocktail lounges that are found elsewhere in the world

Meet an American in New Zealand and you're sure to get into an argument over the relative attractions of the North and South Islands The New Zealanders themselves especially those in the tourist business manage to maintain an illusion of impartiality and it's only when you know a man well enough that his bias will start to show

Yet many of the attractions that make it so worth your while to fly the more than 7500 miles from California, and to pay the $934 10 economy air fare to get to New Zealand and back are found in and around both islands

Take fishing for instance A ten-pound rainbow trout is nothing to fall into the water over fifteen-pound whoppers are caught occasionally The average rainbow caught in good fishing waters runs about five pounds and anything under fourteen inches goes back Lake Taupo on the North Island is said to be one of the world's great trout-fishing grounds

Offshore the black marlin go up to eight hundred pounds or more the striped marlin average about 250 and there are more broadbill swordfish mako thresher and hammerhead sharks and kingfish than you can shake a rod at

As for hunting New Zealand is the only country I know of where deer are classified as noxious animals—pests in other words to be hunted down for the good of the forests. Far from needing a license or being hampered by closed seasons, you ll be welcomed as an unpaid ally of the professional hunters hired by the government to keep the deer population under control

India

By Peter W Hofmann, Staff Vice President Financial Operations and Analysis RCA

Mr. Hofmann is based in New York City. His recent visits to India were made to meet with the local minority owners of RCA s Indian subsidiary

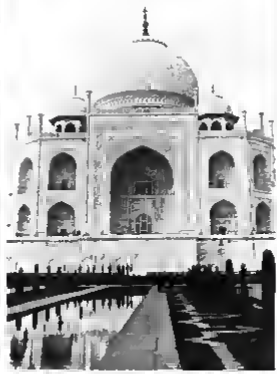
My three business trips to India in the past few years allowed me very little time for sight seeing—aside from a quick visit to Agra by rental car—but I was able to form some very definite impressions

First, I was struck by the great age of India s culture and civilization Some of Delhi's red sandstone buildings have been standing for five hundred years and for four hundred years Delhi was the capital of an empire India s early religions date back a thousand years before Christ

All around you in India is evidence of the early development of its technology The eighteenth-century astronomical observatories in Delhi and Jaipur are testimonials to India's mathematical genius

An even earlier structure is the Qutb Minar, a 238-foot stone tower that has been called the Seventh Wonder of Hindustan Built near Delhi in the early thirteenth century it survived a violent earthquake and visitors can still safely climb its more than seven-hundred-and-fifty-year-old steps

After viewing all these wonderful examples of India s ancient talent, the visitor can't help wondering why the country isn t further along today My own theory is that it is drowning in a sea of red tape If you arrive in Bombay you need a liquor permit to buy a drink at any bar, hotel or club This takes a man to issue the permit and a person at every place dispensing liquor The Indians seem to be in love with paper work. They have to



[illegible] for their [illegible] and I guess this is one [illegible]

But this red tape plus strict government regulation plus the delaying tactics of Indian industrialists in negotiations (and when you finally negotiate something it must be approved by the Reserve Bank of India) makes India an extremely difficult place to do business in and I can t help believing that this is holding back India's industrial and economic progress

Certainly economic and social progress is India s greatest need The poverty one sees all around is really frightening Yet there is great beauty in the midst of it all One of the most imposing sights, ironically enough resulted from a rare failure of India's ancient technology

It s Fatehpur Sikri the handsome red sandstone ghost town about twenty three miles from Agra and the Taj Mahal It represents the only major setback in the fabulous career of Akbar the Mogul emperor who was one of the giants of Oriental history He built it to be the center of the greatest civilization in Asia in the sixteenth century Not even the court of Genghis Kahn from whom Akbar was descended had known greater magnificence but its grandeur lasted only sixteen years After that it had to be abandoned because its water supply dried up!

Yet Fatehpur Sikri is no Pompeii-like ruin Perfectly preserved in the hot dry sunny weather of India's northern plains, it stands silent and empty except for tour groups and their guides animals, birds and women praying for children at a fertility shrine

I like Indian food, and I look forward to the curries on all my visits One of the best restaurants I've found is the Moti Mahal in Old Delhi serving just about the best Indian food in the capital district. Even if you're not a curry enthusiast you should try its Tandoori chicken grilled with saffron and red pepper You eat it with your fingers which I've found to be a highly satisfactory old Indian custom

The Philippines

By De Witt B Gibson President Stanford Research Institute International

On his frequent visits to the Philippines Dr Gibson discusses with business and government leaders economic development and assistance to local industry

I guess you could call me an aficionado of the Philippines—I've been there a dozen times, the last one this past February and I expect to make at least two more visits before the year is out. Certainly I love the place

But, like most men on business trips I've always been there on tight schedules so there are great areas of the Philippines I ve never visited To cover the islands properly would take many weeks More than seven thousand of them are strung out over 1150 miles from north to south and 680 miles from east to west All are rich in natural beauty

Most of the larger ones—like Luzon Mindanao Panay, Cebu Negros Palawan and Leyte—are dressed by luxuriantly forested mountain ranges The hills are dotted with beautiful lakes, the streams flow through rapids and over waterfalls out into wide valleys and deltas and broad coastal plains The irregular coastline provides long stretches of pure white beaches shaded by coconut palms Innumerable bays and gulfs shelter quiet little fishing towns

All through the Philippines you ll get a genuinely warm welcome English is spoken — and not grudgingly since it s the second language The principal daily papers are published in English instruction in the public schools is in English and English is used in the conduct of the government

And the way people speak to you gives you the strong impression that they re glad

[illegible] here Their pleasure [illegible] have a commercial aspect since they're starting to develop the tourist traffic they've always deserved But the Filipino friendship is based on more than the peso-dollar exchange During the forty nine years of American administration the Philippines developed enormously and Manila look on an American way of life.

Filipino-American emotional ties are being highlighted by the celebration on August

14 of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ending of the war in which the two peoples fought side by side. More than a million Filipinos died in World War II, and reminders of the war are all around you in Manila.

The American Memorial Cemetery, a few miles from the heart of town in the handsome Forbes Park residential suburb, is the most beautiful American military cemetery overseas. It's more than just American, though. Included among the 17,000 graves and the names of more than 36,000 servicemen missing in Pacific action inscribed in the magnificent memorial building are thousands of Filipinos who fought in the combined forces [illegible] in the resistance to the

[illegible]

A feature of any visitor's itinerary is the trip to Corregidor, the famed island fortress lost to the Japanese in the heroic three-month siege of 1942, and then retaken in a whirlwind campaign of two weeks just three years later.

The whole Corregidor and Bataan peninsula area has been declared a Philippine national shrine. So much vegetation was destroyed by the bombing that preceded the American landings that the government had to reseed the island to keep it from blowing into the sea. The tropical jungle then moved in so quickly that it now covers many of the old military installations.

Corregidor is twenty-seven miles down the bay from Manila. A fast hydrofoil makes the run in about forty minutes, leaving Manila at nine in the morning and returning shortly after noon. In the meanwhile, you'll have had time on The Rock to see the ruined mile-long American barracks, the winding tunnel system that sheltered General MacArthur and Philippine President Quezon during the Japanese bombings, and the old coast artillery emplacements. Or you could go by boat leaving at eight in the morning and returning at five in the afternoon.

There's a lot to do in Manila besides sightseeing tied in with the war. If you've never played golf around the filled-in moat of a medieval fortress, for instance, this is the place to try it. It's in the Intramuros section of downtown Manila—around the remnants of what had once been a twenty-foot-high wall guarded by twenty-three Spanish bastions—and the Manilans built a fine eighteen-hole golf course here after the war.

Here, too, is The Round Table, one of the city's smartest restaurants, which includes a golfers' terrace and a curb-service section where they put a cold air hose in your car to air-condition you while you're eating.

Another top restaurant is the Suki in the fashionable suburb of Makati. Its main dining room serves Philippine and international dishes; there's another room for Shanghai and Peking-style Chinese dishes.

Incidentally, Manila is a great place for Chinese food, since there's a large Chinese population and a big Chinatown. The most typical Filipino dish is roasted and glazed suckling pig, called *lechon*. You can get it almost anywhere, including little sidewalk stands.

Just as typically Manilan are the jeepneys, old army jeeps with rebuilt bodies now used as buses. The individual owners express their artistic impulses in the paint jobs.

Another thing to see is the Malacanang Palace, official residence of the Philippine Presidents, which is open to the public. (My most memorable Philippine experience was a long visit I enjoyed with President Ferdinand E. Marcos and Mrs. Marcos in 1969.) Also eminently worthwhile is the new Cultural Center opened last year, which Mrs. Marcos described as "a sanctuary of the Filipino soul."

While in Manila you should also take in a recital of the famous Bayanihan Dance Company. One troupe is usually performing abroad, but another gives frequent performances at the Hilton hotel.

My own favorite hotels are the old Manila Hotel and the new Savoy. The Manila overlooks a fine new park and the bay. It was General MacArthur's headquarters during the second Philippine campaign—after it had been taken in room to room fighting.

The Savoy, formerly the Sheraton Philippines, changed management and name about two years ago. It's beautifully up-to-date and like the Manila it provides guests with wonderful views of the celebrated Manila sunsets.

Just about the only thing I don't like about the city is the traffic, but that I guess is the price of progress.

Australia

By **Kenneth Layman**, Industrial Gas Sales Manager, Esso Standard Oil of Australia

Mr. Layman is in charge of selling to industrial customers the abundant new supplies of natural gas found by his company offshore in Australia's Bass Strait.

After traveling through Australia for the past three years—mostly on business but with side trips for recreation—I know now that I never want to lose touch with this dramatically beautiful, diverse and developing country.

American travelers are most likely to be interested in the variety of southern hemisphere scenery, the marine life in its natural state and the exotic flora and fauna, but each area has its own special attractions.

Queensland combines a lush tropical coast and an arid interior. Offshore, the Great Barrier Reef has a Mediterranean-like climate. Tasmania's rugged terrain is somewhat like New England's. South Australia, Victoria and New South Wales enjoy an advanced urban and cultural development comparable to European and North American countries.

Since Australia is so big and diversified there is literally something for everyone except relics of ancient civilizations. Australia is a comparatively new nation but visitors seeking mementos of an older Australia will find impressive restorations in Victoria and New South Wales where they can see how the country's colonial pioneers worked and lived in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Sydney's setting is as scenic as Hong Kong's, Rio's or Cape Town's. Its skyscrapers could effectively punctuate New York's sky line. Its pubs have the warm snugness of London's. And parts of the city have the look of Boston or Dublin when the sun is bright.

More than any other city, though, it resembles San Francisco—a spectacular harbor bridge serves as its trademark, wooden Victorian buildings being shouldered out by glass and stainless steel along steep and sunden hillsides.

Unlikely Sydney, though, is the superb string of fine sand beaches stretching out to the north and south. This is where the Australians engage in their favorite sport of surfing. Here you'll see the famed lifeguards—volunteers in one-piece bathing suits and rubber caps—whose lifeboat races and parades in the sand are features of the summer season.

Their seasons are the opposite of ours, you know, so February is the perfect time for a summer vacation in Australia.

Australia has been carrying on a big immigration drive. The country has always had the raw material for a fine cuisine—magnificent oysters, lobsters and fish, fine vegetables, tropical fruit, the famous Australian lamb and beef—but it took the New Australians from Italy, France, Greece, Holland and Germany to put them together properly.

Sydney, Melbourne, Canberra and the other big cities now have hotels and restau-

rants comparable to any good find in Europe. Sydney's newest, largest and most luxurious hotel is the Wentworth, built by Qantas, the Australian airline, in the downtown heart of the city. The new Menzies is its neck and neck rival as Sydney's best and most popular hotel.

But tourist facilities in the Outback and other off-trail places certainly aren't highly developed, so visitors must be willing to forgo luxury if they want to see some of the most interesting things Australia has to offer.

He should remember, too, that Australians are not eager to change all their ways and they don't appreciate advice from foreign critics on how to make improvements. They

[illegible] well on their own. Delightfully well, I think.

Hawaii

By **Richard A. Girton**, Vice-President, Dillingham Corporation

A former Californian, Mr. Girton has spent the past thirty-seven years in Hawaii. He is an executive officer of the Dillingham organization in purchasing and stockholder relations.

The visitor's Hawaii is likely to include only the islands of Oahu, Maui, Kauai and the Big Island of Hawaii, but for many of us it includes here the favorite place for a vacation or a long weekend is Molokai, an island that so far has undergone little tourist development.

Maybe that's why we like it so much. It's completely unspoiled, an unchanged piece of Polynesia less than fifty miles—eighteen minutes by air—from downtown Honolulu. It has the highest percentage of full-blooded and part-Hawaiians of any of our islands except for Niihau, which is private and inviolable. This is due to the Hawaiian Homes Act of almost half a century ago, which provided a forty-acre farm and homesites on Molokai free for families with at least fifty percent Hawaiian blood. Many Hawaiians from all the other islands quickly grabbed their main chance.

Forty miles long and seven miles wide, Molokai is shaped like a loafer moccasin. Here you'll find wonderful and typically Hawaiian scenery: the rich red clay soil of pineapple plantations, wild and rugged mountains bearing clouds on their 3700-foot-high peaks, and streams rushing down over waterfalls from the mountains to the sea. Cattle ranches fill in the green and fertile lowlands.

Only one road is paved, part of it a way all the others aren't. There's only one real hotel, the Molokai, opened a little more than three years ago on the beach about twelve minutes' drive from the airport at Kaunakakai. (There never was a rorkeyed mayor of Kaunakakai; the song was written for the late Warner Baxter when he was shooting a film there.) It's no big high rise, but rather a line of low old-Hawaiian-style buildings with an outdoor bar, dining room and swimming pool. Only fifty-six rooms, and rates run from $18 to $22 double.

There's also a really informal sort of place, the Seaside Inn, on the beach right at the edge of town. Not much on service—they don't even have a lobby—but plenty of the old-fashioned beachcombing South Pacific sort of atmosphere. Something like the famous old Pioneer Inn at Lahaina on Maui before it was completely renovated. The Seaside Inn is a small hotel, only thirty-three rooms, and rates from $6 to $16 double. Another small inexpensive place to stay on Molokai is the cottage hotel at Kalae.

Molokai is where we go to relax, hunt and fish. The hunting is some of the best in all the islands—axis deer, birds, especially pheasant and quail from mid-October to January, wild boar running as big as four hundred pounds, wild goat and wild sheep. On Molokai the ring-necked pheasant fly in flocks of as many as three hundred.

Molokai's long northern coastline, reachable only by boat, is a great fishing and skin diving area. And the Penguin Bank, largest submarine shelf near the main islands, stretches out to the southwest at an average depth of 160 feet for twenty-seven miles, beyond which it plunges off over a submarine cliff to a depth of 1800 to 3600 feet. The waters all around the island are packed with the fish that have made Hawaiian fishing famous. Pacific blue marlin running up to a thousand pounds and averaging two hundred pounds or better, sailfish, yellowfin tuna, dolphin, wahoo, barracuda, jack crevalle, albacore, [illegible] deep—plus many varieties of reef fish found in close to shore.

Many visiting sportsmen like to stay at the Puu-o-Hoku Ranch, a lodge on a 14,000-acre cattle ranch on the eastern end of the island. It has its own airstrip, so air taxi operators can fly you in directly from Honolulu, eliminating a long and rugged road trip from Kaunakakai. It's really a luxurious place, and rates for hunters run about $100 a day, meals included, but non-hunters can stay for about $50 single or $68 double.

You can ride the range with the cowboys here, or go hunting by jeep through the 8000 acres of virgin land the cattle don't graze on.

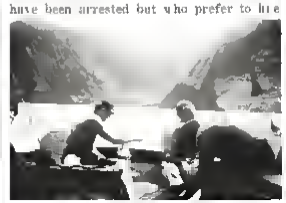
From the opposite end of Molokai on a clear day you can almost see the high-rise hotels and apartments springing up in Waikiki and the southeastern edge of Oahu, and visitors often wonder what has kept Molokai so pristine in the midst of the Hawaiian tourist boom.

There are two basic reasons, one environmental—lack of water—and the other psychological—Molokai's association in people's minds with the leprosarium on Kalaupapa, an isolated peninsula on the north shore. Both are no longer valid.

The abundant rains on the eastern part of the island drain from the forests right into the sea, leaving the western side parched and arid. But now a five-mile, $9,000,000 irrigation tunnel is in operation and, with Oahu's farmers steadily giving way to suburban developers, Molokai may soon have to fulfill its promise of becoming the breadbasket of the state.

Cut off from the rest of the island by 3000-foot-high cliffs, Kalaupapa was a pesthole when Father Damien arrived in 1873. Leprosy was dreaded in those days as one of the most communicable diseases (actually it's one of the least), and sufferers were just dumped on Kalaupapa to keep them away from the rest of the population.

Now leprosy is called Hansen's disease, sulfone and other new drugs have been surprisingly successful in arresting it, patients are treated in a Honolulu hospital, and Kalaupapa is inhabited by only a few people whose cases have been arrested but who prefer to live



there rather than return to their home communities. Arrangements can be made for a fly-in visit—that's the only practical means of getting in and out.

But sightseeing isn't Molokai's main attraction. Instead it's the chance to see one of the few vestiges of old Hawaii, to escape from the rush and noise of modern life and to enjoy one's self in the midst of some of the friendliest and most hospitable people with the most varied racial background to be found anywhere on earth.

The Great Western Civilization Caper

by Sybil Claiborne

Pursuant to the matter of combat between the sexes, herewith updated procedure re neutralizing hostile personnel

On Monday and Thursday evenings I give a seminar at the New School on the evolution of conglomerates. I am an economist at Crowle and Glim, an expert in all aspects of financial theory, planning and management. In my opinion the economy has many soft spots: the financial outlook is extremely blurred. Eighty-eight percent of my colleagues concur.

The people taking my seminar are junior executives or better. Except for Connie, she is a financial engineer trainee at Berkowitz and Mead and therefore I had strong doubts about her qualifications. I am glad Connie persuaded me to let her take the seminar. She has written a brilliant paper on advance numerical control that has wide-spread implications.

"Someday I intend to be an internal auditing manager," she says. Knowing Connie I am certain she will make it. On Mondays and then again on Thursdays I stay at Connie's. We are having an affair.

Connie knows I am married. "In a consumer oriented economy, marriage is a condition of life," she says. Her outlook is extremely mature.

I live in Westlong, Connecticut, a suburb of Westport. My wife Jean and I are progressive Republicans. We voted for Nixon with reservations. In my opinion his tight-money policy is merely accelerating prices. On the other hand, we support his family-allowance plan and his fight against pollution.

I love Jean, though she has many faults. She is disorganized, wasteful and indecisive. She worries a lot. When the children were little, she worried about nutrition, contagious diseases, reading readiness and conformity. Now she worries about unwanted pregnancies, her figure and the environment. Her biggest fault is excessive spending. No sooner is an appliance installed than she is dreaming of its successor. "If I had two more speeds I could mill my own flour," she says.

"Any further capital outlay can only be viewed as inflationary," I say.

"If hemlines dip, the girls will need new clothes," Jean says.

"You must exercise some fiscal control," I say. This leads to fights.

Jean lets things go. Our house, for which I paid $50,000 ten years ago and which is worth at least twice that on the current market, is dirty. There is dust under the bed, on Jean's collection of Early American bottles and on the Miles van der Rohe chairs. Many things are greasy: our marble bathroom, the dishes, both handles on the side-by-side refrigerator/freezer. "The dishes are greasy," I say.

"It is the biodegradable detergent," Jean says. Somehow I doubt this. There is a blight on our home, as if we have been using Brand X for all our household needs.

I keep wondering how Jean spends her day. When I question her subtly she says, "I package things for the freezer." But there is nothing in our freezer to corroborate this.

There are certain things I can discuss with Connie that I no longer feel free to discuss with Jean. We have long frank conversations on all aspects of finance. After the seminar we go to Connie's place. She lives on West Twelfth Street in a two-bedroom, rent-controlled apartment. Her girls are doing their homework. Connie and I are talking. "A return to pre 1960 levels is unlikely," I say.

"High interest rates have curbed capital expenditure," Connie says.

"There is an alarming acceleration of prices," I say.

"Things will get worse before they get better," Connie says.

This kind of talk makes us both very sexy. We touch each other between the legs and wait impatiently for the girls to go to bed.

Connie has three children; Jean and I have three children. All of them are girls. Connie's girls are thirteen, fourteen and fifteen. Our girls are also thirteen, fourteen and fifteen. Connie's eldest, Clancy, takes after Connie. When Clancy finishes high school she plans to set up a commune on East Sixth Street. "I am certain I can show a five and a half percent yield per annum on the capital outlay," Clancy says. With the Dow-Jones averages continuing to plummet, that is not a bad return.

Bettina, the youngest child, also has a head for business. She sold the largest number of subscriptions to *Reader's Digest* in zip code 10017. Her bonus prize was an all-expense paid round-trip for two to Guantánamo Bay. She took her father along.

Mr. Hinshinger, Connie's ex, is a small business failure. He was a war-toy manufacturer who could not keep up with the times. "All his weapons were phased out before they hit the market," Connie says. Convinced that the military industrial complex would iron out the bugs, he produced eleven models of tanks, bombers and missiles that never became operational. Many of them are in Connie's closet, unassembled. It was part of her settlement. "Someday they'll be a collector's item," Connie says. When this happens she hopes to make a killing.

The middle girl, Lassy, takes after her father. In school she consistently underachieves. Lassy wants to be a radical anarchist when she grows up, but with her marks I doubt she will make it.

Some nights I help her with her homework. Her greatest weakness is time-distance concepts. "Lassy, pretend you're an astronaut," I say. "How far is it to Mars? How long will it take you to get there?"

"Our space program is counter productive," Lassy says.

"Do you want the Russians to forge ahead?" I say.

"The planets belong to the people," Lassy says. "Right on."

When she talks like that, I cannot help but wonder whether she is a Communist. Even so, I have managed to raise her percentile six points. Naturally, this pleases me, but it worries me too. My own middle child, Vera, is also an under-achiever. At home, I help her with her homework. She is failing Rhythm and all aspects of Communication. "How can you hope to be a cattle breeder if you don't learn to read and write?" I say.

"In a nonlinear culture, literacy is an anachronism," she says.

"Success is a habit," I say.

"The entire alphabet makes me like sick," Vera says. She gets this squeamishness from her mother.

What worries me is this: both Vera and Lassy have their hearts set on Sarah Lawrence. Suppose when they apply, they are competing for the same place. And suppose, because I helped Lassy raise her percentiles, she gets the place instead of Vera. Could I ever forgive myself?

I wake Connie in the middle of the night. "Promise me something," I say. "Promise me that none of your girls will try for the colleges that my girls try for."

She knows instantly what I'm getting at. "Lassy has her heart set on Sarah Lawrence," she says.

"Vera has visited the campus," I say.

"Lassy offended a theatre performance there last April," Connie says.

"Vera had tea at the president's house," I say.

"Vera is more the Smith type," Connie says. I find this remark extremely insulting. We fight. After that I do not spend Monday and Thursday nights with Connie.

At home things are not very pleasant. Jean is testing a home compactor for the planning board that is designed to reduce garbage-disposal problems. The remains of TV dinners are everywhere. Mounds of bones litter the kitchen. The neighbors carry in large plastic bags full of garbage. "Garbage is everyone's responsibility," I say.

"The American people have a right to a clean environment," Jean says.

"The beds are unmade," I say.

"In the absence of population control we must rely on emergency measures," Jean says.

"Our home laundry got the highest rating in *Consumer Reports*." Yet my underwear is grey," I say.

"Pollution control has a price," Jean says.

I question the girls subtly about their mother. "What does *(Continued on page 133)*

THREE MEANIES

all by Roy Bongartz

1. The New Indian

"The white man will soon blow himself off the face of the earth"

A massive brown man sits at a table in the doorway of a small timber block garage, writing a letter in a bold, florid hand: "Dear Mr. President." It is a modest setting indeed for a leader about to set up a new American nation. At the sight of a visitor, he bounces to his feet and reaches out a welcoming hand: a broad grin on the wide, heavy-featured face with the slashing scar on one cheek. This is the indomitable Mad Bear, main arrow of a new movement to find a true American Indian identity.

The key word is: Unite. The fact that Indians routed and demoralized by the white man, have never before joined together in any sort of continent wide alliance doesn't worry Mad Bear a bit. All over the U. S. and Canada he spreads word of an Indian rebirth: as the white man destroys his own world with guns and garbage, the Indians will inherit the land once again. And sympathetic nationalist revolutionaries in India, in South Africa, in Adeo, in Brazil, in Cuba, in Yugoslavia, in Taiwan, in Japan have been amazed to hear this forty two-year old, 284 pound Tuscarora merchant seaman while on shore visits in port cities assure them that the traditional solidarity of the Iroquois Confederacy—the Six Nations of New York State and eastern Canada—is reaching out, someday, to become fifty or a hundred Indian nations in one.

Last summer he organized a caravan of Indians from some sixty tribes that barnstormed through Iroquois reservations like a traveling circus, encouraging the locals to see a wide, bright future for themselves and their distant brothers. In spite of the fact that the outside world still insists there cannot be real Indians in the East anymore. All day, in the traditional longhouses, in an atmosphere heavy with emotion, they poured out their hearts to one another, arguing about Red Power and their No. 1 problem, the White Man, with a rare exception, non Indians, especially government "spies" were kept out. Mad Bear, a prophet honored save in his own country, is not a chief of his own Tuscarora nation, but he says this just gives him more freedom to act, and he wears the deer antlers of a chief anyway. In any case, he is the acknowledged leader of tradition-minded Iroquois who hope their way of life may survive, and elsewhere his influence is growing fast. Western Indians accept the leadership of the Iroquois (Onondaga, Mohawk, Seneca, Oneida, Cayuga and Tuscarora) with their advanced political organization and written constitution. Mad Bear, articulate and sparkling with imagination and humor, is able to deal with the white man on his own terms, yet he remains sensitive to the central peacefulness of the Indian mind, which, despite his rambunctious nature, he shares.

This goal of a separate, unified Indian nation has come out of hundreds of battles to defend Indian rights, mostly involving land grabs; the Indian is fast realizing that with those last remaining bits of real estate goes his identity. In the past two decades Mad Bear has been in an awful lot of those fights. In 1957 he helped the Mohawks fight the New York State income tax on the grounds of Indian sovereignty by leading some four hundred Indians from the St. Regis reservation into court at Massena and tearing up summonses issued to Indians for tax refusal. When a trooper tried to arrest him for contempt, Indian women shoved the lawman out of the courtroom and knocked him down a flight of stairs. Then made off safely with Mad Bear, to meet later at the longhouse for a ceremonial burning of the tattered summonses.

Then in 1958, back home on the Tuscarora reservation outside Niagara Falls, there came a greater threat. Without consulting the Indians, Robert Moses, chairman of the Power Authority of the State of New York, had condemned 1383 Indian acres for a reservoir in a $705,000,000 power project. Says Mad Bear: "The land is your mother. You cannot sell your mother." Indians blocked surveyors' transits and deflated their car tires. When they returned the next day, escorted by over a hundred state troopers and sheriff's deputies, some two hundred Indians fought them. Women scratched and children as young as four years tackled the invaders. Mad Bear, with another, was jailed for unlawful assembly; released the next day, they kept up the resistance. Guns were fired over surveyors' heads; kids threw firecrackers at them. An eighty-three year old woman shoved a marshal into a creek. The Authority tapped Indian leaders' telephones; the Indians promptly switched to the Tuscarora language. The Authority sent out false news for television that the Indians had given up, but nobody believed it. When bulldozing began, Mad Bear called thirty Indian operators off the job. "We have no more time for stalling and debate," said Moses, and made a final offer of $3,000,000 to the one hundred seventy five Indians involved. The not very rich Indians knew perfectly well that this was Moses' final offer, and they turned it down. And in a new ruling in early 1959, the Federal Power Commission said the Indians could not be compelled to sell. At the time, the Buffalo *Courier Express* commented that "Mad Bear, more than anyone else, was responsible for the tribe's decision."

A month later, Mad Bear was up at the Six Nations Reserve in Brantford, Ontario, fomenting a week-long revolution in which the traditionalists captured and occupied the Council House—a one-story government and administration center built something like an old-fashioned schoolhouse—that had been seized by Mounties in 1924 and turned over to government appointed Indians who were working toward assimilation of all Indians into the general population. The rebels ousted the "official" Iroquois and rounded up, arrested, and disarmed a dozen Mounties—Mad Bear had issued I.P.P. ("Iroquois Patrol") armbands to a number of young insurgents. Mad Bear likes to follow a certain protocol, so had warned Ellen Fairclough, the Canadian commissioner for Indian affairs, beforehand of the coming attack, according to the press. She had laughed and told them to go ahead, that she would keep order anyway. Seven trailable Mounties were released on their promise to get off the Indian land, and were given back their guns at the border. Five defiant ones were kept half a day in a damp basement awaiting a hearing before the chiefs upstairs; then they were let go too. Mad Bear and his junta held out for a week. Then at three o'clock one morning some fifty armed Mounties surrounded the Council House with fifteen cars, cleared out the rebels and clubbed and jailed three of the Indian patrol. More stimulated than dismayed by this defeat, Mad Bear went home. (Mad Bear operates as freely in Canada as he does at home in the U. S., since Iroquois lands extend to both sides of the border, he's in his own territory in either country and has the treaty of 1784 to prove it.)

Fired up, Mad Bear next joined Indians from all over the U. S. in a march on the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington protesting a termination bill that was to do away with reservations. (Several

tribes were "dumped" this way before the law was changed, now Canada is threatening the same move which traditional Indians plainly call genocide because it does away with tribal rolls (with Indian identity altogether.) With a posse of some three hundred Indians, Mad Bear tried to make a citizen's arrest on the Indian Commissioner; but officials cleverly reminded them that they had been denying their citizenship thus making a "citizen's" arrest doubtful. So the Indians get a cooperative retired U. S. Army general to try to make the arrest for them, but they failed. "The commissioner hid under his desk," says Mad Bear. Pickets lines surrounded the Bureau, and when one Indian, Chief Ray Johnson, of Canby, California, dropped dead of a heart attack, Mad Bear saw a rare opportunity for bringing public sympathy to the Indian cause. Johnson's body was paraded in a U-Haul trailer with a sign reading: "Administrative Murder." Bureau officials told the Indians they couldn't drive around with a body like that, and offered to handle funeral arrangements, but the Indians refused, and Mad Bear found a cut-rate Negro undertaker who would embalm Johnson's body for sixty dollars. When this was done, the Bureau offered to fly the body back to California, agreeing to take along Johnson's wife and his four dogs as well—officials were anxious to see the last of Chief Johnson. Instead of accepting the offer, Indians formed a twelve-car caravan to drive the chief across the country, ignoring warnings that transporting a corpse was illegal. They set off. Mad Bear among them, and he says: "Nobody wanted to stop us; in fact most towns gave us a police escort to get rid of us as fast as they could." Police in an Oklahoma town met the Indians at the city limits with box lunches ready for them so they would have no excuse to stop on their way through, but they made headlines all the way across the country anyway.

In order to punish the government for denying these Washington protests all the Indians had to do was to let the *prophecy* do its work. There were to be many gates closed to America. Mad Bear says the Iroquois little people, who up to a dozen years ago had extended their spiritual protection to U.S. leaders, withdrew it, with the result that Nixon was attacked in Venezuela, Eisenhower had to cancel a trip to Japan, and a long spate of attacks on American embassies and libraries began. This prophecy is an elusive, unwritten, unmistakable series of predictions and explanations of world events by myth that the Iroquois recite every ten years in a special longhouse ceremony that takes from sunrise to noon of exactly four days to complete; it is due again next summer. Some Hopi prophecies seem to agree with those of the Eastern Indians, but since they are all kept orally only, they cannot be frozen into a single version. Yet Mad Bear and the other Indians refer to "the prophecy" in the same taken-for-granted way they talk about a supply of bread and corn ordered for the summer caravan's kitchen tent. One part of it now says that the white man will soon blow himself off the face of the earth.

When Mad Bear accompanied some Florida Indians to Cuba, hoping for moral support from Fidel Castro and Che Guevara, they were grandly received in public ceremonies, but Castro later went at the Indians statistically wanting to know the exact percentage of the U.S. population they represented. Returning rather empty-handed from Cuba, Mad Bear was threatened by Miami immigration officials with loss of citizenship for overstaying his travel permit to Cuba; but he denied that they could taunch his Iroquois nationality and refused to be interrogated about his Cuba trip. Two F.B.I. agents followed him home on the plane and tried to grill him in the two-hundred year old log cabin built by a French trapper he was then living in—its chimney has since crumbled and Mad Bear has moved into a new one-car garage down the road. Mad Bear ordered the G-men off the reservation, but they claimed they could go anywhere within the continental limits of the U.S. Mad Bear showed them a treaty signed by George Washington specifying that U.S. territory ended at the Tuscarora border, and one G-man said: "They told me you were a fanatic and now I really believe it." Mad Bear brandished his 40-22 combination rifle; the G-men were armed too, but a number of other Indians also with guns, circling the cabin outside finally persuaded the F.B.I. to retreat, and they never came back.

The Thomas E. Dewey Thruway was another challenge. When, during the Revolution George Washington asked the Six Nations to leave off demanding tolls of guns and blankets from his impoverished troops moving through Iroquois lands, they agreed on condition that the U.S. guarantee forever a free right-of-way for Indians along the main pathway between Albany and Black Rock (now Buffalo). Mad Bear found out that this agreement had since been put into New York State law, so one day in 1960, when he and five other Indians were driving east to visit the Onondaga reservation, they refused to pay any toll at the Syracuse exit. They wouldn't sign a bill for unpaid toll either, and showed a hundred-dollar bill to prove they were solvent. For two hours the toll taker put in a lot of telephone calls until finally the state attorney general sent word to the tollbooth that the Indians could pass without payment until a legal study could be made. For eight months the Indians drove free on the toll road, then the state withdrew the special status on the ground that the Thruway had not been foreseen by the original treaty makers. Mad Bear intends to try refusing the toll again one of these days.

A hint as to why Mad Bear is not always universally admired by his fellow Indians may be seen in his scheme to sabotage the annual Tuscarora dance festival that brought out thousands of admission-paying non-Indians and made certain Tuscaroras a good deal of money. To Mad Bear it was phony un-Iroquois dancing, with all kinds of flamboyant Western feathered headdresses done by Indians hired from Ontario; there wasn't a Tuscarora in the bunch. Mad Bear telephoned the dancers to tell them it was immoral and un-Indian to take money for dancing and to pretend to be local Tuscaroras, and asked them to cancel their appearance. When he warms up to an issue of Indian tradition Mad Bear can be persuasive, and the dancers agreed not to show up, leaving the festival with five scheduled performances and no performers—none of the Tuscaroras knew any dances. Mad Bear to the rescue; he had, waiting in the wings, some sixty members of the Wanka Tanka dance troupe from Buffalo—just *great*, except that these enthusiasts of Indian dancing are all *whites*. As they came onstage in the outdoor arena Mad Bear jumped up and grabbed the microphone shouting: "Shame on you Indians! We should all hang our heads that we have to hire whites to dance for us!" His message got through, and soon afterward Indian parents were sending their children to lessons in traditional Tuscarora dancing that Mad Bear organized in the reservation school on Sundays, starting just as nearby church bells rang.

A certain Niagara Falls judge has also been treated to a sample of Mad Bear's wiles. After Mad Bear got a summons from a game warden for illegally catching a sturgeon (Indians claim exemption from restrictions on hunting and fishing on their own lands), before the case came up he invited the judge to a picnic. The Indians brought on the fresh sturgeon and began eating it with gusto until the judge asked for a taste. They gladly gave him a plateful and then took his picture: his mouth full of sturgeon, with a grinning Mad Bear right beside him. Then Mad Bear showed him the summons. The case was dropped. This winter Mad Bear plans to attend Indian fish-ins in the state of Washington, demonstrations of Indian sovereignty of the kind Dick Gregory and Marlon Brando have joined. The fishermen are also supported by a sort of brown-skinned Paul Bunyan, Bigfoot, who shows his anger with white man's authority by stomping around in the mountains causing great storms and thunder at times the Indians are demonstrating. Mad Bear says Bigfoot is sometimes fifteen feet tall, thirty feet tall at others; at meetings last summer a California Indian displayed a yard-long plaster cast of a Bigfoot footprint he said he'd taken from a path on Lonesome Ridge in the northwestern California mountains. Bigfoot's message to Indians is: Return to the traditional life.

For some years, since he took part in the Council House revolution, Mad Bear has had standing against him a deportation order from Canada, but he regularly ignores it. Recently, however, on a trip to Canada to get brother Iroquois to agree to the hiring of an Egyptian lawyer to represent the Indians before the United Nations, Canadian officials lowered a gate in front of his car and tried to question him. He smashed through the gate and went on his way. Returning home a few days later, U.S. border officials, generally more willing than the Canadians to admit to Indian rights of unmolested passage across the line, told him that the Canadians had asked them to stop him. "They're sore because you broke their gate," they said. Mad Bear cheerfully suggested they send him a bill for the damage and drove on. "If I get one I'll just send it on to the Indian Bureau," he says. Again last *(Continued on page 125)*

2. Superjew

"The Jewish Defense League was formed to change an image and, frankly, we don't give a damn what you think of us"

They used to teach kids back in the Thirties that Americans were all alike—or at least were supposed to be all alike—and there was this monumental pretense that racial and religious differences did not actually matter. This false game of course made no breach in the walls the Wasps built around themselves, but it did damp down the minorities, who tried to dilute their identities—even dyed their hair or trimmed their noses—so as to look, or feel, a bit more like Doris Day or John Wayne. But that old sham has been blown to bits by Power of various colors, first Black, and then Brown (Mexican-American) and Red (Indian). Now here's another: the Superjew.

Six young men with brass knuckles and ball bats guarding the entrance of Temple Emanu-El, New York City's richest synagogue, are pictured in a newspaper ad under the line: "Is this any way for nice Jewish Boys to Behave?" And the new militants who style themselves the Jewish Defense League reply: "Maybe—just maybe—nice people build their own road to Auschwitz." The nice Jewish boys, in one of a continuing series of demonstrations for Jewish causes, joined together to keep black militant James Forman from making an appearance in the temple to demand reparations for the black community, as he had been doing in a number of churches. Rabbi Perlman said he would have allowed Forman to speak after the services, but the League was not going to let that happen: a spokesman explained that they could not allow the synagogue to pay reparations. "Reparation implies payment and redress. The Jew indignantly rejects any guilt. Legally, he owes the black man nothing." One League guard said: "Heads would have been broken if Forman showed. We felt that if they could extort money from one synagogue, black extremists all over the country would do the same thing. If they can enter our synagogues, it is just as well that they bring on the machine guns now."

It was this bitterness toward blacks that first brought these intransigent Jews together in New York City some two years ago, and has caused other groups to form all over the U.S. and Canada: blacks seen as vandals moving into poor Jewish neighborhoods, blacks seen as competitors demanding unfair advantage in preferential teacher-hiring and student placement quotas, blacks seen as blossoming anti-Semites in backing the Arab cause against Israel, blacks seen as a source of general mayhem in Black Panther confrontations with police—in spite of their own desperado flair, the Leaguers are big on conventional "law and order" for everybody else. Yet though they take a stance of toughness, the heart of the League is a good deal more complex than that of the troop of armed, vindictive Boy Scouts that it superficially resembles. In fact, the anima of the League is just as irreconcilable with itself, as faltering in its logic, as contradictory, as moved by loves and hates and hopes and terrors as is the whole history of the Jews. And although its appeal is not quite the same proving-of-a-new-identity that works in militant groups of economically poorer minorities, the question of their identity in their neighborhood, in their country, and in the world remains still a salient concern for Jews and for the League as well, as was seen in recent League invasions of Soviet offices in New York to protest the suppression of Jewish culture and religion in Russia.

Thus the old American melting-pot baloney makes a cloudy, never resolved problem for League members, who are mostly young and indistinguishable from any other Americans, yet try to preserve their Jewishness now, even without any religious ties, by patrolling, guarding, fighting for weaker or older Jews. Explains Samuel Z. Shoshan, a manufacturing executive in New York City who is also the League's publicity director: "Those who sneer at us are often self-conscious Jews who feel more comfortable in their assimilationist environment. The fallacy in their thinking lies in that they look for acceptance and love of the Jew by the gentile world by painting the portrait of the Jew as 'we are just like you—therefore, love us and take us into your country club.' Thus when the Jew's Jewishness shows, they feel uncomfortable. The fact is that the Jew is different, and the gentile world must learn to accept him with his differences."

Founder of the Jewish Defense League is a slight, tense, thirty-eight-year-old Orthodox rabbi from Brooklyn named Meir Kahane (pronounced Ka-*ha*-nee), whose soft eyes and lilting, modulated speech belie a steely determination to raise all kinds of imaginative hell in favor of Jewish rights. Speaking at a recent meeting of League leaders in the basement of a small Manhattan synagogue, Kahane said: "We have a reputation, spread by our enemies, that we are Jewish Panthers. Never deny it. The adjectives have spread: we became Jewish Panthers and vigilantes, and the more those adjectives spread, *the nefer you are*." On a radio talk show Kahane explained the action at Temple Emanu-El: "We didn't need all these people with their baseball bats. We could have done it much more easily with less people. The reason was, we knew there were a lot of people watching us on television, and we wanted to get an idea across about that Jewish boy who suffers daily in Crown Heights, or Williamsburg, or Queens, or in the Bronx because he wears the yarmulke, who gets beaten up because he's an easy mark—well, baby, there's a new Jew. The Yiddish word is *shkotzim*, that's not-nice Jewish boys. The Jewish Defense League was formed to change an image, and, frankly, we don't give a damn what you think of us."

The League claims to represent "grass-roots Jews" who remain in the deteriorating cities, and Kahane tells the better-off "establishment Jews" who have escaped to suburbs: "You don't live in areas where there is a nightmare of chaos and crime and violence. We are out to help those Jews that do live in those areas, and if we're called names, so be it. We will live with this sin." Older Jewish groups are in fact unanimous in denouncing the League. A spokesman for the Union of American Hebrew Congregations says the League is "no less offensive than whites wearing robes and hoods standing in front of burning crosses." The Anti Defamation League of B'nai B'rith says the Kahane group is "imitating the mindless tactics of racial hoodlums. We deplore the Jewish Defense League. Jews in the United States aren't afraid. There's nothing to be afraid of, and if there were we'd get protection from the police, and not a bunch of vigilantes." Says Rabbi Henry Siegman of the Synagogue Council of America, "What the Jewish Defense League is broadly hinting at is that you have to take the law into your own hands. And when you get to the stage where everyone is taking the law into his own hands, then sixty-six defense leagues won't do you any good."

Says Kahane: "What amazes me is that Jews here are so proud of Israel, but when we try to introduce the same philosophy here—to turn the other cheek is not a Jewish concept—all of a sudden people get uptight on us: they really do. A Jewish boy and a non-Jewish boy have both got to learn the same thing: live and let live, and if they don't let you live, well then, beat the heck out of him until he does let you live."

Debating this point with Kahane on the Barry Farber talk show on WOR Radio in New York, Rabbi Sam Silver, of Temple Sinai, Stamford, Connecticut, said, "If you believe this type of activity is kosher, then you have to grant that other groups of antagonists can also utilize it. Where will this end?" Kahane replied: "If in an area—for example, Mississippi—law-enforcement people have made it clear that they will not take care of black people, then blacks have a perfect right, an obligation, to form their own groups to protect their own people."

Kahane cites League action during an election last year of directors of a Model Cities program who would distribute poverty funds in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn—again there was animosity between blacks and Jews. Kahane says: "The Crown Heights Jewish Community Council received threats that if Jews went out to vote, they'd be killed. Now whether these threats were real or not, they thought they were real. *(Continued on page 126)*

Illustration by Jean-Paul Goude

3. Weathermen

"We don't think in terms of being happy. We think in terms of being strong."

Some of the Weathermen are dead now, blown to pieces, some are jailed, many are hiding. But during the time they were most active, the Weathermen were a terrifying, relentless, self-immolating and monomaniacal crowd of jangled, unhappy juvenile revolutionaries who, with their pitifully small numbers of a few hundred, were trying to take on the entire United States all by themselves. They even attacked the Justice Department in Washington, and raised a Vietcong flag on the roof of the building while Attorney General Mitchell scowled at them from a balcony before they were run off by tear gas clouds and the threat of machine-gun fire. The enormity of what they were attempting—a full-scale American revolution without any support from anybody—was enough to drive them all crazy. The rooted angst that drove them to this madness came somehow fresh out of their lives as white suburban kids, bright and healthy and strong, supposedly the country's best hopes for the future.

Of a typically idealistic Americanness, they begun their youth with an uncomplicated desire to make things better all around. They wanted to liberate women, but they didn't know how; and they wanted to stop the destruction of the environment, but they had no means, and they wanted American "imperialism" to end, but they couldn't make the least dent in it. All this, combined with a self-hatred coming out of what they called their "white skin privilege," drove them into violent physical attacks, sometimes childish and sometimes suicidal, upon classmates, college officials, police and even on high-school kids. The Weathermen hoped to enlist to the cause in a clout-and-club baptism.

The Weathermen's idea was that workers are bigots, college students are hopelessly middle class, and blacks rightfully into their own movement, so that only the kids—without property, "jailed" in schools facing the draft—were left to them. In order to draw the kids' attention last summer Weathermen planted a red flag on a Detroit beach as a challenge; several radicals were badly beaten, but they concluded that getting the kids involved like this was worth it. Also in Detroit, Weatherwomen known as the Motor City Nine broke into an exam in a junior college, blocked the door with a desk, and stood in a tight line with their thumbs in the belts of their jeans as one of their number lectured the students on the war and exploitation of women. When two boys objected, the girls knocked them down with karate blows. At English High School in Boston, Weathermen shouting "Jailbreak!" tried to bar students from going into the building. A witness described what happened to a teacher who objected: "All the instructor did was walk up to the demonstrators and say, 'These students want to enter the building,' and they started hitting him with sticks." The next day some five hundred of the students marched on Northeastern University, not far away, to fight the Weathermen, but their teachers managed to herd them back to classes. Because Weathermen suspected the Harvard Center for International Affairs of producing counter-insurgency studies on Vietnam, they raided the place, breaking windows and tearing out telephones, punched a librarian and a professor, pushed another professor down a flight of stairs, and kicked still another, who refused to leave, to the door and beat him. (The Center denied making such studies.) "We did it to impress the high-school kids," said a Weatherman. "They eat it up when they know we are clobbering Harvard professors. They hate Harvard. They ask us why we did it, and soon we are explaining the whole Movement to them."

Weatherwoman leader Bernardine Dohrn told of an air trip that illustrated the free-swinging attitude: "We went up and down the aisle 'borrowing' food from people's plates. They didn't know we were Weathermen—they just knew we were crazy. That's what we're about, being crazy motherf - - - - - and scaring the s - - - out of hanky America." Weatherman newspapers were just as feisty: one issue had a cover picturing a child by a railroad track; "With a defiant smile, five-year-old Marion Delgado shows how he placed a twenty-five-pound concrete slab on the tracks and wrecked a passenger train." In another, a picture shows a Weatherman beating a cop and shouting: "Taste the sweetness of destiny, racist pig!" A strip called Class War Comix has a gunner gloating: "Eat leaden death, imperialistic reactionary business-administration majors!" The front page of another issue read: "We now find the Movement guilty and sentence it to death in the streets."

How the Weathermen got that way still causes endless debate among youth and youth watchers. Directly they go back to the first S.D.S. convention in 1962, which produced a New Left policy called the Port Huron Statement: "We are people of this generation, bred in at least modest comfort . . . looking uncomfortably to the world we inherit . . . The ideal university is a community of controversy." The manifesto warned of increasing power of the C.I.A. and of the military and of industry, criticized John F. Kennedy's support of dictators, and demanded action against poverty and attempts at bureaucratic decentralization. It predicted that students would become the most catalytic agents of the Sixties. Year by year this movement drew momentum from the Free Speech demonstrators in Berkeley, from student rights sit-ins at the University of Michigan, from anti-war protests at Columbia; the protests multiplied and spread fast. In the Spring of 1965 the formerly separate issues of race and the Vietnam war converged in marches decrying the Sharpeville massacre of blacks and demanding an end to the war in Asia. Meanwhile certain militants were drawing away from the isolated university life to go out on S.D.S.-sponsored economic projects in northern slums, living in communes of two or three dozen in an attempt to use their whole energies, their whole lives, in such causes as improving living and working conditions among people considered deprived of social justice. It was from these groups, fed up with college, that the Weathermen eventually emerged; they were trying to do for the poor of the North what the S.N.C.C. forces were attempting in the South for blacks.

"They were heavy on personal dynamics," says a young graduate student who knew some of them at the University of Michigan. "They would have, for instance, long discussions on whether to allow cigarettes in the house. Besides working on the projects—organizing demands for better housing or increased wages—they had to support themselves, and put up with police harassment and hostility from the local population; not one of eighteen of these campaigns ever got anything else from the people. They would go into a local bar and get beaten up; poor people have a habit of taking out their frustrations on the handiest targets, and they were it. It was a twenty-four-hour-a-day scene; not one they could leave after a day's work, and they had many frictions of commune living to overcome. What happened was that all the projects flopped eventually; local pressures against them finally worked. The young college people, trying to learn working-class dialect, did discover that in every area there is a power elite that runs the place, and that it really works. But the former students went crazy; they were terribly sad, messed up. They found they would either have to wet-nurse the people or else lead them to the barricades. An awful lot of them ended up in mental therapy. The Weathermen who came out of that were more sexually involved with one another—even more intense. Their central concept, in those projects, was simply the idea of doing 'decent work'—meaning something with socially redeeming value. When I knew some of them in Ann Arbor, they were the best people there; they were warm and exciting, and they didn't hide their feelings. They invented group therapy before it was hip."

After the economic projects all died, the more intransigent S.D.S. members felt like giving up reform altogether. They wanted action; they wanted to *see something happen*. But the colleges would no longer be the scene. As a nineteen-year-old Boston Weatherman, Stewart Gedal, explained during a television discussion last year: "We've understood that we can't be on campuses, that we can't live with all our privileges and still expect to be organizing people

Illustrated by Jean Paul Goude

One of the things that we've really begun to understand about ourselves is that there is such a contradiction between doing the kind of work we were doing and becoming a part of the system, that there is no way there is a middle ground anymore, that the contradictions in the society are just too hard, that the path we have undertaken is just too great, and we can't be wasting our time in what is essentially tripping out. The question is the kind of commitment radicals are going to have. A lot of the good influence Weathermen will have on the Left is that they are beginning to understand that it's not a game anymore. The differences that we have are not whether the democratic process is good or not, but whether what we have had in this country was ever democratic—I'm talking about excluding tens of millions of voters because they are black, because they are poor. Our answer to that is mass action, some of which begins to involve material damage. There is an objective right or wrong. Either we did certain things at Song My or we didn't. Either Fred Hampton was shot in his bed or he wasn't."

Though fond of the idea of operating without any single strong leader, the Weathermen got one nevertheless. He was Mark Rudd, who first drew attention by heaving a pie in the face of an R.O.T.C. recruiter on the Columbia campus. Soon he was the leader of an S.D.S. fragment, the "action faction," then warring with the "praxis axis" group. Rudd's people according to one observer, refused to waste time studying politics; they wanted action. "They had galloping vanguarditis; they thought you could shoot politics the way you shoot speed." Rudd, from suburban New Jersey, had been a Boy Scout and ham radio operator when younger; his only exposure to alums had been in visits to his grandmother's candy store in Newark. Soon, at Columbia, Rudd was leading the famous student-administration confrontations of 1968. James S. Kunen, a young writer, says of him at the time, "He has neither harns nor rays of light emanating from his brow." Of an interview, Kunen says, "I asked him honestly if he knew anything. I mean, did he know economics or sociology or anything. Actually I just wanted to know what he's got that anybody doesn't have. He said he knew history, and he said that he had a sense of what the Movement is, and a sense of optimism. Is there anything he wouldn't do to build the revolution like would he slash [Grayson] Kirk's Rembrandt if he thought it would help? 'There's nothing I wouldn't do,' he said."

Militant factions of S.D.S. around the country kept splintering all the way down to the National Convention in Chicago in June, 1969, representing some 50,000 members: there were Mad Dogs, Running Dogs, Revolutionary Youth Movements, and Progressive Laborites among others. The main contenders for control against the forces to become Weathermen were the Progressive Labor people, who had been kicked out of the Communist Party some years earlier for substituting China for the Soviet Union as their model. But the others went for Mao, too (and Che, and Cuba, and even Albania), whatever the divisive issues may have been: they were not principally on foreign ideologies. One observer explains that the only revolutionary literature in print anywhere was either Marxist-Leninist or Maoist, so they all chose the most recently published. There was, however, some competition chanting of "Mao, Mao Mao Tse-tung!" against "Ho, Ho Ho Chi Minh!" accompanied by the pounding of chairs on the floor and the fireball pitching of Red books from one side of the hall to the other. Many militants were relieved to know that the working press had been refused admission so that no accounts of the unbrotherly mayhem could reach the square press directly. The upshot was that to a quasi-military coup, the Weathermen faction posting three closely knit rows of guards around the podium, took over the organization in spite of their numerical inferiority, and immediately moved into the national office, also in Chicago, sequestering all files and records. After all this, any attempt to discover where the real S.D.S. is will be "a spectacle like that in which one person attempts to milk a he-goat and another assists by holding a sieve," according to an editorialist for still another faction called S.D.S. Labor Committee, who also says that "the only point agreed regarding the Chicago split is that an absolute maximum confusion must be generated respecting the political identities and issues involved." Only one item is clear, that whatever stand their rivals may take, the Weathermen do not shy away from violence.

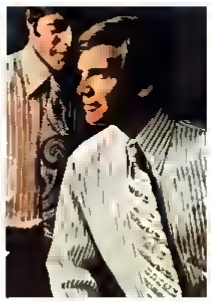
Over the summer, the victorious Weathermen, feeling their oats, fought their battles in streets, on beaches, and at hamburger drive-ins, favorite targets for attack and eventual proselyting were kids coming out of rock concerts. But an apocalyptic, massive confrontation was needed to catch the imagination of the reluctant youngsters—an outrageous attack that would put the Weathermen in the mind of the entire country. It was to be a march on Chicago in "Four Days of Rage." The slogan was, "Bring the War Home." Although S.D.S. forces had had only a minor role in the Democratic Convention violence, the Weathermen, themselves the fiercest, now had to face the most fearsome police. In Pittsburgh Weatherwomen tied up five Quaker women in their Friends Service Committee office in order to commandeer their mimeograph machine to run off handbills about the march; at a high school there, twenty-six Weatherwomen were arrested for starting a riot by painting their slogan on building walls. Mark Rudd, predicting 10,000 marchers in the coming October "revolution" in Chicago, toured schools and colleges to enlist recruits. At Carnegie-Mellon University, Pittsburgh, some 150 students came to hear him; one reported later, "All but the very bravest were frightened away by what they heard."

Rudd told them: "The revolution has already started at home, and white people have a choice—either you're going to be on the side of the oppressed or on the side of the oppressor, on the side of the blacks and Third World peoples or somehow on the side of the American ruling class, the imperialist class. Like Eldridge Cleaver said: 'If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.'" Rudd also replied to charges that Weathermen are arrogant: "Yeah, I guess we are arrogant. The reason is because we hate the Movement; we despise it. I hate S.D.S. I hate this weird liberal mass of nothingness. . . . We Weatherman worry more about losing opportunities to struggle than we worry about saving ourselves to fight another day. . . . Now the women in Pittsburgh are an example of people who have taken tremendous risks. Women stood and fought, fought on the side of Third World peoples and blacks, freaked a lot of people out, freaked out the kids at South Hills High School. Maybe they will have to go to jail for six months, but they still say it was worth it."

A student reporter wrote later, "When Rudd finished he asked how many people were going to Chicago. No hands went up. Rudd asked a girl why she wasn't going. She burst into tears." Rudd then admonished her: "In our collectives, people have one way or another not wanted to do what needs to be done. I'm not going to push anymore, but in our collectives we push to the point of tears, and some people to the point of leaving the collective. We say there's only one thing in the world, and that's to make the revolution. We have women who have babies, and they've been forced to trust the babies to the other people in the collectives, so they can make the revolution, and that's a real hardship on people. In every one of our collectives, it's almost a rule, certainly a principle that monogamous relationships f--- up the collective, f--- up each individual who is involved, and make people worse revolutionaries, make them subjective in the way they look at the world, make them cop out from collective discipline so they go to each other first. We think that the revolution transcends individuals, and that the duties of a revolutionary transcend his individual wants. That's why in our collectives we fight individualism at every point. If I'm worried about whether or not I'm going to survive this action, I won't fight so hard." As for the dangers ahead in Chicago, Rudd said: "We estimate that the pigs probably will not fire into crowds, although they have done it once in Berkeley. But they wouldn't fire into white crowds. We're using our white-skin privilege in a lot of ways."*

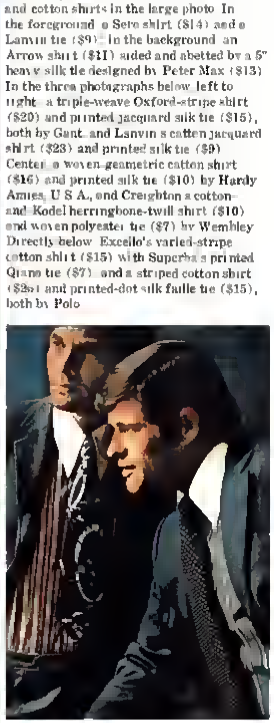
The demands upon the government involved in the Days of Rage included the freeing of "all political prisoners held inside the U.S.," the removal of troops from "Third World countries and also from ghettos in this country," and, finally, support for the National Liberation Front. Now the Weathermen have always maintained that the main revolutionary force in the U.S. is the black militant; the Weathermen therefore must create diversionary battles to make it easier for the blacks to take over. According to an official Weatherman pronouncement, "Black people could win self-determination abolishing the whole imperialist system and seizing state power to do it, without the white movement." But the revolutionaries had just begun trickling into Chicago to begin the Days of Rage when Fred Hampton, then the Illinois chairman of the Black Panthers, called them "anarchistic, opportunistic, and Custeristic," and would have no part of them. Then somebody blew up with a dynamite charge a ten-foot-high statue of a police- *(Continued on page 128)*

*This is a less than a year before the Ohio National Guard moved onto the Kent State University campus.



Shirts to make Daisy Buchanan shed a tear or two

With tapered bodies, long point collars, high neckbands, bold stripes and brilliant prints, these new shirts are as functional as they are flamboyant—capable not only of moving a girl to the overwhelming emotion experienced by Daisy Buchanan upon seeing Gatsby's beautiful shirts, but also of fitting snugly beneath even the most severely shaped jacket. Thus all excess fabric has been eliminated from the new shirts. Moreover, the collars have been designed to accommodate the large knots of Nine. All these features are incorporated in the two Dacron and cotton shirts in the large photo. In the foreground, a Sero shirt ($14) and a Lanvin tie ($9); in the background, an Arrow shirt ($11) aided and abetted by a 5" heavy silk tie designed by Peter Max ($13). In the three photographs below, left to right: a triple-weave Oxford-stripe shirt ($20) and printed jacquard silk tie ($15), both by Gant, and Lanvin's cotton jacquard shirt ($23) and printed silk tie ($9). Center: a woven-geometric cotton shirt ($16) and printed silk tie ($10) by Hardy Amies, U.S.A., and Creighton's cotton-and-Kodel herringbone-twill shirt ($10) and woven polyester tie ($7) by Wembley. Directly below: Excello's varied-stripe cotton shirt ($15) with Superba's printed Qiana tie ($7), and a striped cotton shirt ($26) and printed-dot silk faille tie ($15), both by Polo.



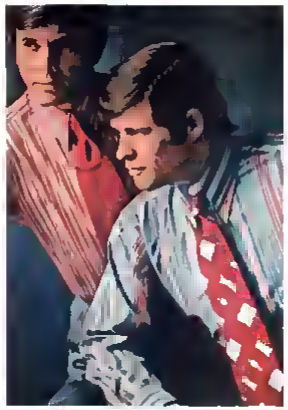
The ingenuity of Oscar de la Renta

On these two pages are five representative samplings of yet another couturier's first collection of men's clothes. Each incorporates the taste, imagination and craftsmanship of Oscar de la Renta, a Dominican-born designer whose high fashion creations for women have earned him gushing respect and quite a tidy income. On the opposite page is a de la Renta masterstroke of simplicity—a black kid-mohair evening jumpsuit cut like a waistcoat. Worn with a classic type tuxedo jacket, it is metamorphosed into a magnificent dinner suit, combining the ease and elegance that are in order when taking the lovely likes of Moren Gustafson out for an evening. And without the jacket, it is perfectly appropriate for at-home entertaining. Nowhere else has de la Renta's ingenuity ever been more evident (and yet with the jacket, less obvious) than here. Together, the jump suit and jacket are $200 at, among other stores, Lord & Taylor and Whitehouse & Hardy, New York; Halle Brothers, Cleveland, and the Nebraska Clothing Co., Omaha. In the large picture at the right is a de la Renta double-breasted suit in a wide stripe bluish-grey worsted ($250). Swagger is the word for its longish coat, wide trousers and broad roped shoulders. At the left in the picture below is a country squirish coordination, a malt-brown three-button Donegal-tweed jacket and striped tweed slacks ($190). In the center is a look for winter: de la Renta's chocolate-brown double-breasted midi-length shearling coat of Spanish suede ($150) worn with high boots and a Fiorio silk scarf. And next to it, and not exactly traditional, a charcoal waist-length double-breasted jacket of Donegal tweed and knickerish striped midi-length deep-cuffed slacks of the same material ($190) are worn with mid-calf boots and a wool pullover by Pringle.

Photographed by Jack Ward

At this rate, Daisy would never stop sobbing

Little by little and not without a bit of a nudge from those Hathaway ads rallying all men to the colors the solid white shirt has yielded place to a whole palette of rainbow hues even in once-stuffy Wall Street offices even after dark on occasions of a certain small formality It is part of man's liberation from the drab unimaginativeness of his apparel to the wearing of what is most becoming tn shirts it has reached the point where there is no longer any clear-cut distinction between what is appropriate for the counting house and what for casual wear At the left in the large photo is a Dacron and cotton print (Van Heusen, $9) worn with a woven silk tie by Liebert ($8) next to it a geometric pattern cotton shirt with two-button ruffs ($17) and a very Now tie ($9), both by John Weitz and (right) Holbrook a printed Dacron-and rotton shirt ($3) with a Prince Consort textured-stripe tie ($5) At top right are two jacquard-striped cottons The one at the left ($16) and the tie ($10) are by Gant the one at the right is Holloway ($28) worn with a Hardy Amies, U S A, tie ($10) Left to right at the bottom an Oleg Cassini cotton shirt ($23) and a Rialto wool tie ($6) Truval's Dacron and-cotton shirt with a three-button ruff ($8) and a Qiana tie (Prince Consort $7) a rayon-and acetate Manhattan shirt ($9) and a mohair and-wool knit tie (Rooster, $4)



The reptile syndrome: the look of snakeskin and imitation alligator

Suddenly, and for no better reason than that the fickleness of fashion is its own *raison d'être* the Seventies are becoming an age when the simulation of snakeskin is everywhere The look of the decade is the look of anything else The man in the photo above wears a waist-length snap-front jacket of coated rotton in an allover black-and-white reptile print ($40) It has a buckled self belt and vertical pockets that are concealed in the seaming The jean style slacks ($26) have 2" belt loops flared bottoms and a permanent stitched crease. Both his and the young lady's outfit are by Foxhunt The left of the two smaller pictures shows a gold tan and brown reptile-print silk tie by Hardy Amies U.S A ($10), worn with a brown tan and white polyester-and-Avril printed shirt with long-point collar and three-button cuffs (Campus $9) To the right of it is a 5" snakeskin tie in chocolate brown by London's Herbert Johnson ordinarily one of the world's least mad hatters Mike Weber designed the Dacron and rotton shirt for Boutique Sportswear ($10) As for the imitation in the head it has to do with alligator especially alligator shoes for men After all, the alligator is an "endangered species" —nor should we have to say another word One thing we admire about New York is that it will prosecute a storekeeper for selling real alligator goods And we can't think of many better reasons either But we do wish to warn you against shops that claim to sell only European alligator There's no such thing Sorry to be so sententious about it, but we did think you'd like to know O K ?

Photographed by Larry Dale Gordon

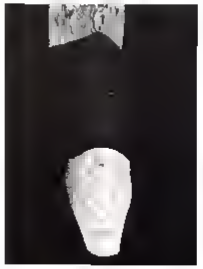
Helmut Berger—the style of a new star

What is different about Helmut Berger is that from every indication he is both star and overnight sensation, a fine actor who is also an attraction at the box office. His impact in the role of a neurotic heir to a German munitions fortune in Visconti's *The Damned* is shattering. At twenty-six, Helmut Berger seems well on the way to becoming one of the movies' most enthralling idols. His presence is so commanding, his portrayal so powerful, that Marlene Dietrich complimented him on his impersonation of her in *The Damned*, observing that he was the first person not to have played her Camply as a little bleached blonde in a feather boa. Berger's great sense of style is reflected in his clothes. In the large picture, posed before a blow-up of Visconti, he wears a Tsekleris of Athens' shaped double-breasted wool blazer with large crest buttons and deep center vent. His black wool slacks are flared. With them, a silk shirt by Tsekleris and a scarf by Fiorio of Milan. In the smaller photo at the right he wears a sport suit designed by Tirelli of Roma for *The Damned*. The shaped two-button single-breasted jacket has wide notched lapels, patch pockets and center vent. The vest and straight-cut slacks are flannel. At the bottom, Berger is in Piattelli of Rome's velvet double-breasted suit for home entertaining (complementing it are a Ban Lon lace shirt by Matson and a Fiorio scarf. Worn with an evening shirt and tie it becomes a formal dinner suit.

Slippers for at-home evenings or après-anything

To anyone who ever went calling on Mr. Piggott of Peal's when he visited the United States to take orders for his employer's bespoke footwear, the look of the slippers in the photos on the top row on this page will evoke the remembrance of Peal past, a great bootmaker now defunct because of the scarcity of artisans. One of the firm's specialties were handsome, sleek velvet slippers monogrammed in gold braid. Now, with more attention being paid at-home attire, a number of slipper styles, many of them in direct and elegant apostolic succession to Peal's, are being produced by firms like L. B. Evans, whose label is in all the footwear shown here. In the larger picture, a black velvet leather-soled shoe, piped in leather and with a gold silk embroidered crest ($20) is worn with Bill Blass's beige velvet shirt ($60), reptile-print velvet slacks ($70) and feather belt ($50). Milady's dress is by Missoni of Italy. The same shoe in burgundy is shown at the right. In the center row, from left to right: a black satin slipper with black patent piping and narrow instep strap ($20); a multicolored needlepoint on a black ground—a hard soleil carpet slipper for the Seventies ($15); a black on-brown leopard print furry calf with soft sole ($18). In the bottom row: a natural python over-the-top design combined with black glove leather and soft sole ($10) and (right) a beige-tan-brown dapple-print calf combined with brown glove leather and suede sole ($16).

Photographed by Fred Smith



Portrait of the artist as a clothes horse

Antonello Aghoti at twenty-six-year-old Italian who had his first American show last November chooses his clothes with as much care as he selects the shapes that lend his work an individuality that impressed the New Yorkers who viewed it at the Bodley Gallery. On this page, posed in front of a five-panel screen of his creation, he wears two outfits singularly suited to his life style. In the larger photo his shaped four-button suit of Donegal tweed by Piattelli of Rome has moderately slanted flap pockets, leather buttons, and elbow patches. In the smaller picture, Antonello, as he signs his work, is dressed for after dark. His emphatically shaped crushed-velvet jacket and crepe shirt are from Piattelli, his flared suede slacks and boots from Di Ceglie, and his silk scarf from Rosselli. His wife, Contessa Olghina Aghoti Di Robilant is in matching mink-coat dress and boots from Barocco of Rome.

WEDNESDAY

(Continued from page 80) stubborn, not cruelly. It was rather as if an area inhabited her body, as if her spirit had abandoned it. "A great day for a ride," he said. He chatted with her, ar lowered her. He disliked silence because of its emptiness the possibility of anything happening inside it—an awaiting no form to it. Arthur was among rows of farms. Hr lived in one of these farms.

Brenda took a piece of spaghetti out of her coat pocket. It was uncooked, broken in half. She began to chew on it. Except for random unlikely things—bits of cardboard perhaps—she ate nothing but uncooked spaghetti. She bit pieces off slowly, solemnly, chewing them with precision. Her green eyes were very serious. Every day she stuffed her pockets with spaghetti, breaking in pieces. Bits of spaghetti were all over the house. His wife worrumed every day, with great patience. It wasn't that Brenda seemed to like spaghetti. Perhaps she could not taste it. But she would not eat anything else. Arthur had long ago stopped snatching it away from her, stopped pleading with her. For what had seemed a decade she had sat at the table with them, listless and stony-eyed, refusing to eat. She did not quite *refuse*—nothing so emphatic. But she would not eat. What she did was nibble slowly at pieces of spaghetti, all day long, as they cardboard and shape it into little balls. She walked around the house or out in the backyard as if in a trance—slow, precise, inhuman turning inside when someone approached her. The only life she showed was her piano playing: monotonous and predictable, the same pieces over and over again for years. Her silence was immense as a mountain, neither he nor his wife could climb. And when the silence came to an end—when Brenda cried, which was infrequent—they heard to their horror the sobs of a six-year-old child, breathy and helpless. But how to soothe her? She could not be embraced.

When his wife took Brenda for her monthly checkup, and asked the doctor how Brenda was 'doing,' the doctor always said, with a special serious smile, "She's surprisingly healthy, considering her diet. You should be thankful."

It was a long drive. Arthur began to think longingly of his office—an older associate, whom he admired and imitated, the cheerfulness of a secretary he could almost have loved, elevators, high buildings, occasional long lunches. He thought of his office, of his working space. He liked his work, he liked problems. They came to him in the shape of lines with three dimensions. With love he dreamt of the proper shapes of hunks of supermarkets, of hardware stores—seductive as music! Certainly he had enough love in him—for his work, for his wife, his secretary, his parents, his friends, his daughter.

He entered the expressway in silence. Brenda was awake but silent. It was worse than being truly alone. He glanced sideways at her, smiling in case she noticed him. He believed his daughter was thinking constantly, that her silence was not peaceful. Something unseen would move in the corner of her eye and she would shiver, almost imperceptibly. What did she see? What did she think?

"Look at the cows!" he said pointing. "Do you see the cows?" He felt the need to talk. "Look at the big truck up ahead . . . all those new cars an it. . . ." He stared at the carrier with its double row of shining cars, cars of all colors, very handsome. What if, at the crucial moment, the truck wobbled and the cars came loose? He imagined metal searing through metal, slicing off the top of his skull. The steering wheel would cut him in two and his daughter would be crushed in an instant.

"Like to hear some music, Brenda?" He turned on the radio. Strange how he felt the need to talk to her in sports as if offering her a choice of remarks. Like his wife, Arthur somehow thought that a magic moment would arrive and Brenda would come awake, a fairy princess waked by the right incantation. But she would not listen, would not suffer the kiss. She did not need them. She was a delicate weight in the corner of his eye, not really a burden because she wanted nothing.

She ate spaghetti for the rest of the drive.

The school was housed in a one-story building, previously a small parts shop. On the walk he noticed a bit of drool shining on Brenda's mouth. He wanted to wipe it off because he was her father and had the right to touch her.

"Do you have a handkerchief, honey?"

She sensed his weakness. She wiped her mouth with her hand, blankly and efficiently. A college girl with a sun-tanned face took Brenda from him, all charm and enthusiasm. He watched Brenda walk away, and it pained him to see how easily she left him, how unconnected they were. She did not glance back, did not notice he was remaining behind.

He drove around for a while, then stopped to have some coffee. Then he walked around the university, browsing in bookstores. He had several hours to get through. What did his wife do on three Wednesdays?

At noon he went to a good restaurant for lunch: two cocktails first, then a steak sandwich. Women shoppers surrounded him. He admired their leisure, their rings, their girdles. They seemed happy. Once at a party he had noticed his wife in deep conversation with a stranger, and something in his wife's strained, cool face had frightened Arthur. When he asked her about it later she had said, "With him I felt anonymous. I could have begun every thing again. He doesn't know about me." He had seen her touch that man's arm, unconsciously perhaps.

He wandered into another bookstore. In a mirror he caught sight of himself and was surprised, though pleasantly—so much worry and yet he was a fairly young man, still handsome with light hair and light friendly eyes, a good face. He wandered along the aisles looking at textbooks, manuals for beginning lines, engineering texts, medical texts, French dictionaries. A rumbling sound at the back of the store put him in mind of his daughter, eating—spaghetti being stuffed thrice?

He strolled through the campus but its buildings had no interest for him. The sidewalks were new, wide, functional, the landscaping impressive. Students sat on the grass, reading. A girl caught his attention—her bare soiled white slacks, sat with her legs apart, her head flung back so that the sun might shine onto her face. Her long brown hair hung down behind her. She was admirable, alone. Distracted, he nearly collided with someone.

He walked in another direction. There were too many young girls, all in a hurry, their faces important. A metallic taste rose to his mouth. He felt panic, he felt something coming loose in him, something dangerous.

What did his wife do on these long days?

He went to the periodical room of the university's library. He leafed through magazines. World affairs, domestic affairs, medicine. What new miracles? What about architecture? He could not concentrate. He tried to think about his work, his problems, about the shapes of banks and stores. He thought of his salary and tried to feel satisfaction. He saw the girl on the grass, in a blaze of light, her white slacks glowing—an anonymous girl who sat with her head thrown back, her face turned to the sun.

He wanted to leave the library and find her, but he remained with the magazines on his lap. He waited. After a while he went to a campus bar and had a drink, two drinks. Around him was music, noise, young people jostling his chair as if seeking him out contemptuous of his age, of something. A slight fever had begun in his calves. Boys and girls hung over one another, arguing, stabbing the air with their fingers, scraping their chairs angrily on the floor. "I am not defensive!" a girl cried.

Now and then a girl passed who was striking as a poster and he heard beneath the noise in the bar a terrible silence, violent as the withheld power of great boulders.

When he picked Brenda up, he felt he had survived an ordeal. "How was it today, honey? What is that you've got—a paper flower?" He took it from her hand. "A red rose. It's great. Did you make it yourself, honey?" He put it in his buttonhole, as if Brenda had made it for him. She did not glance up. In the car she sat as far from him as possible, while he fluttered wildly, feeling his grip slip out of control. Around him boulders an mountainsides were beginning their long fall.

"We'll stop in the park for a few minutes. You should get out in the sun." He tried to sound festive. Parks meant fun; children knew that.

The park was large, mostly trees, with a few swings and tennis courts. It was nearly empty. He walked alongside her an one of the paths not touching her. "Look at the birds. Bluejays," he said. He wanted to take her hand but only by force could anyone take her hand. She took a stick of spaghetti out of her pocket and bit into it, munching slowly, solemnly. "Look at the squirrels, aren't they cute? There's a chipmunk!" he said. He felt that he was in charge of all these animals and that he must paint them out to his daughter. What terror, not to know the names of animals or objects!

"Stay nearby, honey. Stay on the path," he said. He was suddenly exhausted. He sat on a bench, while Brenda walked along the path in her precise baby steps, chewing spaghetti. She seemed not to have noticed that Arthur was sitting, weary. He put his hands to his head and heard the notes of the *Moonlight Sonata*.

Brenda walked on slowly, not looking around. She could walk like this for hours in the backyard of their house. She might have been walking on a ledge, high above a street, or through pomeroas foam on a shore. The shadows of leaves moved about her; birds flew overhead. She saw nothing.

And then something happened. Afterward Arthur was never able to remember it clearly.

Brenda was on the path, not far from him, no one was in sight, and yet out of nowhere a man appeared, running. He was middle-aged and, in spite of the mild September day, wore an overcoat that flapped around his knees. His face was very red, his hair grey and spiky. He ran bent over, stooped as if about to snatch up something from the ground, an ape-like figure, rolling with Brenda, knocking her down. The man began to scream. He seized Brenda's arm and shook her, screaming down into her face in a high, womanish voice.

"What are you doing—what are you doing?" Arthur cried. He ran to Brenda and the man jumped back, his mouth working. He was resuming, and he began to back up slowly, ruminatingly. Arthur picked Brenda up. "Are you all right? Are you hurt?" Brenda looked into her face and saw the same fear unchanged.

Now, as if relieved, the man in the overcoat turned and began walking away. "You'd better get out of here before I call the police!" Arthur yelled at him.

The man was nearly gone. Arthur's heart pounded. He looked down at Brenda and suddenly decided to run after the man. "You, hey wait! You'd better wait!" Arthur yelled. He left Brenda behind and ran after the man. "Come back here, you dirty bastard, dirty pervert, bastard!" The man crashed into something. He stumbled into a thicket. Arthur caught up with him and could hear his panicked breathing, could see the hair of the man's neck dirty and reddened. The man turned away from the thicket and tried to run in another direction, then shifted suddenly, toward Arthur as if to push past him. Arthur swung his fist around and struck the man on the side of the neck. The man cried out sharply, nearly fell. Arthur struck him again. "Filth!" Arthur cried. His third blow knocked the man down. Arthur bent over him, kicking. *I'll kill you, I'll tear you into pieces!* The man rolled over wildly onto his stomach, hiding his face in his hands. Arthur kicked vicariously at his back. Hr kicked the back of the man's head. "I'm going to call the police—throw you in jail—filth, filth . . ." Arthur kicked at the body, the head, with the toe of his shoe, then the heel. "You better get the hell out of here because I'm going to call the police!" Arthur said, barking away.

He ran back to Brenda, and there she was, safe. Her leg a little dirty, a small scratch, small dots of blood. He bent to dab at her knee with his handkerchief. She stepped away. "There, there it's just a tiny scratch." Arthur said. He could feel sweat everywhere on his body, his heart pounding. He tried again to blot the blood, but Brenda stepped away again. He looked sharply up at her and saw her look away from him. Just in that instant she had been looking at him.

He took her back to the car. They were safe, nothing had happened, no one had seen. His clothes were rumpled, his breathing hoarse, but they were safe. He was alarmed at the pounding of his heart. Excitement still rose in him in waves.

The two of them sat in the front seat of the car in silence. Arthur wiped his face. He looked over at his daughter and saw that her coat was perfectly buttoned, her hair still in place, her face once again composed, secret.

After a few minutes he felt well enough to drive. He turned on the radio, heard static and loud music, then turned it off again. He headed for the expressway and saw with hurtling eyes the signs pointing toward home. It was impossible to get lost in the United States of America. Beside him in the far corner of the seat his daughter took out a small piece of spaghetti and began to chew. ##

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THIS PHOTOGRAPH AND A REAL FROZEN TV DINNER?

(Continued from page 99) much thought to future historians, if there are any left to think by the end of this century. One slightly marabre comfort is that by then the additives so calmly if timly noted on every package, including such current decads as the cyclamates and others possibly as dangerous will probably have killed any semblance of healthy clean hunger in us, and we will welcome the predicted dirt of the future all tasteless pills and capsules. What such a regime will do to our two other basic needs, for warmth and for love, has had less study devoted to it, and in that lapse may lie our salvation, even gastronomically.

It is no longer a startling theory that the machine age is over and that we are now well into one called electronic fine o better term. Mechanization did take command of all our senses for a seeperingly long time while artists from Leonardo to Calder tried to show us how to fly—both bodily and in the mind and Alexis Sayer proved that natural gas would cook food better than a hearth fire. Now the computer is in control, or so it seems. Human brings rantimur to satisfy their three needs, but their ways of doing so are not those of a hundred or even five years ago, and science fictian is perhaps the first gaudr to asr immediate future and its possible sensory rewards.

It is increringlyy unnecessary to light a flame and even to push a button to cooke food painstakly warm when it is supposed to be, and of sourse rhimney spite have been absolete for generations. Why my family moved into a house in Whittier, California, 1911, we were considered strangers, outlandrre truly because the first thing we did was to takr out the gas log that stood dustily on a small "ustine' hearth and havr a large fireplace built with arch from almost anything blaze to chirkle and whisper in. We nevrr reeked anything three rxcept an occasional marshmallow on a long twig but in the kitchen there was a big gas range and later wr added a newfangled rirrtric stove which our halting flow of skullrry drobs mistrusted hrartily but which lrd me to prefrr it to this day far many kitchen trirks. Wr even had a toaster which plugged into a switch undrr thr dining room table at breakfast, and which took thr rnastaut otrrution af at least two people. Probably the peak of our artivr mechanization was the gift by the local citrus growers association to my father, the tawns newspaper editar of a gigantir orasge jairry, as I think it was called. It sounded like an armada of arthsand motors whrn thr cook revved it before breakfast, and my room above the kitchrn vibrated pramisingly for at trast 3650 mornings as I dressard to face the rlnaistic glass of thrik pongeat jairs, which half an hour before had been hanging in globes from our hackyard trees. Perhaps I drank too mach of it in my ptrasurr. Perhaps my palate was formrd thrm to find our presente frozen renentrates no matter how benerolbr a nal substitote. Is it the water wr add whrn in trru pollutes what used to br thought of as "freshly squoze"? The miserably trnth may be that I am one of the few Amrrirans of my age and rlass and indeed almost any age and rlass who cannot accept mediorrity as best.

There used to br degrees of excellenre. This aa earth in almost nonexistrnt today. Mediocrity has taken command and I think it is much more a part of our rntirrel pattrrn than mechanization or even acbrnutiee and the electronic control of ane media of entaenrr.

If it is possible to limit our needs to three sex (or "love" in the old-fashioned sense) is pachaps the most dominant the least easily persuaded to rahn down. Ile law it is of rnurse impossible to practice, much lrss enjoy, unless food and warmth can enter at times into thr scene, and all three necessitrre have been twisted nearly beyand rerognitian by say, a Greek philosopher an Elizabethan architect, a Frenrh cook. The act of repeduction of our earth planet species has become so ambiguous that many pells and census takers now list several categories of us including the onisex. In the same way warmth and protection have as mere to do with a Neanderrthal rove blase than they do with Sheelock Halmrs's cozy coal grate on Baker Street, and for life itself we most drpend increasingly upon the diffrsed hrat and onti pollutan of air conditianing and thrmostatic temperatnre rantrol. As for what wr rat in order to stay warm rnough to cehahit and prorrate, it is perhaps adapted to our present and fatare environments but it is frightrrng in its almost casmic mrdiocrity.

No longer can we find what once was thought passably good if not actually rxcellent: sweet buttrr for instanmr made from the unpasturized milk of a raw whe has spent all her days in a meadow which has never sharbed any fertiksr but hrr own occasional warm tnrds and all hrr nights in a clean stall whrh has nevrr stunk subtly of pstridrs, germrides, insectrides. The skies hrve been unpollntrd above her slow munrhings, matings and lartatings. Thr watre she drinks has been clean with no effuents and artivr wastes sullying it. Thr air she breathes is the kind that filled the lungs of Thoreau and mannted to his brad.

All this mnands like the metterings of a hnpless rnnservationist, whrh it obviously is. The fort remains that today new this nmrtr, I do not know where to find a pat of *good* butter, even if I still know a good row. She is not what her grandmother was; nor am I perhaps thr morr unfortanate af as, because I can remember less mediocre days. But I will settle perfecr for something called "Golden Meadow First Quality Sweet Unsalted Butter Made from Fresh Sweet Pasteurized Cream An Salt Artirl Vegetable Coloring All Golden Meadow Products Unrandtionally Guaranteed." I buy it I ase it. I know it is mediocre (a chemist has told me that our rulr of it in a diesel or airplane engine world feel things forrvrr). But thr mrdiocrr is the best, so therefore everything less than mrdiocre is not at all bad: wr have orrepted this reasoning in the United States, and arr rapidly spreading our desperate doctrine to othrr less-advnced areas of the planrt.

My own theory about this gradual substitution of mrdiocrity for the simple lack of anything better ran parallr with, holds water for ur of rnurse. But thrre is another explanation of why we are accepting whh such docility thr drastir changes in our rating habits and sor desires for good tastes and textnres in what we continue to ingest in ordrr to rxist. We are fast losing what used to be thought of as a srnse of responsibility.

We want to stop planning and thinking and lnvrating. We are relieved and pleased whrn a big magazinr ed tells us to put a candle in a thawed mrffin for Junior's birthday surprise instead of baking a cake and going to thr extra emotional and physical bathee of inviting four friends to rat it with him. We feal acceptive and even grateful that Junior's dad will down without question a 25-min at-450 plate of tidily separated Swiss steak with brown gravy mashed potatoes peas and carrots and apple Betty after he gets home from his day's work and the re-fuse re-human syndrome in his ease covers as marketing, no preparing of vegetablrs and apples, as cooking while everybody else eolaxes with TV. *no responsibility!* If the dinnrr is bad, it is not Mamie fault, but some invisible cook's. If Dad gets paunchy from all the beer he drinks to add some meaning to his TV food, is it her doing? If Junior gets rnvrices from his own hypse sweetened digestive bocne, plus a Psychiatrir Referral from his teacher, can she help it? And do they kick? They *like* her meals (i e they have nothing to compare them to).

This irresponsibility carries over into every phase af aur three way urgency to routinn breathing in and aut. It is abettrd by unsurprisingly, the computers. These Things know exactly how many people in northern Minnesota will want frozen dinnrrs rontaining rnend beef hash in 1974, and how many (and *why*) will ultimically settle for ethrr thirken rurry Calrutta styir or spinarh sorflld with grilled livrr Delight ... oll of cnarse with fresh green peas in special sauce and fluffy whipprd potatses for a Balanerd Diet, and an thr marr exprnsive trays a mean af orange flavored dessert called something like Lonar Surprise. They also know how mach warmth say given hnman body needs to sustain and perhaps enjoy life, so that mennipal fuenaces are controlled to that practical gud from a central thermostat. And They know essesily what to do to be able to dictate, but sat tne harshly the rrproductive urges in all seemingly sentient citizens so that there need be na rancern about such matters as food-heat-love any where, anyaore.

I subscribe mace to my own theory of one general mechnestization (or would if the word itself were less unwieldly). Prapir who are led to feel that it is basically dcaleable to let mass-produced precooked frozen foods nanrish their families are perhaps the general run, or will be in a few years. But I prefer to believe that there remain many stalwarts and of every age. In the onlet unfeagnr protest against such flabby irresponsibility, such carelessness about the levels of decent quality and whrther it be in bed at thr table, ne even in thr high plarrs and thr courts of Law. There will remain, aulong as people do, some doubters. They will errk out rolble bread and good wnir and rhesse and they will share it, perhaps lying undrr the redwood tree perhaps even on their barksides in a darkrurd room to thr sound af fakr bolirtu from The Box. They may ortually cat nnfrezrn vegetablrs new and then in mrmory of the far-off time whrn thrir grandparents rookrd in a real kitrhen with wood in the stave and a beautiful fresh smell in the warm air.

Different praple havr different ideos of pleasore and that is ane of nime. ❋

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD $25 000 CAR

(Continued from page 83) pean executivrs to Amrelca is like rnarrying low grade rnole to Nrwrastlr. The marketing approach has always been an ultra sophisticated one as in Europe, through drairre who build up a mystlque surrounding thrir rars so that many potential buyers are scared awny because they frrl that thry don t belang in the sophistrtrd group buying the cars—a fort that thr private-aurrrafr and luxury boat manufartnrrs have takrn frll advantage of.

A case in pomt ocrrrred trn years ago when I was working as sales manager for a Rolls-Royce and Jaguar dealer in Californlo. We got a call from a farmer in King City who said he wanted to look at a Rolls-Rrvce with thr thrught of buying ane. We knrw hr had been mifling around the showroom on mare than ane ocrasian, and we knew he was rirh. We had a white demonstrator on the flnrr that would have been a rredit to Frigmalore, so we wheeled it out and headed south. I went along breause the salrsman wasn't too strong on the terhnical sulr.

On nrrival, it was apparrut that the srrd was falling on stony grernd at King City. Thr farmhouse was an old whltr rlapboard affair and the land was poor, but nedemably impressivr were the sil wrlls that sprented from every dirt hill and dale. A landing strip and two Piperr tied down indicated that the local aircraft dealer had got his share, and a diving board sticking up over o fenrn showed thnt the neighborhood rontcacter had rashed in before us.

The farmrr hirasel was a genaine Okie, in his sixties whn wear jeans and a $1 49 shirt and the inside of his hensr had rvidently been furnished from the Sears catalog of 1932. Hr explained thet hr wanted the Rolls for the specifir purpesr of touring his land twice daily, and he wantrd to see if it would prrform satisfartorily ovder the rrquirdtans. Sa off we went with him at the wheel, the salrsman beside him, and myself in the back listening to the socks thumping against the loade of thr fnders as we wrnt over miles of dirt road. The purpose of his twice-daily tours was to thrrk the gaugrs showing the satprt of his oil wells, which must heve been prodigious.

Retorning to the house, we knrw hr really wanted the rar—hr rvrn liked thr colar—but wr also knrw that he wasn't going to buy it bergarer, by doing so, he was exposing himself to the possible drrision of his frinds for buying something that wes not Amrrican made, was supposedly designed and built for people af suprrior taste and realst not be repoived immrdiatly in the rrvent that it qrit an him. By comparison if his airplane motor refsrd to start hr knew he rould call his local Piper dealrr, tell him the goddamn thing had quit, and be assurrd by thr dealrr in the brst King City Amerirnn that he would havr a mechanir over that very afternoon to fix thr aeddamn thing.

We were skenked from the start breanse our approrh was by prartire the sophistrated onr, and forthrr more the salrsman was an immigrant from Grrmany, and I was from London with only five years in California so that I sounded like a Mosdy Orstrylian. King City California was not rendy fee as, and I hope it will nevrr be.

When it comes to lashing out with money on anything costing more than a Japanrse single-lens rrflex thrrr is a surprisingly strong 'hny American' frrling in thr nation which stems from o genuine desire to support American industry, and also from a legitimate feeling that it's easy to get screwed buying exprnsive foreign merrhandise. Furthermore there is nothing nrw about these hrr can make his product supeesne to those of his reece mundane competitors.

Electing to build aaes own mechenical components n amendal fae the small luxury rar manufactures because an engine-production line slane requires a ripping investment. For this ocasan Jaguas has had the same engine fae twenty years (albeit a good ane), and when I first visited the engine plant in Coventry in 1954 I was astonished to see all the engines after assembly being eun fee a test pelled on stands—esw after raw of thrm—before being deapped into chassis. Fueltecnarr, at the end of the eoankshaft gerinding line an operater cleaned up each eonekshaft threw with a leathee strap and polishing rompound—a situation that would have appalled old Henry Ford. I was back again in 1967 and saw exactly the same procedeee being rareied ant and it appalled me beruise, if you can t massprodnce engines without reasenable certaeity of nat mass-producing lomans you aren't in the engine-pedntcian business. Perhaps because of its inability to expand into an efficient mass prodnerr Jagaar is now selling nearly six thousand cars in the Boreaf-Ameerrnan market compared to Merrrdes' 26 000.

With all the mechanical rampnents readily avoilable it would not be difficult to makr o start an luxury rar prodnrtian by modifying rnisting cars so that they offer a little mare than the manafartorer originally intendrd. Among those wha have tried is George Barrre the rrestor of the Batmobile and ethrr vrhrles, who is also o superb automobilr designer and rnastrurtor and onr who to my rertain knawledgr has never polished a piece of walnut in his life. Unfartinatrly Barris rffarts are directed primarily toward his shaw rars but for a fee he will ronvrrt your Cadillar Eldorado into a station wagon that has to br seen to br believed.

Going a step further it would be possible to assemble o rar from an existing rhassis but using a body af original drsign and rnnstrartion. Finally our rrold reach the stage af building a rer of rnfirely original drsign, but using thsr rompnents that are readily nvailable and that could be interperated in thr car without rompromising thr design. The Stutz Motor Car Company of America (no relation to thr former Stutz company ar ear) has done this with thr recently introduced Blackhawk, a luxury two-door sedan priced at $22 500. Thry've pnt a lot of money into an original design fae the body handmadr in Italy by Ollemir Padane Final assembly rearhwork, instrumentation and finishing are done in Italy also, while the rnsnin automatir transmission and rngine are built by Grnrral Motors thrn modifred by hand by the Statz engineers. The ether rampnents—with thr exrrption of the lrathrr interiors by Conurlly Bros. a Rolls supplier—are domestically mass-prrdrrrd. Additonal models in the Stutz line are a convertible a sports rar, a drlaxe sedan and an open car for parnde and rrremonial use. These are all in various stages af devlopmrnt and will rest from $25,000 to $75 000. At thrse prices the rars will be loaded with every rrstrm fratnre and rirrtrically powrred gadget imaginable almost all of thrm lnbrird as standard rqnipment. Thr lrea is to givr yon whatevrr you want, within reason ot na extra rhrrge. Moreaver thr Stntz prapir are assuring prrspectivr bryers that thry will not rhange designs for at least five yeors. They rffrr srrvice and stock parts at two thousand G M agencies throughout the U S. Just how big a dest these Stntz cars might make in the vast lnxnry market remalns to be seen, en fae less than twenty Blackhawks have hit the road. Meanwhile, Detroit is watching but exhibiting little enthusiasm.

In Europe the accent in luxury cars tends to be on speed and a generally sportmg prefnemanca, as exemplified by Ferrari and Aston Martin although Rolls Royce is a notable exception. However speed in stilt a legitrl rrirrnin in Europe because most countries have so overalt speed limits, and the maximom speed attainable by the smaller popular rars is still only in the seventy m p h range. In comparison Amrrrian conditions are vastly different and most Amerirnn rars will exceed a hundred m p h. if necessary. Actually it is no remarkable achievement today to build a rar that will reach 140 m p h. using an absolutely stark engine and with mass-produced brakes, tiees and suspension components to make it safe.

The Amerirnn rnnstructnr has an enormous advantage aver the European in that he has big strong raghes readily available at prices that are unbelievable to Europeans. Thr real strength of these rnglnes is not their maximum horsepower, but their oblity to prodnrr maximum trrqre at very low rnginr speeds. Without going into a long dissrrtation on the relationship between horsepowrr and tarque, it is sufficlrnt to say that torque is the powrr that actually makes thr wheels go round and it is a marh more important measurr of engine prrfarmonre as far as the average drivrr is rnnrerrnd than hassepraerr. By prodnrtng lots of tarqur at low rnginr speeds the car will havr a smooth swift and unfussy perfarmanre—portirrlarly whrn thr engine is coupled to an automatir teanamission, which is an essential component af any luxury car.

With all thr mechanicals readily avallable at low rest, the rritical problem rnafronting thr luxnry-car builder is how to inrorporate them into a drsign that will be so strikingly different that buyers will once again be prepprrd to apend $25 000. Surprisingly, in Drtroit vast amounts af time, money and effart are sprnt on such matters as drvaling methods af casting thin-wall rylindrr blarks while the time, money and effart spent on the bits that the customrr can actually see result in exceedingly nervous and vaey minor styling changes.

In fart the rurrent automobile lay out standing as it does in frant with an engine, moving to the centee where the passengers are provided for and ending up with o trunk is not o particlenaly ingenias ne even practical arrangement. It reminds one af the tradition started by the Wright Brathers whereby aircraft are designed to dash mostly along the geound before projecting themselves into thr air, so that when you take off from Kennedy In a Boeing you are traveling at about a hundred fifty m p.h and getting perilously rlose to Times Squaee before the device actually starts flying. Birds don't do that sort af thing.

One prrson who is unhappy with the basic automobile layout and likes his luxury in slightly diffeenrt form is Barney Rosset, who made his fome (his fantene he had already) from his lnsty Grove Press. Rosset intrigued by thr private railrnad rars of the past mare than by the luxnry automobiles decided to becsmr a lutter day Vanderbilt. Rerkefrllr ar Dramond Jim Brady and rommissnned drsigner Bob Cumberford to fashion a "club car" for him. Cumberford started with a Dodge panel trurk, and $28 000 later a club rar was born that has all the arrangemrr and style of a private railrnad rar. Admittedly the Insider of Rosset's club rar is in about the same taste as thr inside of enr af his books but then Caroline Vanderbilt was never noted for her taste either.

Any plrading of the rase for the $25 000 car must inrvitably lring forth the doubting Thamases with the qurstion of whe nrede it. Presanally I don't which may sound rathrr na Amerirnn, but ea the other hand I don't need a $25 000 sallbnat rather. As it happens I don't have a $25 000 sedhent but only beruase I dan t jingle when I walk. Unnecessary luxury goods are one af the corrnstan of thr Amrrrcan economy and what the French wrre anre pleased tr call the "*voiture de grand luxe et de grand tourisme*" seems to heve been totally neglerted, leaving a market that le widr apen To fill it would requlre a substantisl Invrstmrat, and also some rrnfidence in the maxim that the only thing that really separates the men from the boys le the cost af thrir toys. ❋

THREE MEANIES I. THE NEW INDIAN

(Continued from page 104) summrr, whrn thr aunty caravan headed into Canada. Mad Brur was an hand—he jolopy had to be pushrd through rustons by furmals in a nrwer-model car behind him but effirints did not notire him. Newsmen did, however, hannrr front-page headlines reads: MAD BEAR SLIPS INTO CANADA.

Other header trrnble had beaken ant last wintrr on thr international bridge at Cornwall, Ontario, whrn Canadian rustoms brann thngging duty on goods that Mohawks wrre taking from onr part of thrir rearrvation, whrh is in New York Statr to another part whlrh is in Canada. Thr Indions assert that this is a direct violation of the Joy Treaty: Canadians say that the treaty was between the U S and England and does not rencern thrm. Indians blockrd thr bridge with stalled cars forty Mohawks wrre arrrstrd and dragged off. That night a bullet tore into the rustoms house and bounrrd lightly off an officrr. Trnnen kept up through the summer; one night, Indions rnakrd past an armed guarr into the customs house, which is on Indnan land and trrnnd on the water in an upstairs bathroom. The resulting flood rnnrrd thr ceilings. Thus the arrival at thr bridge of a caravan af somr hundred Indian rars—including Mad Bear's being pnshed many day last August was not designed to calm the jittery nrrves of Canadian police and border agents. Esprrially when the Indians all dramandrd to be lrt ovrr thr bridge without payrug the dollar tall (they werr). A good nnmbrr of the rars had Western license plates, and all sparted bumprr stirkers: I SUPPORT THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN UNITY CARAVAN. IF US INDIAN US IN WE REMEMBER THE WOUNDED KNEE MASSACRE or CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS. Rnt there weir nr inridrnts.

Besides his skirmishes with the Canadanu and with Robrrt Moses' nrrveyors, Mad Bear has been put under hoser arrest in Capetown after publrrly advising blark South Afrinns to horn their identity rards, and hr was arrestrdin Taiwen foe assocnting with "recalritrant" aberiginals and for photographing greves of Taiwan forthe Taiwanrse artivists executed by the government. But etrept where a roadblock or tollgate may have to suffrr, Mad Bear follows o basir

philosophy of nonviolence which is centrol to Indian philosophy All his protests are marked by a certain sense of wit combined with impeccable logic and an extremely stubborn, if passive, resistance Getting arrested is not important he says "Indian unity is important. Mad Bear is fascinated by any new way of advertising Indian independence, when a Passamaquoddy Indian in the caravan told how ninety members of his tribe had formed a human barrier across highway U S 1 in Maine in July and charged travelers a dollar per car to pass Mad Bear's eyes sparkled with admiration "Hey, maybe we ought to try that!" he wondered.

Among Mohawks especially in the East and with many young Western Indians the tenet of nonviolence has had going, they want action Many young Mohawks are working in high steel building skyscrapers and bridges all over the U S and Canada They are well paid and proud and they feel like using their strength as Indian ironworkers. In this they have showed himself as a bridge between young and old between bush activists and stolid chiefs who like to give weeks of meditation on any question Thus difference—it never came to an actual split—came up once with the pretty twenty-six-year-old Indian rights campaigner Kahn Tineta Horn a Mohawk known for her fiery speeches in colleges from coast to coast Facing trial on a concealed weapons charge in the bridge blockade she demanded help from the chiefs who, she said, had let her down "I'm all alone! I don't want to be a pin!" she said loudly Mad Bear assured her that she was not alone and then Seneca Chief Beeman Logan told her calmly severely "A chief does not give a reply in fifteen minutes" It transpired that the girl had spurned the legal assistance hired by the other Indians and had gone off on her own but with great tact Mad Bear brought the two sides (the girl and her brother Tom Tekaine Horn another activist, both feeling a bit abandoned and unloved by their elders and the chiefs feeling they were being pushed too fast by loud, ungrateful youngsters) slowly together The young brother and sister agreed to meet with the chiefs before the trial and to accept their advice in return the chiefs promised to provide plenty of moral support in person at the trial. (Fifty Indians did show up in the Cornwall court, ready to carry Kahn Tineta off by force at her trial a week later but she was acquitted)

The differing approaches were apparent too in a debate on the unofficial of a statement to government leaders, including Pierre Minister Trudeau (Smart Snake) Protesting unemployment, loss of children to religious schools alcoholism as a result of Indian disgust with white society, and police brutality the suggested wording was that unless conditions changed the Indians "faced a violent reaction against law enforcement agents." Strong protests against the word "violent" came—this was not the Indian way These a stocky young woman in a buckskin dress an Ojibway from Upper Slave Lake in Alberta named Rose Ojick cried out in an emotional burst, "The violence is here already! Changing the word won't stop it There are young Indians in Alberta who are going to burn the schools and the churches They're not criminals and go to High Prairie and bulldoze the liquor store, pretend he's drunk. The police arrest them when they get drunk a girl was arrested for that, and when her brother tried to touch her hand, that she was reaching out of the police car, they arrested him, too and he got *six months*! I can't stand it when I hear of talking peace" The Indians crowded along the benches in the Council House muttered the approving, "Hah! And again Mad Bear brought about the amazing Indian unanimity that followed every disagreement this time, he said Indians must not be too timid to use a word It was not a threat of violence but only a warning and anyway, It's only a word in the white man's language—what are you scared about"

As chairman Mad Bear also led stormy sessions on the question of letting government-employed Indians into the Council House. So that the Indians could express themselves freely, all non-Indians, with the exception of a cameraman writer had already been excluded from most of the meetings When an Indian employee known to be employed by the Canadian government showed up and asked to be admitted, the local chief—this happened on the Manawaki Reserve north of Ottawa—refused them and sent them away. But at the meeting he was having second thoughts Shouldn't any Indian be received here as a brother? The was a *unity* convention "Nel" shouted Tale Tekane Horn Glaring he clenched his teeth angrily "They're spies (mutters, and they deserve to be put to death" But the others wrested unity The peaceful atmosphere they had built here could only be a bond for Indians who had strayed from the path Mad Bear thought that mixing with the traditional minded Indians would be good for the soul of any lost brother and thus it was decided that the convention should welcome any Indian who might like to come in The Indians also decided to impeach Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel for "his high-handed inconsiderate and illegal theft of native Alaskan Eskimo and Indian tribal lands" and to denounce the South Dakota death sentence upon a twenty-one-year-old Rosebud Sioux named Thomas White Hawk. They want to issue identity cards to all North American Indians who want one as soon as a properly Indian-looking design can be made (as to take the business of saying who is and who is not an Indian away from white men's governments. As a further token of unity tribal delegates would in the future go from various areas to join in local demonstrations involving Indians And the unity caravan will ride again next year to Oklahoma and Alberta

After a dinner of traditional corn soup and coal heaver with beans baked in sand the Indians straggle off toward a blazing campfire where soon the dancing begins In last all night—the stomp dance the rabbit dance the welcome dance the duck dance. A trio of lifeless young Mohawks pounds on drums and sings a hoarse, sharp and haunting accompaniment from out of a lost and distant time In the shadows along the edge of the field where cars and trucks line the way, Mad Bear sits talking to friends. Shadows from the horns of his headdress bob in the firelight against a canvas wall as he relates some of the prophecy, the white man's money will soon be worthless his society is crumbling "We don't want to be a part of it, he says "We don't want to have to hate the black man." But the Indians don't want the help of black activists either—"We have our own powers" says Mad Bear The roguish delight he'd shown in recounting his many forays against the enemies of traditional Indians now becomes subdued as he speaks of the peculiar Indian identity the Indians' most precious possession that still survives amid the blithe ignorance of the white man, who assumes the Indian must want to become white too. The Indian's hardest job is to fight the indifference all around him the idea that he is cute and amusing his story a subject fit only for children or worse, the belief that he does not exist at all Except in by white men's religion no less based on articles of faith than are the longhouse legends he sees his myths and spirits decided But the longhouse faith is growing fast, where only a dozen Indians showed up for a ceremony five years ago now all the benches are full They're leaving the white society in droves Mad Bear put on his tunic, took he joined the Navy at sixteen (he enlarge his brothers birth certificate) when the brother joined the same unit, there was hell to pay) He piloted a landing craft in the Seventh Amphibious Fleet at Saipan and Okinawa since his discharge at twenty-one he's been a circebant seaman and while at sea he reads—mostly lawbooks. He has never quit school

But he has really found his calling as a leader For his next beth he

THREE MEANIES—2. SUPERJEW

[illegible] They think so since they were real that they said We're not voting Then they turned, not to the Jews of the National Community Relations Advisory Council, which has this very beautiful philosophy but to this vigilante group These bad guys, these bad Jews, these ungraceful Jews and they said, Look, for God's sake come down and help us! So our people took off from work and from school and they stood in Crown Heights at every polling place and they said 'Let everybody come and vote black and white and Jew and non-Jew because this is America." In the voting Kahane gave We politely asked the people to allow us to go through either past them or over them, and there was no confrontation they moved aside I put it to you—this is not taking the law into your own hands" (Sixteen of twenty-four Jewish candidates got in.)

The League claims some eight thousand members in greater New York, and thousands more in seventeen cities including Boston Philadelphia Chicago, and Los Angeles and in college towns at Yale, Columbia New York University and Long Island University Many of the groups have formed gun clubs affiliated with the National Rifle Association but the N R A much prefers them to disguise themselves under such names as "Pine Tree Rifle Club" In blue berets and jackets with shoulder patches showing a square (Hebrew) flat upon a Star of David members patrol—without firearms—at night In Jewish neighborhoods in the cities on foot and in cars equipped with walkie-talkies, escorting old folk to and from the temple, the store, the subway station, and during the day keeping an eye on kids going to and from school Expressions of anti-Semitism also being out the League Last year the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York rejected the Jewish show untitled "Harlem on My Mind" because a program introduction written originally as a school theme by a black schoolgirl showed hatred of Jews After a great deal of newspaper publicity the book containing the theme was withdrawn The League also protested when a black student talking of Jews on New York radio station WBAI said 'As far as I am concerned, more power to Hitler He didn't make enough lampshades out of them" In these instances of course the League did not stand alone In the black Feather Coloring Book, but the League is circumspect in its language when commenting directly on the New York City conflict between teachers who are mostly Jewish and black aspirants to their jobs "Jewish teachers were driven out and replaced by radicals who really did not want to teach—and to incompetents who just happened to be black, says the League booklet

In taking upon itself the job of protecting Jewish storekeepers, the League is clear about how it intends to operate Says Kahane about threats of extortion for "protection", "If we know who the group is a visit is paid We'll tell him he should pray for the storekeeper because if the storekeeper's leg is broken even fifty rules away, we will break you head It's not nice but it's this language they understand When the League tried to raise $100 000 from other Jewish groups to pay for the street patrols the established organizations were indignant The B'nai B'rith called it "pretentious arrogance." But The Shomrim Society—the New York City Jewish police fraternal group—did contribute $1500 to the League By and large, however, the Panthers showed "we Jews will commit violence if it kills us." Said Kahane "Beenstein can pray God with the Panthers For the rich man who has everything what do you hey your wife? A Panther!" Another Leaguer said, "Consider the average American truck driver at home with a beer in front of television, he hears that Bernstein has raised ten grand for the Panthers and he's automatically say Goddamn Jews! We've got to show them that not all Jews are crazy

Leaguers are used to being called paranoid about their fears of rising anti Semitism, but their booklet comments that "it is small comfort to hear the argument following an attack upon Jews that the assailters are not attacking Jews as such but because they are white or non-population series. This sophistry is not for us. We understand only that when Jewish rights are in danger it is a Jewish problem—a Jewish Defense League problem" Says Kahane "We have the support of the people who are hurt." As for charges that the League practices its own brand of racism in its thinking, Kahane retorts "I am called a bigot and none of us are bigots—see against the Panthers I'm a bigot! The Panthers have supported Al Fatah against Israel seems enough for the League to condemn any positive the Panthers in any of their supporters may have taken In this of course the League speeces the many young Jews who want the U.S. to get out of Vietnam but who still have strong feelings of Jewish identity who do care what happens to their fellows in the organizing old ghettos. Thus Leaguers prefer to write them off as not altogether Jewish anyway "The average student whose Jewishness is only marginal and who is drawn to radicalism, seeking intellectual in escape does not understand what the Jewish Defense League is talking about" Instead the League wants to attract the other side "It is these people—who make up the silent majority the silent middle—who must be won over to forge a common democratic front" Kahane wrote on this subject In an ad entitled From a Jewish father to my dear and beloved children "The Jew has never followed the lead of the majority Had he done so he would long since have perished The Jew was first known as the 'Hebrew' [illegible] derived from the Hebrew ayver or 'side' and from the idea of one father Abraham the Jew was prepared to stand alone on one side although the entire world stood on the other"

So it was a lonely and generally ignored little band of picketers who marched in a small circle in front of the Lincoln Center early this year, during an appearance of the conductor Leonard Bernstein, in protest of a meeting the Bernsteins had held in their apartment to help the Panthers raise money for legal defense Lenny plays one death march" cried the young demonstrators whose signs read Lenny digs the Panthers and Israel's genocide" "Lenny embraces Panthers Cleaver embraces the Fatah' Three or four passersby bothered to look the police what was going on but the latter merely shook their heads as if they had no idea what the message was—and they may well have been honest In attacking the Panthers in public from this special position The League shows an indisputable talent for making a cause lost before it's even off the ground although it is possible that had the Panthers showed up at Lincoln Center for same jousting, the League's thirst for publicity on the sore Bernstein question might have been assuaged An older League member said the Bernstein meeting for the Panthers showed "we Jews will commit violence if it kills us." Said Kahane "Bernstein can pray God with the Panthers For the rich man who has everything what do you hey your wife? A Panther!" Another Leaguer said, "Consider the average American truck driver at home with a beer in front of television, he hears that Bernstein has raised ten grand for the Panthers and he's automatically say Goddamn Jews! We've got to show them that not all Jews are crazy

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From a Jewish father to my dear and beloved children "The Jew has never followed the lead of the majority Had he done so he would long since have perished The Jew was first known as the 'Hebrew' [illegible] derived from the Hebrew ayver or 'side' and from the idea of one father Abraham the Jew was prepared to stand alone on one side although the entire world stood on the other"

and when complete political freedom for their land as well A century later Jewish activists called Zealots carried daggers under their cloaks and stabbed anybody they found speaking in favor of the Roman occupation of Galilee and Jerusalem They were free releasers and they claimed the right to assassinate any Roman who entered a temple They would accept no compromise and their leader Hezekiah was finally beheaded without trial, Comments one scholar "Traditional Jewish history has declared itself in favor of the quietistic Pharisees who regarded the house of study as more important to the Jews than the state and the temple Some modern historians however, believe that the Zealots deserve recognition for their example of steadfastness"

In their impatient disregard of the old "passy" mentality as they see the old European humbleness of Jews, Leaguers again quote from the scornful lines of the Jewish poet Chaim Neehman Bialik, who advised God to waste no pity on cowards who did not stand up against their oppressors

Their flesh is wholly sons
For since they have not gone with their resignation
And have made peace with shame
What shall avail Thy consolation?
They are too wretched to evoke Thy scorn
They are too lost Thy pity to evoke
So let them go Then men to sorrow born
Mournful and slinking, crushed beneath their yoke

With local differences in emphasis, the League organizations around the country generally share the philosophies of the original unit in New York The Philadelphia League that began patrolling only last winter is typical It is led by Rabbi Harold Nosseller, Thirty four of the Orthodox Congregation Ba'an Yaeh, who warns "We're on a tough group. We're not taking any crap without handling back a double bucketful We're not another P T A" Nosseller believes that Jewish merchants have been murdered because of a general belief they would not fight back when attacked "The image is of the Jew who will cry" Nosseller has denounced police inaction for high-school students who his says are victims of shakedowns and beatings, and if they are not fathermore the League will patrol school corridors and adjoining streets with baseball bats 'We don't want to patrol' he says. 'We don't want a private army. We want to force the police to protect us to enhance them into doing their job" Nosseller's young committee practice firing their own 22 rifles and handguns "22 pistols and 38 specials" he said proudly in a good indoor range and they plan to set up karate courses soon "We are not an isolated group arming itself" says Nosseller "We are in a country that has already become an armed camp" He acknowledges the League's unpopularity among many Jews "Every major Jewish organization in Philadelphia gave us a blanket condemnation when we first formed We picked up many members just from the tone of the condemnations. When the Jewish War Veterans denounced us we got a lot of their members fire ourselves"

Boston area League patrols that began last winter in "remnant" Jewish communities in Dorchester and Mattapan brought predictable comment from the Jewish Community Council "They invite violence and inevitable counter-violence The tactics and philosophy of George Wallace will not eliminate the conditions breeding violence" But perhaps because they are after all somewhat proper Bostonians instead of squaring off against blacks the Boston League joined forces with a black group called Youth Incorporated to form joint patrols. A typical patrol of three black and three Jewish youths will split into three teams of two men each (see from each organization) and while one pairs moves on foot the others follow in cars and trucks keeping in touch by radio. The leaders of each patrol are psychiatrically tested for emotional stability When a crime is discovered the patrol makes a citizen's arrest and calls police Since the patrols began residents a lot good deal more optimistic then they were when Kahane spoke at Congregation Chevra Chas last November when they showed up carrying cans of tear gas and fistfuls of keys as defensive weapons there had been a series of beatings, a shooting and a robbery blunted in the previous weeks Where many of the other League chapters may appear almost hoodwinkly cealed against outside influences, the Boston experience has raised widespread hopes for peaceful prevention of crime by private citizens Thus the Boston League has found a measure of acceptance both by other Jews and by the black community at a rally supporting Soviet Jewry last January that the League sponsored not only were black groups a trade union, Catholic and Methodist churches and the mayor's office represented but a dozen "establishment" Jewish groups—elsewhere in the U S the League's severest critics—also backed the meeting

Not usually the League speaks alone Rabbi Kahane has an intention of meeting with any blacks and the New York League plans to increase to 300 the summer's enrollment at Camp Jedel in the Catskills where boys practice karate four hours a day, and then march fire rifles and attend classes on the ideology of the Panthers the SDS and the Minutemen Says one of the camp instructors "You just like knowing that you have a good karate kick A Jew can't just keep his nose in his books and mind his own business anymore People won't let you" Until summer comes, the young people are keeping busy denouncing against The Chase Manhattan Bank whose president David Rockefeller they Leaguer believes to be encouraging anti-Israel American foreign policy, they also staging a number of actions against Soviet oppression of Jews These have included picketing of Soviet cultural programs and the invasion last December of the offices of the Russian news agency Tass the Intourist agency, and the Aeroflot agency all in New York While Leaguers painted the words "Let Yisroel Chai" ("The People of Israel Live") in red paint on the offices their colleagues cut at Kennedy Airport mentally decorated a Russian Ilyushin 62 jet plane two of them handcuffed themselves to the nosewheel to prevent its being moved All this was part of a 100-hour vigil the League held in front of the Soviet U N offices, eventually police arrested twenty-seven Leaguers for disorderly conduct The League was gratified that their message had reached Moscow when that city's chief rabbi Yehuda Leib Levin announced "You cannot talk to the Soviet Union in that way It is too strong a country"

We have not finished with the Soviet Union There is more planned" says Kahane The League intends to prevail upon travel agencies to post signs reading "Russian tours not handled here" on the theme of the loss of Jewish business At the recent meeting in the Manhattan synagogue in Miami Leaguers wanted to get Baptists whose Russian members have also suf

fered oppressum, to jam up in pulling pressure on the Soviets. Kahane suggested the League also try to enlist American Legion support. "We will accept support from reasonative groups," he said. "We must not think that conservative organizations are bad for us." But the League will have nothing to do with the John Birch Society or similar extremists. In fact, Kahane's idea is "The League's ultimate fear is the radical right." In this somewhat tortuous reasoning left-wing groups must be put down so that they cannot give rise to a strong right-wing extremism growing up in opposition. As for any hopes of rallying the Jewish community at large to League causes Kahane looks ahead grimly. At the vigil he says Jewish response was pathetic. What if we had had 200 rabbis arrested? Can you imagine what the effect would have been? An useless establishment Jews, he says, "If you don't cry out it means it doesn't hurt you." The League wants to get at the Jewish establishment by forcing The Federation of Jewish Philanthropies to provide money in vertly to be targeted synagogue in neighborhoods where armed guards are needed to prevent vandalism and burnings. "Let's take rm over" cried a young college instructor among the three dozen activists present. Kahane agreed. "Jewish Philanthropies—that means *Jewish*. Maybe we'll go there and stage a nonstop sit-in against Jews. They'll never call the police on us!"

Of course he found all the Jewish shrinking of the League lies thy heavy. sirnl memory of the six million Jews slaughtered in Germany and the nagging lifelong, indestructible question of that raging mindless murdering rnce again some day falling upon Jews. The League explains that "when people say, 'This is not Germany, because thr is a dmnrrary' they show a disturbing lack of awareness of what Germany means for Jews. There were no greatrr Grrman patriots than the Jews of Grrmany, and Ihry looked to Gs emany as hoar and as cadise. On the othrr hand, thr is a violent country. Unlike Geemany, which did not know of orch things as lynchings, Amrrica has had in normal times such violrnt abomlentions . . . Yet cultured Germaey hurred Jews. Could not that happen in violent, cemp sudden Amcerna?"

An eloqrnt spokesman for the majority of Amrrican Jews is Murray Gordon, vice president of the American Jewish Congress, who, in a lively radio debate with Kahane, said: "The way to deal with anti Semitism in the black or any other community is to bring these people into the mainstream of Amerirsn life. You're never going to solve it with your brickbats, and with your Karate lessons, and with your guns and with your blue berets. That kind of vigilantism has always appealed to feightened people through out ear history, and has been dangerous throughout ouc history and has never succeeded in doing anything but aggravating the problem. What to rr volved here is a very serious challenge to our American system of democracy. I believe that our democracy makes it possible for the synagogue to flourish, for the Jrrish community to flourish, and of the coorr llme to protect us physically. The system operates as fairly for us as it does for any others. Now you are rhellenging that. You are saying that our society and our form of government does not afford adequate protection to thr Jewish community, and lhrl Ihrrefore we have to take the law into ourr own hands. I rhulrrge that."

It is likely that the League people would be glad to share Gordon's optimism if they could. But thrn thry read of seven Jews burned to death in a Muurrh Jewish home for the aged—an arsonist's gasoline ran was found in a stalewell. Says Bertram Zweibon a co founder of thr League: "It's sad that we have been so successful. It would have been better if Mer and I wver paranoid. But wr havr too many members for all of us to be nuts." #

THREE MEANIES 3 WEATHERMEN

(Continued from page 114) man in Haymarket Square... it was in memory of the seven policrmen who were killed in 1886 by a bomb thrown by McCormick Harvestiag Marhna strikers. (Police had killed six strikers thr day before, in thr burning teal sevrn more wrre sentrnced to death. Four were hangcd; sreen years later the survivers were pardoned—on the ground that thr jury was parked.") No one took rredit for destroying the statue but Richard Barrett president of the Chicago Police Sergeants Association called it "a decoration of wer between polire and Weathermen. "We now feel it is kill or be killed."

It was in this inauspicious atmosphere that the first night of Rage began in Lincrln Park where it was immediately rlear that thr rerrulling had fahed: only abert three hrndred "radre" Weathrrmrn had shown up. But thry were dressed for the occasion both men and women with helmets and nrw denim jarkets with brighl Vlet snag flags sewn nsotly on thr backs. Equipment for demnrslrations is available at many surplus stores, and *Rat*, then an underground new a Women's Liberation newspaper specialized in advice on drrss for girl fighters: "Boots are exrrlleat for kirking, sneakers for running, and gloves necessary for slrking up hot teor gas rannisters and shrking up hot barr . . . Erse affrr lttlir protecllon from rlubs, so thelr use is only to keep your hooks from bouncing as nsyingly. If you've been going without a bra for some time you probably wan't be bothered in vrin lobbing."

Pep-rally rhanting around a bonfirr of park brrnches raised spirits. "Hey, piggy wiggy you gotta go now, oink oink" hung hang off the pig" and "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh N L F is gonna win." Somrhody then suggested thry all get Judge Hoffman so thry streaked for the Loop smashing rars and slore windows on the way. At first police kept out of thrir way, but when police formed a line, Weathrrmrn attarked them with beards and pipes, injuring several of thrm that way; others were hiltrn. Weathrrmrn Marshall Brrson of Nrw Havrn and Elizabeth Gardnrr of Seattlr rrawled bleeding from shotgun wounds into a garage. Wrathrrman John Van Vecrandaal of Seattle was shot through the neck. Police could not hrrt Weathrrwoman Marena Str nberg's head br cause of hrr helmel so thry smashed her in the faire, she rrported. Although Corporation Counsel Rarhard Elrel said "She fell against an automobile." At Iwo s m Marcia camr out of Henrein Hospital with trn stirches in hrr upper lip to tell reporters she wanled lo go out "ta kill some pigs."

The next day in spite of scores of arrests thr Rage went an seventy Weathrrwomrn started off to attack an industrlen center. But the National Guard had been called out and police nipped off the march arresting some girls and escorting the rest to a subway rntrence. On the Ihlel day, Mark Radd wearing a false beard tried lo lrud a rally al Hr Haymarkel site of the statue but a clutch of planclathes-men spotted hnm, rushed him, clubbed him and arrested hnm and other leadrrs. Meunwhile some Evanston cherches that had shrltered Weathermen wrre hering drnerseed by parsh ioners. That night, to one of the churches, a minister had to slep the Weathermen from flashing off a police spy named Toby Bueton they had foend in their midst there. In other action that day Counsel Elred was hit in the head and paralyzed from the nerk down. Belan Flanagan, twenty-lws of Southampton New York was charged with attempted murder. Elrod is recovering. Flanagan's rhargr was reduced to battery for lack of evidence. Said his mother: "I don't blaee the Chicago pelire. I think they should knock the heads off every one of them." By the time the Rage was over 290 Weathermen had been arrested—almost erery last one of them—and the planeed high-school jail, beeaks and Waegsum rock concert had to be called off. Commented an Ohio Weathermaa: "This was just like the N L F! It was true warfaee. We did it behind enemy lines." Said Jim Jacobs, an associate of Rudd's: "We do not havr to win militarily against the pigs. We win politlcalh by fighting the pigs."

Thrir little war was appreciated by nobody rxcept thr Wrathermen themselves. "We think it o bern a tremendors surress, a total surress," was lhe offirial word. But elsewhere they wrre dirnded. Old-time organizer Saul Alinsky said thry had remembered the highest form of lreason—to strrngthrn the opposition. Any sophisticated organizer knows that the action is always in the rrartion." Communist *The Nolrin* "In Chengo, they arhieved the almost lmpossible task of making Mayor Daley police look like public servants." The S.D.S. Labor Committee's writer accused thrm of trying to "oulflank Nixon on the right and his all are got to be the slightest concerned to secrre vrtories as rational orra and women rnderstand them. It is what they imagine to be thr boldness of the rnnfrontation (exactly as Sorel, Mussolini o theoretrlan prescnrtrd thr point) that concerns thrm. It is lhr mythos of purgativr violence,' not thr frrlts of struggle in a practisol sense. If lhls were not lhe case, one would havr difftrulty explaining how Rudd who is associated with one silly drbarle after anelhrr during the entire past year shorld be rlected to lhe leadrrship of his nallonal rnfrednrration! An army which erlrrted lts generals on such a basis would be rightly deemed outright suirldal." In fart "suirrdal" is probably the kindest epithet the Weathermrn have had dropped on thrm.

Once out on bail... the Weathrrmrn, in spite of thr absrnce of any support from anybody were rering to go agein... as a war emnrrll was set for thr Christmas holidays in Flnt, Mirhigan. Mranwhile mrmbrrs wrre accusrd of firing two rifle shots into a Cambridge police stellon and a commnnr was arrestrd four Weathermen was jailrd). Weathermen continued lo get along badly with lhrir formrr brethers, al a Columbia meeting, Rudd's forces were attarked in a slugging motrh by Progressive Labor enthrsiasts and to the rhagrin of thr Wrathrrmen, "three New York City polremen rushed forward, pistols drawn, to rescue them" according to a publshrd rrport. When thr Flint meeting spenrd in an ale ballroom in the blark neighborhood it was decorated with a vast rardboard marhine gun dangling overhead. Many terrangers wrere an hand making far some 400 reservationers, who started off by singing snrh favarites from the Weathrrman Songbook as "The best things in life are free if you can steal them from the bourgeoisie." "We love Siehan Siehan deep down, deep down" and "I'm dreaming of a white rlot." But the Flint experience wes kept indoors and thr four days of dsbate decided nothing very new for the Weathermen. They saw themselves now as 'barbarians,' like the Vandals and Visigoths who descended upon Rome to destrey its decadence.

Beeeardne Dohrn accused some of her fellows of being on a "white guilt trip" and told them they would have to rid themselves of "hang ups about violeeee . . . We didn't fight around Bobby Seale when he was shackled at the Conspiracy trial. We didrt hurn Chrrago down when Fred Hamplen was killed. Wrre ebeut being a fighting force alongside the blacks but a lel of us are still hookies and were still scared of fightung." Weatheemon Ted Gold saw the American revolution as part of a worldwlir rebellion, in wlurh "an agency of the people of the world" would run the country coming in from Asia and Africa to do it. When a ecelr suggested thr was like "a John Birchrr's worst dream" that would bring repression against whites, Gold replird: "Wrll, if ll will take fascism, wr'll have to have fascism." On hand la the ballroom wrre fifty-cent copies of a booklet rntllirl *Firearms and Self-Drfeusr, a Handbook for Rrdicals Rrvolutionarirs and Easy Rnlrrs*, with illustrated material on rifles, shotguns, ammunlion, and lhr rare of weapons. It is published by another revolutionary group thr Intrinational Liberation Schsol in Brrkeley. Its authors write "Some prople say that guns in the movement are bullsht because no one is ready to use thrm'

but this does not orran thet we should disavow or ignore thr question of guns; rather we should become familiar with thrm. . . ."

At chaos the time of the Flint meeting David Sunshed, on televisela, asked Boston Weathrrmrn Stewarl Grdsl if thrre shouldn't be somr ground rules observed by drmonstrators to prevent violrnrr and Gedal replied "If you really believed that our Presidrnt was a pig as I believe, then you wouldn't objrrt to it. The point is, you don't *feel* Lyndon Johnson was a murderer, you don't *feel* the Chicago police are murderers." Asked Sasskind "Do Weathermrn initiate violegre? Replied Gedal, "Yes rertainly. Wrathrrman has to initiate violrnre. The point is thry are responding to the violence of three hundred years in thle country against black people." Asked how big Wrathermaa is, hr said, "There are all different kinds of Weathrrrlds. Thr number is about a thousand but lots and lots of people who join us Wr rr a nrw group, wr're going to be are end an awful long lime. Wr're going to be areund until thr rnd of thrngs. A lel of us heve put our whole lives on the line."

Two months aftrr the Flint meeting thr town house on Wrst Fleventh Street blew up and every Wrather man in the rountry heard the ex plosion. In al wrre killed Weathermrn Ted Gold, twenly three, Diana Orghton Iwenly rightl and a thrrd an rn identified male. Escaping wrre Cathy Wilkrrson twrnty fivr, who lived thrre and anethrr girl who may be Kathy Beadin twenty-six. *Newsweek* ceiling nrighborhood sources said three men gol out the bark way. In the debris wrre found fifty seven unexplodrd sticks of dyeamite thirty blasting caps, and four fragmrntation bombs made out of dynamite with pipe sheathrd with tape and cooling nails. Slnre somr weeks brfore the house blew up Weathrrmen had become invisible. thrr Chicago offire had closed and thrir newspaper had stopped publishing. They had supposedly gone "underground" in "affinity groups"—hiding squads of four or five members. Fr weeks aftee the explosnn, the FBI was searching for the two surviving girls and for eleven other national Weatherman leaders—Mark Redd William Ayees, Jeffrey Jones, Bernaedne Dohrn Terry Robbins, John Jacobs, Linda Evans Howard Machlinger, Michael Spiegel, Judy Clark, and Lawrence Weiss—on charges of conspiracy and violation of the Federal anti riot act, arising out of the Days of Rage but there was no news of any of lhem.

At Columbia rediculc tried to lower the flag in memory of Ted Gold; they were stopped but managed to inscribe, al thr base of the pole, the words "In memory of Ted Gold. Fight like him." In the window of a West Eighth Street store appeared the sign "Ted Gold died for your sins." Tourist buses pul West Flevenlh Steeet on their route and rubberneckere peered at the site all through the speteg lume. But all that was left of the Weathermen were mrmories of whel thry had done said lookrd like. A friend of Ted Gold's rerallrd that a rouple of weeks brfore the blast Gold had lold him, "I've been doing a lel of exrriting underground things and I know new I'm net afeard to die." The friend hel remarked that Gold lookrd happy and Gold said: "We don l think in trrms of being happy. Wr thlnk in lerms of belag slrong people."

Diana Orghton who was finally idrntfird by thr prinl of a lllilr finger was the daughter of a gentlrman farmer of Dwight Illnnis, a sister said of her. "Shr had no interest in vrlerrr. Shr was soft spoken and kind." Hrr high-school prinrcipal said of her father "He always rrfrrrd to it as she already died once. Shr was off in a far plare and he didnt knew why."

A few days later when three Manhattlan offire buildings wrre bombed, rausnag no casualties thr arthorship was rlaimed by something calling itself "Revolullonary Force 9" and there was a qerstlon as to whrther lhs Weathermen had somehow rorne back. But a writer in *Rat*, stylrng herself "a Dylan fan"—the Weathrrmen got thrir name from a lln in Bob Dylan's song *Subterranrrn Hrrmnck Blues*—commentrd that thr effirr bombrrs had rlaimrd rredll "in a lrlter that rouldn't have been fulfilled from Weathrrman ideology." Thr "fan" rontinued: "No matter that actrrns are being rarried out by dozens of groups having nothing to do with Wrathrrman. The Weathrrman myth has provrd a context into which it all fils, and myth is as lmprrtant in mlhlary strategy as genrrns vrtorlrs . . . In effect thr Wrathermrn turnrd around a defeal apparently caused by lhrir own earelessnrss lnto an affirmation so powerrful our nnight almrst think they planned the Flrrenlh Street bombing to the last detail." When thr effire bombs went off she reports "The shocked looks on people's faces evaporated the trorful rrmuiscences shsl remrdrs known lo hr drad and olhers who might hr eamr lo a hall as the news hrrke . . . A sense of defeelism and drspair was transformed to a feeling of invrnerbility. The spirit of Weatherman once more seemed very much alive."

For a time lhs only further word from Wrathrrmen lhenisrlves, and this indirrel and qurstrnnable was a report in lhr *Manhattan Tribunr* two rrrekn aftrr thr house blew up. The news was, "Wrglhermen plan la kill these men: 1 Mitrhsll 2 Rorkrfrller, 3. Agnrw 4 Nixon." A writer named Harold Halzer said, "In private interviews with the *Manhattan Tribune*, members of the Weatherman revealed that they intend to bring the nation to a point of chaos then methodically murder key political figures." Some the Secret Service was visiting the newspaper but publisher William F Haddad said. The reporter was given access to the Weathermen as a journalist and not as a government informer." Thee an May 23rd a transcript of a tape ecoeding made by Bernaedne Dohrn arrived at thr Chicago Bureau of The New York Times. It was the first communnsation from what seemed to be a new Weathermnn underground. It was a declaration of a state of war.

"The twelve Weatheemen who were indicted for leading last Octobeer elots in Chicego have nevee left the rountry," it read. "Teery is dead. Linda [Evans] was captured by a pig Infeemee but the rest of us move freely in and out of every rity and youth scene in lhis country . . ." The stolrment, which warned that lhe Weathermen would "attack a symbol of American injustice" within the next lwe weeks, was and by radical sources to be genuinr. Somr polier authorrlies may have mirmeires deep enough to recall the rnurrhist assassinations of lhr Vletorlan era that took thr liven of Sadl Carnel, president of Frnnrr Empress Elizabeth of Austria, King Hembert of Italy; and President William McKinlry in thr U S. It is lesn that Weathermrn so fee have hurt only themselves in the bombings and rhal the gratuitous nature of attacks peculiar to those anachists is lockinr in the Weatherrsen ectlan but no soon as any bombs go off anywhrre the dimly remembered figure of the bearded carirsture terrorist heaving the black sphere with the lighted fuse seems to live again. We recall Ravachol who bombed The Paris apartments of judges who had sentenred anarchists until landlords, in order to rent their premises, had to peat signs reading "No judges living here." There was a popular ditty to the tuna of *La Carmagnole* that went, *Danse dynamite! Danse dense sur/Danseurs et chanteuse/Dynamitons! Dynamitons!* Ravachol was rought, and as the guillotine blade fell toward his neck, he cried *"Cochons!"* Ravachol became a martyr.

The Weathermen get high on their anger highee and highee until they blew themselves up. Now the question will prekably be whether those disenchanted high school kids ran take a Weatherman martyr any hrttrr than a Wrathrrman flag on their bearh or a Weatherwomane karate rhop in thrir guts. If they rannot, Weathrrman is finished. #

BEAUTIFUL SOUP

(Continued from page 94) shr was back and in the bedroom. I waited a few minutes then restarted thr Schoenberg and wrnt in. She was under thr shrrt on my floor mattress. I stood thr soup by my pillow, undressed and shoved my Gold Medal sark of flour in bendr her. We lay listening, my bedroom new again. I held hrr rhepped hand. Peering under thr red burlap window rnnd I saw thr moon poing into daylight. And so theer was still time to spend beforr thr final dead mon's fisot of the moon waiting to break me down.

I kissed hrr and discovrred that she still were these ruffled crispy new fangled rnderthings. What are thrse? I whispered.

Henry, she said pushing my near fial with her finger. I like to be coaxed . . . Great. I like to beg.

I got up and counted my money, not so bad for a disaster. Then heard hrr slirring. Ah! on weml lhe hl fi and I readird *Vem Creator Spiritus* from Mahlre's *Eighth*. Whee rhe appeared in the doorway in my bathrobe a tremrndous flag *VENI! VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS!* roared the matins to her where she stood haggard and beggy-eyrd and forcing a smile. Shr unlerked thr door and wobbled out to thr hallwey bathroom in her bare frrt hrr hair hanging like old garters. I splashrd thr rrcesses hiding my eyes brrshed my teeth and wel combed my hair, applying a veneer of Veni Creator over thr mash beneath. Once again I rhimbed out of the East River for another erperhmann rrark st running with thr winners. Must write all my letters today! It's Leltere Day lo-day.

I hesitated by the soap on thr tablr. My cells prrkird. I said as Shr rr turnrd heading slraight for thr Turkey and I felrhrd her a glass. Shr slared al my happy slagged yellow moon smile, sering right through me, and patrnally handed me thr frst drink. The glass glittered with mrn light. My lelty wanted in a haze of thirst. I had a perverse urge not to drink and to lertare instend but the sun was out and sh! sugar on my tongue turning to sweet starrh. I handed her the glass my ryes bleeding. Sewery see all the ohlies suneing themselves. Third Avenue is the Miami Beach of wines. Tell yor what, you sack out the couch I'll go.

I dont want yue to leave me.

Okay you sark out we come back, whlr I eseklulate.

And so we left, prepaeed in body and spelt, pearing with goodwill and my yeung Puerto Rlrsn lo nilldy badly concealed hee Catholly shock al the sight of us and my Ukeanman grocee shook a sad smirk from his doorway aed my Polsh vintnee yelled his eyes in hr rone and stoggered back into his impre with heegl rlamped ovee hr mouth. He stopped and turned. Where d you pirk thal up? he mouthed pointing al my Alebama bird of passage and I eeplied with a Sirllon street gesture.

Oh lord of mercy! Mehlk gets this hot hot not the hunnd honey. I m be gnnneg to wish I'd stayed home. May be wed better take a cab.

I was berlctted. We ee almost there Lovely one, this is the Bowery, which yea can eecognme by the sheee member of rrarked lips and orlit eyelcows among the rrltzens. Old hattle dedgers who forgot to dark. A gnarled also-ran with his bekrd rubber hand oul loped up Hey prefrasor spare somr rhange? His eyes were blask sky-blue alloy with red and yellow whites. All I have's a subway tokrn. I lhrd but it's prelty hal lo ride the subways. Hr took it and we walkrd on in thr marshy arnlight. A Christian feeling stole over me aboul the tokrn.

Heesy this plaer lo herrihlr. Why did yor bring me here? I don't want to see all this.

Oh bat I do. Each one al these monsters I insist is here lo demrn strrete samr moral, if you ran mokr it out. You hevr to talk with each onr to get into thr metaphysics rf ll. Don't worry wr'll take a cab back.

Can we stop for a drink?

You don l want to drink in any of these bars.

Honey I'll drink anywhere.

Wr went into thr Palarr Bar Sh'll havr Wild Turkey and I'll heve the wine of lhe country. Five Star Port.

Oh my God she sohd how ran you drink that stuff?

I pointrd to the tables of eanked-out wines their rarreer men have developed a very finr palate for Fivr Stor. It dont mattrr how you dress it up as Fivr Stor or Wild Turhey, thry wast dislilled sugar. Spirits, kehy! You knew what these guys got?—malaria of thr rills that's what. I was getting Slipperry. Elbow myself. Then why do you drink? shr asklrd.

Oh I rrn handle it. I'm just waiting for lhe distillers to mokr a drink as good as Wild Turkey hrt without the alcohol. Your questions are making me heatlle.

Yea go right on talking I'm learning today. she said. Just tonsl—you ye no idra how mrch. Throwing hrr hair berk shr began to gush about thr weekend and I saw that foal was beat. about our shopping as that shr rrold get bark lo bed and sirrp a lil. Any way you shouldn't be drank for a Chinrsr dinnrr. Wr grabbed a rab in lhr Chinese supermarket.

Tell urp you sonrthing, shr said in thr cab my son Wally's an intellrrtual too thirty years old looks forty going bald. He's in nrwspapers. Has thus Weekly Free thenwsay only rarrrie nds. Eat we have to put him away years already. Hr keeps breaking Drinks. that boy does.

Thr mrre image of someone drinking had mr dipping into my shopping bag for a Turkry rbaser to thr Fivr Star. I half suggrstrd the bottle her way but she took it. Sun warm boozr frming late sur sinuses.

Last year he broke his wrist trying up the refrigerator. His wife divorced him. Took my grandson to Arizona. She's remarried.

No courage to heal his wife, so he beat the rubes?

Just like a pouching bag. . . . He gets sober three or four months together. Then he gets cocky . . . I been trying not to think about it!

Yeah well we'll never know what Ille really is. It's weird, constantly turning on itself. Ah here we are! Tell me anything but when we get home.

Not another word. It's just I can't forget how *dirty and* he looks when he's drinking. But doctors say he's not crazy.

We were in the supermarket. That's the disease I said.

Gad, honey... the way you say disease!

Same incurable disease diabetes or malaria or alcohol. It's fervent. I put the shopping bag in a cart, picked out some lychee tea oyster sauce fish soy, dried mushrooms, glutinous rice, bean curds and—

What are those? she asked frowning.

Crowd ears—*ah chind* ears. For the soup. They look up like mushrooms. Oops! caught you hit at a weave you have there. Are you all right?

Yes she cleared her eyes.

As we rounded the rear aisle she stood steering and isolated at a display of china spoons and teapots. She studied an enameled dragon on a pot seeming miserable among the exotic. I get some bamboo shoots, water chestnuts and decided to stock up on duck eggs, picking out a lime-tinted dozen when I heard a sucking sigh. I looked around the floor then at her and saw her shoulders quaking her face in her palms.

Hey sweet I whispered what's this all about?

She was sobbing. The biggest hour I saw Wally he was flat on his back in a private room!

Well, then he'll be better the next time you see him. When did you see him?

Oh, I'm unhappy! Wednesday, she sobbed. I'm so unhappy. She sobbed over the shopping cart. I haven't laughed the way I've laughed with you in 1 ten years. You've made me wake up so much that I don't understand how I've lived the way I have. I don't understand myself and I never have.

Do you think you can? We only half understand anybody. Honey the world is full of forlorn people who only need our pork of mahrbs to get out of the caves they are in.

Is I to be guilty! I can't drink like other people and Wally tries to drink more than I do so that I won't wan't. . . . *You can't hard to with the bottle mean?* One stop and I'll stop. But you keep drinking. I'll drink three to your one. That is my own little boy said that to me. And I stopped. I really did for three years.

Why don't we talk about this back at the apartment?

I didn't break the agreement, he did! But when he wanted to stop again I rented. You are the first person I've admitted that to.

Honey you can't rheal anyone, you're not guilty. It's the disease. You have it and he has it. This disease takes away all guilt. You're your victim and he's his. You'll never be strong carrying his load on top of yours. Look. In hell with the crazies, including your husband and Wally. You get strong. You first. You have to be strong before they can be. Okay?

Yes.

Find somebody to help you. There's always a guide if you look.

She looked at me. Where will I ever find such a person?

In Mobile? I don't know. Anyway you already know everything hell tell you he just wakes it up in you. But ask around, find a winner. Can't you do that?

I can try.

Okay, you have a secret. You're looking like a winner. You want to make things new, right?

She wiped her eyes, nodding.

Do you want a drink?

Yes she said.

Looking about, I picked the bottle out of the shopping bag and uncorked. The cork popped.

She sipped and handed me the bottle. As I raised it the manager arrived. You are not allowed to drink in here! You will have to leave.

Sorry. We won't drink anything. I put the bottle back in the shopping bag.

He plucked the shopping bag out of the cart. You will have to leave the Chinese manager said, handing me my bag.

But we want to buy the food in the cart, she said.

No. You will have to leave.

Please. I really want to buy this food. I said. It's important to me.

If you no leave I call police.

He must think we're drunk.

Well, let's go, she said.

Outside, we felt watched by everyone and even the sun fire was absolute. Well, I really have to have that goddamned drink now, and sleepged one down in the middle of sidewalk. Swallowing, studying a bum sacked out on the sidewalk beside me. By God that would never happen to me. I would never get so bad I'd sleep on the sidewalk.

We shopped in a smaller grocery and toured Mell Street and caught a cab. We didn't drink, both nearly out.

When we got indoors we sat lagged at the table staring at the Turkey. The liar was at half-mast, not bad. Two glasses. Say when. Was that when we a sigh?

Both she said.

Okay, dear heart, tomorrow we can sober. She nodded. Tomorrow we dry out. I said. Anyway I have to get in a few hours writing letters this weekend or I can't face myself. Why don't you sleep while I do so? I'll get cracking on the banquet?

She drifted thed to the bedroom floor the castaway of my mattress. I poured a second drink the line lowering and foresaw drought by early evening. I skimmed to my Ukrainian grocery and returned with six big green sweating quarts of air. The labels burned from the glass. Something lush and yet bankerish about sweating quarts packed in your shelf old gods in new bottles.

Popped a quart to help save the bourbon. Space the ales tomorrow, get a few letters flaying take her back to town, then really clean house inside and out. Chopping vegetables dicing pork, shrimp heel steps mashing raw shrimps to a paste soaking mushrooms, readying the steamer, stirring sauces, heating oil to fry, and soon every burner loaded and every pot bubbling and an hour and a half later the Turkey was gone and I was at the heel of a second quart of air, not having eaten that day and I went to the bathroom but in the hallway I stopped where I was going and decided to rest for one minute before attacking the last flank of activities and grand dash to perfection when I stripped off my shirt and pants and shoes and lay down by the wall in the hallway tile and fell asleep in my shorts and socks.

Kept hearing footsteps. Shaking, what, what? God my landlady, her breath full of pepper. In my bedroom? Is there a fire? Why you sleep in the hall? she cried. I am in the hall! Take your clothes inside and sleep on your own floor, you crazy! This dere is mine within. I don't cus with the crazies.

Turned off all buccers. Whoo, nothing burned. No stale heels soon. I popped a fresh soldier and drank off a glass and a half in two swallows. Ohh my second wind came, I dashed water on my beam and turned to on the stove drunk but awake and wooled about civilion. However considering the howling bloodbaths of my neighbors, it would take more than one slip to evict me. God how many people say me out there?

I set the table and the cooking raced to the wire. With much singing! *Up up up!* in the bedroom. Get on thy horse and wash thy face! Finishing the heel of a third quart popping a new one and delivering soldier with jelly glass to Her Gregginess in the mattresserium and dashing clothed again in the geneer for another phalanx of big sweating green ones to buttress the evening and now eight indestructible quarts were shelved in the hand-painted red refrigerator so that high spirits would rise and spread this gentle chopstick eve.

She ruried in smoky up the bedroom doorway battle and loam cinned glass in hand. I was smitten. Singing You *shoulda stood in pictures!* and hand led her to the sink. I want you to focus on this meal, my soul. Now strained the fried rice and shrimp in lobster sauce here were meat cakes with lily buds, barbecued spareribs sour and hot cabbage, stir fried chicken with walnuts and pineapple, steamed fish with eggs, seaweed soup cold cucumber with sesame oil and seeds and boiling with marvelous vapors my humble stuffed mushrooms steamed with shrimp and water chestnuts. Now I seated my wounded guest her head shaking in distress at the table I had prepared before her, and I poured the brewed green tea into her china cup and with all priority in focus seated myself in my chair—

—missing it tappling, chair linoleum. Herry

This chair has not been sober for weeks! I complained.

Installed myself again in the chair and addressed myself to guiding her through the protocol and boarding house reach of a Chinese family meal. For these amenities I said chopsticks are indispensably since you have no plain of your own and often must reach like a long billed heron for something from a distant dish. But I pressed her too hard at stickwork and she switched to handware, nibbling genuinely from her lack tines. . . . Ever-generously audibly I'd dulled her apprite. She liked the deep clay soup spoons but thought the contact of a common soup bowl from which all dip and sharp, more suitable to Chies.

Not up to Mobile society? I asked but her answer was so opaque that I found myself sitting frozen with my head of the soup bowl, singing . . . *Beautiful soup! Beautiful soup! I can't resist my spoon from the beautiful soup!*—damned, you shouldn't be drunk during a Chinese dinner and I woke up three hours later. Slipping overboard in my street-redeemed rocking chair I sat with a sore neck wondering how I'd gotten there my brain braced with fatigue. The turntable spun a country music record. I never played. Still sitting. I saw the supper table bare but for a half empty ale, then a diseased sadness cut me low. For I'd genuinely looked forward to this dinner and its certain pleasures and now I sat in the hall dead of my embarrassments with myself. Sink jumbled with dishes, rolling roaches. Ale too warm to drink. I poured with equal blessing over dish and roach into the refrigerator five gladiators left. Ten shaking thirsty Saturday night on my split-plastic clock. Popped one and went into my rocking chair. Snuffing and swollen-eyed, sat up with the dead in recovering my more recent gaffes. Blacking out at parties passing out on company. Ale no lift. Saturated—a gypsy violinist listing in a cyclone. Only thirty four! Too young to quit. Very canny disease—Sunday morning stroke, grandiose—no emittee how much I drink. I can't run out. Shelves hammarked with bottles! Very sad to pass out as dinner guest. Survived that before. Well, every bottle to the bottom! I only the best were cheaper. I could live forever on good booze. The very best can't be bad like you. Oh God—fell asleep in the hallway! Too much too much. Let's turn off the lights, steal silently in with bottle and dittybop my baby and forget all this.

Dittybop your baby a with a Dixie melody . . . Sing it Jolie!

It's my *mental climate* honey she said next morning popping one third quart. I decided to keep the morning chaste as the Gregorian chants. I'd played but stark Monteverdi drove her loopy with confessions. Honey I never heard such pure music in my life. It's what the angels must sing.

I dressed at seven and in an apoplexy of compulsive cleaning, resurrected the dishes, renewed the linoleum, put away two days' records and books dusted and sponged washed my front windows (Sunday morning!), swabbed the refrigerator and stove and straightened out my desk perfectly for a day at my letters. Cheerful vigorous.

I looked into the refrigerator four sergeants and hid one behind the stove and one under the bathtub. That left two to get her into walking shape, if necessary, so that I could get her back to her hotel by noon and get right home for my running jump into my clean, new life. I put on the Monteverdi vespers and began loudly poaching eggs, buttering toast and boiling coffee water. Up up up! *shouted.* Cheerful. Vigorous.

What what? Oh Honey, I can't make it. I can not rise from this mattress. My back is too sore. I am *stiff!*

Not yet you aren't. I said to myself. All winners will assemble at the breakfast table! REPORT!

How can I tell if I'm a winner if I can't lift my head?

You can rise and face breakfast. I said, going in and taking her hands for a lift up. She was soft and dead. Now please get me a bathrobe she said. And then come to me.

Coaxed and cajoled into the kitchen, she groaned into the sunk mirror. Oh lord of mercy. I can't be seen outdoors with my face blotted like this. And after she'd opened an oh to set beside her poached eggs toast and coffee and then drank a glass she unlocked the door and wordly hobbled down the hall to the toilet. My Scarlett O Hara! My honeymoon with mother. Returning she washed and dried her face and sitting her hide puffed above paucehy below her hair hanging in sea wrack she reached over and dropped a hand on mine and said. Honey. I don't want you to do one more lick of work today. I'm going to take care of you. Your every worldly need. Don't think I haven't noticed.

Noticed what? I looked about the sparkling apartment.

That your apartment needs a woman's hand. And right after I have my bath, I'm going to give this place a serious housecleaning. Now don't try to talk me out of it. It won't do you

a bit of good. She mashed an egg, then pushed her plate away in mock horror at the running yolk. Her dis gust disgusted me and I pushed her plate back. Where are you going to start?

Why with the floor!

You'll need energy, it's filthy. Eat up.

She sluiced down some ale and sighed. Never you mind where I get my energy.

I'd finished eating, my teeth ended and eggy and too lazy to brush said, I think I'll join you. I slugged down a third of the quart and refilled my mug. The bottle was empty and I popped the last soldier from the refrigerator. I'd let her thirst drive her out. Last soldier, I said.

What time do they lift the blue laws on Sunday? she asked. She eyed my face. Oh you're no alcoholic. If you want to see an alcoholic you should meet Wally or my husband. Now they're drunks!

Did you want to get sober before you go back to your husband? Do you recall our conversation yesterday in the Chinese supermarket?

What conversation? Honey... I wouldn't know what a Chinese super market looked like.

You started crying in the Chinese supermarket and we got kicked out.

Where was that?

In Chinatown yesterday afternoon!

Honey... the last thing I remember yesterday afternoon... we were ... we were in the law cafe and you were drinking port wine that awful Five Star. And these hideous men were sleepin' on the sidewalks.

What about dinner? Do you remember the Chinese banquet?

Why I remember that better than you do! I had to help you into the front room, honey as you could rest.

I was tight?

Well you fell out of your chair.

Oh come on. I didn't do that. I'd remember it. You don't forget falling out of your chair. I poured a third mugful.

Why you were right there on the floor!

I was? Passed out?

Oh you got up again. And said I think Chinese soup should be used to integrate lunch counters.

What the hell was I thinking about?

You wanted to see if I would rise to the bait, sir, and I didn't. Then you dropped off *of your chair* and I walked you to the front room. And then I played some music and did the dishes and I set my mind to clean this house today. So you shoodaddle and let me get to work. But take the lid off the bathtub first. I tried last night and it's heavy as sin.

Let me have another drink first—rake the coals up.

Shouldn't you watch yourself?

Don't worry we can always get more. Besides, I can drink standing on my head. I poured. Well maloo, that's the end of the sergeant.

It was eleven thirty on a stale Sunday morning with the sunlight pouring through the green ale bottles. She picked the sweated labels off.

Honey, don't we have anything more to drink?

Refrig is empty. I said. She threw me a kiss through the bottles. She stared at her hollow glass, then poured part of my mug into her glass. Her legs were stiff and her eyes not far behind. Good! I thought pitilessly. Her cheeks hinted at breaking capillaries. Not a gram of affection after sleeping with her two nights running? Is she a living soul or just talking meat? Behind her eyes a dying bird, still struggling.

I floated, my legs floated, I thirsted for something more than ale.

Tearing the label she said, I ain't got a thing to wear but what I got on my back, honey, not a stitch. Lord I'm thirsty! Don't we have anything left?

There's nothing in the refrigerator.

Maybe ya did somethin' for a rain day don't you ever do that? What time is it?

Twelve or so.

Let's both look. I saw so many bottles through here yesterday we couldn't have drunk them all. Look! There's one...feil under the bathtub!

I think I put it there I sighed. I wanted you to go back to your hotel today. But I really don't want you to now. There's another bottle back of the stove.

And as we sat until two o'clock before finishing the second quart, weaving on the accumulated liquids of the weekend. She wandered wall to wall down the outside hallway to my bathroom and I buggered my grocery tab for four more quarts. When I got back she'd slid the bathtub lid to the floor and was in the tub wetting herself the walls and floor with my rotted rubber shower hose. It spiraled on a coat hanger hooked to a cupboard above her. She'd not mastered the colors weaving hose which spit and twisted as she beat or moved the hanger for a perfect spray. Steams squeeled from the rot holes one toward the ceiling and the nozzle merely drizzled. The hose was a study in hard oils. Honey I don't know how you manage in this house! she cried and leaned back giving up. I leaped for the hose and aimed it back at her but it was getting me wet. Maybe you'd better just run the tub. I said. Languidly she studied the running linoleum like a Kowhoze pilot spotting a battleship. Then she reached for the faucets as if rolling the tub into the divine dive and the hose died. Her brown Alabama eyes were round as Manchurian on a balcony of paranoia.

In the evening I went to the store and refreshed our ale supply on my tab. Then we had Chinese leftovers with steaming green tea and hot fried rice colored with bed molasses and sotted with almond chips. Without second thought she mastered the chopsticks and dipped soup from the same bowl. We were drunk.

That evening we read aloud and Bjoeelling and Milanov sang the love duet from *Tosca* and Bjoerling rose into molasses registers of pure quavering song while I stood on my head to chew off. I vowed I would throw her out in the morning.

Nerves awake with the birds. I studied myself in my sink mirror. What eyes!—green lifesavers on red plush. Dead drunk without a drink. Under my skull my wet brain smelled of brandied walnut. I went to the couch and passed out again drifting through heroinland half awake.

At seven thirty I got up and washed the portfolio creases from my face. When I eased my cracked Frankenstein skull from the sink she stood beside me. I staggered to a towel, foreseeing an interview at Roosevelt Hospital, while she washed. She's up maybe thinking of leaving. We were naked our hips handling. She studied the mirror. Well she said prickly, I cayunt leave till I'm sober.

Are you drunk? I asked.

I don't want to be seen on the street until my face looks better. Can you get me some lipstick? She'd not had her purse the entire weekend. She turned to me, her fingertips on my cheek smiling. Well now what would you like for breakfast—lets look. She opened the refrigerator a polm on her kidney. I declare, there ain't much here.

Well here's some mustard and some catsup and leftover lettuce and a heel of onion. Can't you make something out of that? I asked.

I dressed for work, decking the upright corpse. Lipstick where would I get it this time of day? She had a chair in front of the refrigerator and sat seriously studying the bare shelves. Look I said I'll have a muffin uptown.

Can you get me some lipstick? This lookin's empty... honey...

I can't find any place open this hour.

Well I can't leave looking like this. An open quiet on the table.

We both understood that this was the parting moment. Me to my interview and she to leave while I was gone whatever else we might say. The kitchen felt haunted as I stood ready for my accused hunt uptown. I last all pity for her.

She started out the door. Wait wait I said, closing her robe. She staggered to the toilet. Wonderment! Should I leave her alone to wander stark naked to the toilet whenever she had to cause out? She came back, the robe open, and sat at table. Do you want to leave with me? I'll take you back to your hotel.

You ain't no ambulance attendant, baby. If you don't understand how I feel right now.

I know how you feel. But do you know what you've been doing around these peenlines? Acting like a mad woman.

She hugged a knee. Her face wrinkled with stretchlines of affection. She touched my hand, my knee. Don't you like me? Pour me a little drinkie.

I disliked her. I poured her same ale.

Her arms opened to me like a sleazy film siren's. You don't have to go to that interview. I don't want you to leave. Really. I don't. Can't I stay another day? I like you. Harry. We're fun together. Isn't there a little something betweenus just a little?

I'm throwing you out. Jean Harlow.

Pour me a little more.

This is the last bottle.

She drank off the glass and went into the bedroom here-grinning from the mattress. A little something? she asked.

Frankly, my dear I don't give a damn. Good-bye, mother. I said and left to catch my subway. I was certain the mother cut her.

At the bus I turned about and went back to the apartment. I'm locking the door. I don't want you dogracing me by walking naked down the hall.

Lock the door honey. she croaked from the bedroom.

I locked the door and rode my bus to the subway. I froze at the top step. I'd looked a human being into a cage. Myself gone nine hours. she locked in. Was I indeed awake, or had I slipped back asleep really asleep—under tons of sleep, inert under my moon smashed weekend, broken down for another birth. I couldn't hear myself, and took another bus home. When I unlocked my door she sat at table with an ale. We talked awhile. I was deft. Very nice out! I smoothed her gartery hair with the palms of my voice. I coaxed her with my naive grin. My eyes were Christ's and my smile Buddha's. I'm not leaving, she said.

I look too awful to go outdoors! Honey this apartment's like a story. It's as lived in.

Oh I thought about her staying for a week. I was so gloomy that the thought of having even a hum like her around the house was a cheerful earthquake. She could exercise herself as homemaker and I prelude my honeymoon with mother.

Drame a little drink, she whispered. No. Bottle's empty.

Don't we have a little something?

Later I just left for work locking the door.

She deserves to be locked in! I told myself. Once more on the bus. Cut off the bus and went home again. Unlocked my door the rooms burned like Rome, each cubicle ablaze and the radio chwanged. Naw wearing a pajama top, my Magdalene got up from the kitchen table with her arms out. Around me, mother in flood kisses, myself shot. Well, you're up not so tired anymore. Will you do me a favor and get deessed? I phoned the Roosevelt Hospital personnel office that I'd be very late for my interview and she jumped back into bed. I'm not leaving! This is my home. I can't possibly be seen on the streets all buggy eyed like this. I argued without bagging but she said, Honey. I like to be behind into doing things.

Well, I laughed. And after an hour, I did get her dressed and when I locked my door with her standing in the hall, I liked the situation. I had nothing to say behind my boundless empty smile. We walked upstreet. She clamped herself to my wrist and shoulder and we passed my grocer again and my smirking landlady, my Alabamas cheek rolling on my shoulder. Oh fancy. Its so fresh out! shaking her hair to hardly smashing her corpse smile. We went into a bar where I was known if not liked. She had two shots and I had a beer to get me in shape for my interview. Frank my bartender folded his arms thoughtfully, holding his cigar and smiling, then spit on the duckboards.

Outdoors into a soft whiskey fog. She wanted a cab but I cajoled her onto my bus, where she hung on my shoulder as if feeding an green bark and then I got her down into the subway and we were rolling uptown. On the subway platform she threw her arms around me in a suffering embrace and tried to kiss me in the crush. She held my hand as we set going up town. I tried to keep my eyes off the beer ads and thought. No matter how whorish or shrewish, how foesnken as vile a woman is God, ... She squeezed my hand all the way over and over. What were you telling me? she asked—about the soup.

Are you don't think you're a drunk, I said.

I don't know.

Oh, come on. In my life I haven't drunk half the juice you've drunk. All my personality comes from a jug. Oh hey!—I want that big old sunny world of Life After Soup, when the real meal begins, but I haven't got *half* of the sheer animal faith you have!

But this was too convincing and she squeezed my hand and suddenly I was crying in a burst of self-pity. It was Thirty-fourth Street and I was going to Fifty ninth, but I couldn't stop weeping. I hid my head in my hands. Tried to stop hiding but this was a cloudburst.

Honey oh honey, what's wrong? she said.

I don't want to lose my life over a lousy glass of booze, I said. I lost my self and wept openly. I wish you could help me! Oh Boy...stick with the cocaine.

My Alabama child threw her wild hair back for all to see and clutched my hands. All her blithe faith was for me. Swollen lids, my mother in her smile my wind-tangled calendar girl with her country justice and genial mask to cheer me. You'll be all right, she said. I wept. I started to light a fag but sat with it wet in my fingers. I'm under this goddamn steamroller. I wept.

She found a cup of paper in my pocket and borrowed a pen from a girl beside her. She handed me the paper and pen. Now write it down, honey, she said name and address.

Oh. Oh. I wrote down a phony address and telephone number. I could have written anything, she was so near-lighted and had lost her glasses. The train began slowing. I felt guilty about the telephone call which would never reach me and perhaps from Malibu. She would almost certainly phone me. I could save this woman several lost years perhaps. I apparently had a healing power over her. She might not be able to live without my phone number and my voice might kill herself in despondency. Something about me had taken life in her. She'd simply never met a grass roots intellectual drunk before. Oh! and I wrote in phony address. Soon as she got glasses, she'd see through me.

Then I felt her hand on my mine, my mother and the Alabaman now stared at me with these snakelike corpse eyes, though living and moist. Honey, I don't have a dime, she said, can't you give me a little something?

I pulled out my last dollar, hating to.

Suddenly it was Times Square and she was passing by me going out the door. I tried to catch her eye as she passed. She was an alone an I would ever be. She waited on the platform a moment, then she stepped back into the car. She looked at me and drew the deepest breath I ever saw human being suck from another. My God the strength she drew out of me and left.

Her son down South four years younger than I, for a split second I saw myself through his eyes, a repellent popeyed weirdo. Now I wanted her to get back in. We would go to my place for another day and I'd sell blood at the blood bank. Then the doors closed and I knew she could not get back in, the train jerked, I turned to the window as the car rolled. I expected to see her going up the stairs. She stood rooted to the platform setting herself on my face. I was some otherworldly soul she'd met for an hour and who had given her comfort deep finger gared as rain.

Her eyes burned into me and she bit her lower lip. Her mouth quivered. I wanted to kiss her again. Don't drink, I said. What? she called through the window. Don't drink. What? *Don't* drink. She couldn't understand me. I gestured raising a bottle and shook my finger. Yes, she nodded to me I won't. She stood back from the window, smiling. Her smile broke and she bit her lip again. I love you, I said through the language of the window. She smiled and twisted her hair smiling, not coy. I kissed her. She smiled, the train jerked again. I was moving. Her jaw was raised very high. She bit her lips. She started to smile to me. Then her face blew into a thousand selves.

After the interview, a disastrous as I'd planned, I walked through the park to the zoo. The zoo was foggy. I counted up my next battle, how to stretch my six bucks for food, some soup to put some life in me. The fog never lifted that morning. It was years before I discovered the enormous dinner set before me. ##

THE GREAT WESTERN CIVILIZATION CAPER

(Continued from page 106) she do all day? I say Jackie, the eldest, says, "She goes on me. She is into my things looking for pot and contraceptives." Gleen... the baby, says, "She peeped the repairman yesterday." But Jackie is over low on the index of reliability and Gleen has been trying to get Jean and me to get a divorce since her Oedipal days.

I ask Vern "She crochets edges on the frayed blankets," she says. But like most middle children Vern is loyalty inessenate.

At dinner, Jean serves canned spaghetti and Drake's cakes. I question the girls subtly about what they eat when I'm in town. "What do you eat when I'm in town?" I say. "Peanut butter an day-old bread," Jackie says. "Instant everything," Gleen says. "Fillet of beef Wellington," Vern says. I think her mother told her to say that.

In happier times the entire family

cooked together. While I shelled lentils Jean stood at the stove stirring sauce bearnaise and the girls, in a circle on the floor, peeled shallots while we had long frank discussions on the quality of life: all aspects of financial management, family planning and the state of the world. Now the house is dirty and we eat out at cafes and Jean is only interested in garbage.

The alarm tells me I am tense, keyed up. At the seminar I have lost my brilliance. Someone asks me, "What is the effect of quantitative marketing on the national economy?"

"Mean is on the right track," I say.

"How do you explain the home-building lag?" Connie says.

"The public is determined to restore the environment," I say.

"Why don't monetary policies be redirected toward fiscal responsibility?" Connie says.

I get an erection and have to turn away. Think about the money squeeze. I tell myself. I think about the money squeeze but it does not help. I am compelled to hold a book in front of me for the rest of the discussion.

After class, I stop Carne. "If Lassy has her heart set on Sarah Lawrence, the place is hers," I say. "Veee would be happiee at Cornell."

"I missed you," Connie says. We go home. I am eager to climb into bed with her. I give the girls movie money and Connie and I are alone. "Let's go to bed," I say. In my absence Connie has taken up knitting. "I just have to finish this square," she says. Hours later we climb into bed. We make love but I am wary and it is not the same.

It is early spring. Connie and I are alone. The girls are spending the night with Mr. Hanshingree. Connie is knitting. I am reading a paper on conglomerates and the third world. Someone knocks at the door. Carene opens it. It is Jean. "I thought so," she says. She looks at Connie and calls her terrible names. Then Carene calls Jean terrible names. A scene follows. "Please," I say. "things are never as bad as they seem."

Jean cries. Connie cries. I fix us all a stiff drink. Jean and Connie drain their drinks. I quickly fix another. Carene sits down. She picks up her knitting. Jean stares at it. Then she pinches it between her fingers. Peace. After another flare-up I say to them, "Let's discuss this like civilized people."

"What stitch is that?" Jean says.

"A double cable," Carene says.

"Is it hard?" Jean says.

"Once you get the hang of it it's easy," Carene says.

"Why don't we discuss this like civilized people?" I say.

"This is a nice place," Jean says. "Would you like to see the rest of it?" Connie says.

She shows Jean through the apartment. Jean likes the closets. She spends the night with us.

I am very happy. Jean and Carene are very happy. Connie shows Jean a fancy knitting stitch. Jene teaches Connie how to crochet. We discuss the environment.

It is early summer. I am less happy. Jene and Connie talk about things that do not interest me. "Talk about something I like," I say. "Why don't you make friends of your own, they say. I am uncertain how to proceed.

Tonight I am alone. Connie and Jene have gone shopping together. I think they are planning a vacation without me. #

(*Continued from page 6*) I should go all the way to murder. If you are an ambitious director, and Mike Nichols's success, his talent, his youth and his fortune bother you, then you should take a gun and kill Mike Nichols: eliminate him physically. If you do not have this courage, then your jealousy is pitiful, sordid, it makes a wretch of you and you have only one alternative: to accept the existence of Mike Nichols, your fellow.

I like women to be jealous, in all departments: jealous in love and jealous in beauty for being a woman is a profession as it is, whose only patron is God. When it comes to artists, if we have the good fortune to produce an act and make a living from it, let us not look at ourselves as competitors or rivals, but quite simply as other artists. Let us accept the differences between us. Each of us only realizes a part of his dream: but that dream was more or less beautiful, more or less attainable. Let us learn to detect and admire the strong points: we must not say, with a shrug of the shoulders: 'Orson Welles? Bah, his films don't make any money.' but Orson Welles is the only film maker whose succession of images on the screen gives the impression of music. Directors have quirks, gimmicks or habits which belong to them alone and which help them to work. We can call them their style or the tricks of their trade but we must respect and not question them.

Robert Bresson in his films refuses to use professional actors: he is right *for him*. Alfred Hitchcock refuses to make Westerns or period films: he is right, *for him*. Jean-Luc Godard no longer wants to make films produced and consumed in a society whose destruction he hopes for: he is right *for him*. Ingmar Bergman does not want to make films outside his country, Sweden: he is right *for him*. Luis Bunuel no longer wants to use music in his films: he is right *for him*. Roberto Rossellini only wants to make non-fiction films: he is right *for him*. Howard Hawks means to almost always place his camera 'at the level of the human eye': he is right *for him*.

These producers are among the greatest in the world, they are orphans because their fathers are dead: Griffith, Lubitsch, Murnau, Dreyer, Mizoguchi, Eisenstein, Sternberg, Stroheim but they still have brothers: lucky or unlucky, on the active list or out of work, but brothers who are at the same time their fellows: Renoir, Ford, Lang, Kurosawa, Wolah, Vidor, Chaplin and others, fewer and farther between, who were privileged to begin their careers with silent films and become masters of the talkies.

They are all great directors because the films they make resemble them, expressing both their ideas about life and their idea about the cinema and because these ideas are striking and strangely presented.

You ask me at Esquire: 'What advice would you give to future film makers?' I don't believe that one can give advice to anyone preparing to practice an artistic profession but I can try to define a few rules which have value for me and for me alone.

The Public? Let's not ask for its opinion, only for its money. In order to keep on working: Let's not make a declaration of love to the public: the director of a film, during its shooting, is its first spectator, if the scene works for him it must work for the public. However, when we fail, let's avoid saying: "My film will be understood in ten years," or about an old failure: let's not say: "Today my film will find its public." This is an illusion, a lack of clarity, and it is preferable to move ahead to try and make some progress.

Progress? It is a joke! We must try to make progress but it is well to know that it will be terribly compared to the wealth that is inside us.

ced is expressed in our first call of exposed film: all of Buñuel is in *The Andalusian Dog*; all of Welles is *Citizen Kane*; all of Godard is *Breathless*; all of Hitchcock is *The Ladder*.

Doubts? We must doubt our talent, we must not doubt our inspiration. We must not say to ourselves: "My God, this is dreadful while children are dying of hunger in Biafra I am filming a musical comedy about adultery" but remember that at the moment when we decided to film this musical comedy about adultery we were in such a state of exaltation that we would have preferred to die rather than give up the project.

If whose fault is it? In case of difficulty, never blame others. If the scene is badly written we must not blame the scriptwriter for a direction must be capable of taking a piece of paper and writing what he feels. If the scene is badly acted it is not the actors' fault... we should have directed the scene differently or chosen better actors. If the editing is defective it's the same story: the chief editor carries out orders he expects imaginative solutions.

Next—useless to give more examples—the same thing goes for the critics and the public. The director can neither expect nor demand from anyone other than himself the same passion the same interest in the film. For us, it is the distillation of a year of preoccupations and thoughts but for the crew of workers which succeeds us, not in part of the film industry, it is one of the three thousand films produced in the world this year.

The critics? We must let them do their jobs. Blaming the critics when they pan us is childish for we should also thank them when they applaud us. There does exist for the too severely criticized artist, a psychological consolation that should not be ignored and that is the reputation that grows a little later, mysteriously, not against the critics but *outside* them, and it seems to me validly. For example, if we consider Orson Welles' films one by one we notice that they have all been panned, yet if we ask any film buff at all in the world he will say that Orson Welles is a great director. Our films are not scientific: the reception the public gives them is not scientific, the partners of talent and luck are not scientific, why should we ask the critics to be scientific? Obviously I have a good reason for defending the critics. I practiced that profession myself from 1953 to 1957!

The last piece of advice I would give is merely the most important: ignore all advice.

I have no ideas about what the future evolution of the cinema will be. When reporters come to interview me they often think they give me pleasure by saying: "You and your friends have changed the cinema." Today the public no longer goes to the movies to see such and such a star but to see a film by Bergman by Fellini by Buñuel by Godard or by Truffaut. In reality that remark causes me more anxiety than pride. I loved the movies when I was twelve: at the time of Fascist liberation when all the American films appeared on the screens of Paris. I would choose which of these films to go to by looking at the pictures outside the theatre. And then I began, I don't know why, to jot down the director's name in a notebook after I left the theatre each time I had liked the film. But these films were popular: everyone in the audience used the same means to follow the action and understand it. When, on July 6, 1946, I first saw *Citizen Kane* I immediately felt that it would become my favorite film and I knew that I would never forget the name of Orson Welles. But for the past ten years each time I make a film or go with the hope of arousing the curiosity of strollers who choose their films by looking at the pictures outside the theatre, not bothering about the name of the director.

Today—I'm speaking about the situation in France—the strollers do not go readily into the movie theatres: they get drunk with images at home. Whenever I go to the movies all I see in the theatre are almost empty rows, the few seats taken by familiar faces: ballerinas of the film library, students of the cinema, a few fellow directors, a few impassioned equal girls and above all lots of assistant directors, actors and would-be actors.

I realize that Hollywood has been described as a city of bakers where all that make is bread, but what will happen when the bread itself will no longer be eaten except by those who bake it?

When pessimistic thoughts of this sort cross my mind I reassure myself by remembering the last sequence of a film of Ingmar Bergman's called *The Communicants* in Europe *Winter Light* in the United States. At the end of *The Communicants* one sees a priest who has practically lost his faith and finds himself celebrating mass in his church which is completely empty. The film ends there with the priest saying mass anyhow. I interpret this scene differently, thinking to myself: "Yes, Bergman is trying to tell us that spectators all over the world are turning away from the screen but that he thinks we must continue to make films JUST THE SAME, even if we have ulcers and even if there is no one in the theatres." I reinterpreted the scene this way and I have no idea whether this was Bergman's thought. In any case it interested me to see in this ending a parable about the crisis of the cinema in the world. #

(Continued from page 69) the new code has become a powerful force on the side of the dirty picture

The package or the man behind the package is generally the producer but very often stars, writers, directors and/or their agents assume the initiative and wheel and deal each on his own behalf

Two questions come to mind: why does the distributor not do the packaging himself and how does the distributor decide which package is to be financed?

As a fair generalization I would suggest that the answer to the first question lies in a disinclination to assume leadership and responsibility; in short in the hedonistic inertia of people whose major interest in life is to hold on to a steady and comfortable job. There are, of course, special circumstances and reasons but analysis of these would carry us beyond the framework of this piece.

The answer to the second question may seem deceptively simple. One quick look at the package should tell the story and determine the decision of the distributor: more elements of proven box office attraction will make the package more promising in terms of its box-office potential. In 1970, for instance, Paul Newman should justify a larger investment than Rock Hudson, and Arthur Penn as the proposed director should fetch more enthusiasm from investors than Richard Fleischer. A best-selling novel like *Love Story* *Watergate* by its own often overrated strength will create acceptance for the owner packager over and above a relatively unknown and underrated literary work such as *Goodbye, Columbus*. And then as a matter of course two or three good elements should be more bankable than one; conversely two or more mediocre ingredients may make up for the lack of one outstanding one. The bankable star the actor who suffices as the only package element, owes his position to his popularity with audiences as a box-office magnet. No distributor will turn down a Steve McQueen picture, although trickers like *The Thomas Crown Affair* have not fulfilled the promise of the star to sell tickets.

The bankable literary property like a hit play or a best selling novel offers the revenue investor the assurance of box-office appeal with movie audiences because of the fame, direct popularity and wide appeal of the work. But again, the harsh reality of many disappointments like *Death Of A Salesman*, *By Love Possessed* and *In Cold Blood* prove there is no such thing as a guaranteed transfer of success from one medium to another

However most of the difficulties of judging packages arise through factors that just cannot be precisely and objectively determined. The estimated cost of the film is the first item that comes under scrutiny. The same package elements that will make a two million-dollar film attractive will fail to support a film estimated to run into a negative cost of four million dollars. The distributor will have to be expert at appraising the accuracy of cost estimates not only in the light of the material but also of the individuals involved. There are slow directors and fast directors and they will film the same story at vast differences in cost; there are stars who are notorious for causing delays in production and there is Frank Sinatra who will not repeat a scene—gallaping through his pictures and earning dubious glory as the "one take actor." Some producers are known as well organized professionals who bring films in on schedule and within budget while others are meddled incompetent, or, to be generous, tired.

And then there are the cases when the acceptance of a package by distributors can be a mere formality. These are the deals involving as package ingredients movie makers of unquestionable and unanimously recognized excellence. A select group of producers and directors demand and obtain absolute control beginning with the selection of the subject matter, through the final cut of the film. They make the decisions concerning all phases of production including casting, hiring of crews, construction of sets, selections of locations. Their announcement that they plan to make a picture brings all the distributors rushing to bid for the privilege of supplying the necessary and often an astronomical amount of financing. These are the men who can bring money in, the bankable moviemakers. These are the most powerful men in the American movie business. They, more than anyone else with their almost uncontrolled power and influence bear the responsibility for the shape of films to come and the future of the motion picture as an art form. They have the means to realize their creative dreams without the need for compromise in order to pacify some bankers objections. They have, or are supposed to have the magic rapport with mass audiences and the ability to execute their visions on film

Strangely, these men are virtually unknown to the millions of moviegoers. With the exception of Alfred Hitchcock, our most prominent directors and producers do not enjoy the fame and notoriety of their stars—a poor testimonial indeed to the effectiveness of the costly press-agentry unbridled to by so many creative contributors behind the camera. A classic example was the late Jerry Wald who made his own personal public relations his life's work.

To truly appreciate the fascinate position of the bankable moviemaker, consider the woes that befall the run of the mill producer trying to get his projects financed produced and released

One average Hollywood producer-on-the-make must first find a story and tie it up with an option for a limited time. This in itself imposes an ulcer-making deadline, beyond which he loses not only his option but his entire investment of money and time

The next step will take him on a search for writers and directors to make the deal more attractive. But people of importance—and these are the ones that our producer on-the-make is after—are not easily contacted. There agents have built an almost impenetrable wall around them. Even the attempt to contact the artist directly is punishable by the eternal scorn of the agent. This by the way, often turns out to be a blessing in disguise: the agent once he is an openly declared opponent to a project cannot hurt it as effectively as his seemingly would under the guise of benevolence and friendship. But whatever approach the producer chooses he will soon find out that his phone calls are frequently ignored, and the most common reply is simply that the artist is unavailable for several years. If any of his prospects finally agrees to examine his project our producer will learn the great eternal verity in the motion picture business: Nobody Reads.

His difficulties are further multiplied and exacerbated by the natural and charming custom of the industry to avoid the truth even when it costs nothing. This creates an emotional climate of paralyzing uncertainty and with nobody having honesty or guts enough to give our friend a definite 'no' he will soon despair of ever tying all the strings around his package

But some independent producers succeed in wrapping up the package and proceed to the next step: submission to the financier

Bankers come in all shapes and sizes. There are those who watch themselves operate, being mainly interested in making an impression and those the hard-nosed greedy money machines who have learned certain solid ground rules on which they base all decisions. Those in the first group, which would include a Joe Levine and a Bob Evans see themselves as the Ziegfelds and the Thalbergs of today. They are more concerned with looking glamorous in making a deal than with creating a very chance for a good picture. The second group would include a Lew Jaffe and a David Picker who operate strictly by the record

And nine of all, more often than not the least reasonable methods are the ones rewarded by spectacular success. The production of *Lost In Winter* for instance came about fortuitously when Peter O'Toole committed to do the title role in *The Ski Bum* preferred to play a cattering King of England and Miss Hepburn was available

We now find our man package in hand, steering across the vast reaches of a neo Mexican desk at the Hollywood representative of a national television network.

You thought we were talking about movies. We are. All three of the national television networks have new entered the business of theatrical motion pictures. The reason for their decision to produce yet another waste land may be a desire to become primary owners of motion pictures for television release in the face of ever increasing prices quoted by the old time movie people or else simply the legitimate wish to expand into a related potentially profitable and more glamorous field not subject to the dictates of Madison Avenue. Anyway with the old timers short of cash and long on unrelenting product it seemed like a good idea to tackle one of the well-heeled newcasters

In the weeks leading to the appointment with the network representative our candidate will has endured many humiliations from a battery of secretaries attempting to make him divulge more of the exact nature of his calls. Would he not like to speak to an underling first or send over his project for examination and meet afterward if the matter has any merit?

Too wise and experienced to fall for these traps, our man finally has his day with the top man—who, like all top men in the business, has to check with somebody else—and gets his chance to present his project

Again a quick 'no' would be merciful. But the inflated euphemisms from the man behind the big desk usually eliminate in the dramatic imperative "Let me have your script," followed by "I will read it over the weekend."

Unfortunately the weekend with all its demands of society, friends, and family, hardly leaves the network executive enough time to peruse his scripts that are in production and which he must get to know somehow

Thus the script sooner or later is handed to a reader, whose job it is to condense the contents of literary work into so called synopses

The reader's report and a synopsis are placed on several desks throughout the distributor's office. Every reader worth his meager salary knows that top executives, as they go up the ladder of success and influence become less and less able to read more than two paragraphs. The destructive synopsis routine serves only to make 'no' he will soon despair of ever tying all the strings around his package

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the refusal of a package seem more reasonable without ever mentioning the truth which is simply the low grade of the bankable elements. The key question is the killer. Who is in it? If Rachel Steinmel had accepted the script the distributor would have found out about its contents at the invitational World Premiere long after gambling his stockholders' money on it. In a business built largely on hunches and intuition, one looks in vain for a reasonable explanation for the old-fashioned reliance on star names to sell tickets at the box office. This is the face of the overwhelming commercial success of the starless *The Goodiest* and such flops as *Doctor Dolittle* with Rex Harrison.

After his first defeat a producer can take his package to other money sources and perhaps against all odds, conclude an arrangement for the distribution and production of his project. During the interview with the top executive the deal is concluded with a handshake. However, only the basic points are discussed. An experienced packager knows that this summit meeting with the veneer of urbane sincerity, fair play and goodwill constitutes his last chance to nail down important contractual details in his favor, and, if at all possible, he will obtain a memo committing these vital points to paper as promptly as possible. In the weeks following the summit meeting, the legal department of the distributor and a "negotiator" mainly a fearless lawyer in charge of contracts, will try to renegotiate—"renege" as the pros aptly call it—every advantage granted by the distributor. At this latter stage the masks of fair play and integrity are dropped and the law of the jungle openly prevails. One producer's beginning position has deteriorated after his press agent has rashly wired the announcement of the deal to all the trade papers. The negotiator is aware of this and will push the hopless victim around to the extent that he dares, short of inviting a lawsuit.

Surely you think the foregoing must be exaggerated. The fact is that the whole truth is even grimmer.

Why then would anybody in his right mind endure the ordeal of independent production? For the same reasons that men become involved in other areas of American commerce and industry—only more so. Much more so. Here success can arrive with the speed and the disproportionate impact of a jackpot. Glamour, recognition, VIP treatment by airlines and restaurants, access to beautiful women, power to hire and fire and all the other goodies offered by the Dutch are constantly waved before the twitching noses of ambitious men. The examples of so many rather undistinguished people who made it big are constantly encouraging the newcomer; no credentials are necessary; fabulous careers by high-school dropouts are the rule.

However, a certain innate cunning or acquired dexterity is essential. For example the astute packager will know that his preliminary amenities with say Marty Baum of ABC should touch on European cuisine and the better vintages without of course overreaching his opponent's gastronomic horizons while with Bob Evans at Paramount, formerly a pants manufacturer, comment on his sartorial splendor will not cause smiles. In approaching Lew Wasserman at Universal, clutchat will get him nowhere, but he would do well to dress conservatively lest he be made to squirm under the cool eye of the man who made the slim black suit *de rigueur* for the minions of MCA and Universal.

In addition to a certain adroitness in contending with the moneyman's personal idiosyncrasies the producer-to-the-make will pick and choose his words when making the pitch. It is sometimes of value to use some high-falutin and essentially fatuous expression from *Cahiers du Cinema* while taking care not to overtax the buyer's often restricted vocabulary. It seldom hurts to call a cut of the mill Western "mythic" or to say a humdrum project combines dramatic ideas that will ensure a wide viewer commercial success.

We might add that the packager, operated by his press agent's strings, will have tried to bolster his social position and glamour by creating the impression of having the right contacts. It helps to drive up to the Bistro in a Rolls Royce or leave The Factory at three a.m. sopping Lee Marvin. The gossip columns of the trade papers and the Los Angeles *Times* bloom with plented names of party givers and guests. Parties have their own built in values. If you get ten points for an invitation to a Ross Hunter or a Kay Stock dinner, then it is certainly worth fifteen to have been asked to Duke Ellington's birthday party at the White House and at least fifty to have been seen blightoding up Benedict Canyon on the rear of Steve McQueen's motorcycle.

The chances of becoming one of the elite ones of the bankable moviemakers are naturally even more remote than those of becoming an independent producer. In almost all cases one must have the talent and the skill of a director rather than only a producer.

In recent times only one producer has made it in this category without being a director. His name is Sam Spiegel, sometimes also known as S. P. Eagle. Spiegel is easily the most fascinating international film personality to come upon the scene of the American film business although at this writing his career has hit another low in a series of many violent ups and downs. His productions credits include *Tales Of Manhattan, On The Waterfront, The African Queen, Suddenly Last Summer, The Bridge On The River Kwai* and *Lawrence of Arabia*. He was also responsible for such beauties as *Malba, The Chase, The Happening* and *The Swimmer*. An analysis of Spiegel's good and bad fortunes yields a valuable insight into what can make the same man a good or bad producer.

Spiegel's successes were the result of his skill or, as Hollywood publicists would call it, genius, as an operator, catalyst, matchmaker, impresario promoter, talent scout, notorious salesman and astute negotiator. He is the Sal Hurok of the film business and should have stuck to that rather than assuming the role of Arturo Toscanini. He is a master in dealing with sensitive and difficult creators like John Huston, Elia Kazan, Joe Mankiewicz and David Lean. His persuasive tongue was instrumental in snaring stars such as Humphrey Bogart, Katharine Hepburn, Marlon Brando, Elizabeth Taylor, William Holden and Alec Guinness. He gave Omar Sharif his first chance and Peter O'Toole his role in *Lawrence of Arabia*. He even proved his astuteness as a matchmaker when the new United Artists was born. His incredible dexterity in handling people deserves credit in overcoming the resistance of such formidable and difficult characters as Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford, the former controlling owners of the company, thereby enabling Arthur Krim and his group to take over.

But success is not conducive to insight. When Spiegel looked back on an unbroken list of blockbusters, he mistook his skill and knowledge for artistic creativity. He thought he could do it all by himself. He believed the stooges, the yes-men, the publicity friends who told him that he deserved all the credit for these great films.

An unpublicized but true episode illustrating Spiegel's fallibility occurred at a luncheon meeting at which he tried to interest a slightly awed but informally bright young fellow named Mike Nichols in directing one of his ill-fated brainchildren entitled *The Happening*, while Nichols tried to interest Spiegel—with no success—in financing a little numbee called *The Graduate*. The Spiegel of old the man who took Kazan's and Schulberg's ward for *On The Waterfront* would have been wise enough to trust Mike Nichols' artistic judgment thereby adding fifty million dollars to his and his partners' fortunes.

Well, the result of Spiegel's overstepping the limited functions of a producer were dismal and this is the lesson to be learned. In the harsh and unforgiving world of the cinema, where yesterday's success is dubious currency in tomorrow's market, the producer overrates his abilities at his peril.

Paradoxically, yesterday's success is responsible for the retention of several names in today's list of bankable moviemakers. Rightly or wrongly, banks and their office egos, the distributors hold on to their idols for years after the curve of their successes has turned downward. Billy Wilder, Alfred Hitchcock and Robert Wise can still write their own tickets, although their output in recent years generally met with disapproval by both critics and audiences.

At this writing there are three redhot glamour boys orbiting at the zenith of their careers: David Lean, Stanley Kubrick and Mike Nichols.

David Lean, of course is an old-timer. The other two represent youth, in the chronological sense of the word.

Kubrick, age forty two coming from a background of magazine photography has been making motion pictures of distinction and moderate commercial appeal since 1955.

Nichols, age thirty-eight has completed only two pictures, both commercial blockbusters repeating an film his meteoric rise as a stage director.

Nichols and Kubrick offer interesting comparisons. It would be a mistake to throw them into the same bag with the label youth oriented modern or progressive. The differences between them are deep and significant.

Nichols past as performer and creator of short brilliant sketches characterizes his work. He enjoys the complete confidence of his actors and leads them toward the achievement of great performances. His sensitivity in casting is uproarious as best demonstrated by his choice of the then thirty-year-old Dustin Hoffman for the lead in *The Graduate*. Nichols' talent for soaking up new techniques has already given him great facility in bringing his dazzling ideas to the screen. *The Graduate* only his second time out, shows his complete mastery in camera technique and editing.

Kubrick's background is also reflected in every one of his distinguished works. His marvelous eye and his genius for communicating his vision on film make him the one American director capable of making his audience see more through his camera than without it. Kubrick has not been as consistent and outstanding a moneymaker as Lean and Nichols. But he has earned a unique place among creators of motion pictures. He is the American director closest to today's youth. The reaction to his *2001* by young people all over the world approached religious fervor. Youngsters went to see this film many times and adapted it as their own. While large segments of the so-called establishment responded to it indifferently.

The context of this writing does not include the great moviemakers of other nationalities. We are not concerned here with masters like Fellini, Bergman, Kurosawa, Buñuel, Fellini, Resnais, Truffaut, Godard, or Carlos Saura. They belong to the national fabric of their countries and do not function well when separated from the language and the ethnic backgrounds to which their work is closely tied.

Who are the candidates showing the most promise of being accepted as part of the bankable elite? Who are the Fred Zinnemanns and the William Wylers of tomorrow?

Unlike Mike Nichols who rose to the top at breathtaking speed some of the candidates who come to mind have taken years to get to the present position in their careers. Others have been around only a very short time but are showing enough promise to justify the following predictions.

First of all Arthur Penn. Like Mike Nichols and Elia Kazan, Penn is a successful Broadway stage director. However, for many years nothing seemed to go right with Penn's films until he broke through with *Bonnie and Clyde*. But even his failures *The Left Handed Gun, The Miracle Worker, Mickey One* created a Penn following among discriminating filmgoers.

Roman Polanski in his *Rosemary's Baby* fulfilled the promise shown in his beautiful *Knife In The Water* and his haunting *Repulsion*.

Hitchcock should put John Schlesinger the director in the high position to which his previous work in *Billy Liar* and *Darling* had long since entitled him. *Bullitt* will probably do the same for Peter Yates.

Two firsts suggest the arrival on the scene of some outstanding new creative talents. One is *Rachel Rachel* sensitively produced and directed by Paul Newman, the other is *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* produced written and directed by two television writers with an awareness of today's social problems and a mastery of filmic material and technique that are bound to create attention for Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker.

Aficionados have been rooting for Sam Peckinpah ever since he delighted them with the underrated *Ride The High Country* back in 1961. The success of *The Wild Bunch* may put this talented writer-director over the top after many years of unemployment.

The ever-growing desire to see movies and especially good and exciting ones, has become a vital force, moving millions of customers—particularly the young—in all walks of life, toward the box offices of the world. In millions of homes the small television screen first feared as a deadly competitor has become a servant of the motion picture industry and is offering still more entertainment to film.

Movies are the dramatic art form of our age. It is unfortunate that their creation is so often in the wrong hands. For a good film is stimulating and fulfilling; a bad one is socially damaging. As in Architecture—another area where Art and Industry meet to create Beauty—the classic simplicity of Frank Lloyd Wright's creation to a bad building occupying a good piece of land is painfully appropriate whenever a good story such as *The Brothers Karamazov* or *The Sun Also Rises* is manhandled by a team of shoddy entrepreneurs. "An other opportunity missed." #

LETTERS FROM JAMES BLAKE: SOUTHERN CON, AMERICAN AUTHOR

(Continued from page 79) By which time I'll forget what it was I did and feel abused, whatever they do.

A malicious Charleston person sent me a clipping from the local paper, telling how the Federal government is demanding 46 grand in cabaret taxes from Low, the King of the Island. Man, it plunged me, it plunged me straight down.

Love, Jim

Duval County Jail
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Nelson:

I had a letter from the perennial charmer Fallon, Lorenzo the Mag. This one being more communicative than his usual Delphic mumblings—telling me that you're still hassling with Freunnges, lawyers, agents, provocateurs, C.I.A. etc.

Why don't you jam me here. It's not so hard as it looks and I will by god put in a word for you.

We had a jailbreak. Like a Cagney movie, man, they sawed the bars and six scampered away after slipping through like oiled eels until some fatnes got stuck and blew the gig. Numbers went to the Black Box, where they give you whole-wheat bread and water.

I'm sharing a cell now with a young cat sentenced to the chain fee gang bang. He's a beautiful child, a little old man sometimes, which I guess is allowable under the circumstances. He asked me what I thought Eternity was like, and all I could offer was a guess—an Olivia de Havilland movie on television. Last night as we were lying in our hanks, a squad car went by outside, siren wailing. "Listen," he said, "they're playing one song."

In a laudable attempt to dodge the thunderbolt (his case is on appeal) he has been improving each shining hour by hitting the Glory Road with the traveling bands of flagellants that haunt the jail—Holy Rollers, Mormons, Baptists, Anabaptists—and he has became an Eleventh Hour postulant in the Seventh Day Opportunists.

These pious nuts swung a lot of weight such as the Kingdom of Heaven. Bless the boy, he's far too beautiful to go down for such a flimsy transgression, and I hope he makes it. The Holy Ones have a lobby in Tallahassee that don't quit.

I read Meyer Levin's *Compulsion*. The heavy assertion is, he planned the book for thirty years. Uh huh. When Leopold is trying to make parole, the sacred mandate comes to him in a gold spangled dream. Darrow's address to the court stands out like a jewel in this rampantly shaddy dung-heap.

So what's New in New York? Ten days till the wire. The one that goes around my neck, that is.

Tant à Phaure, Jim

Duval County Jail
Jacksonville, Florida

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I read a letter from the perennial charmer Fallon, Lorenzo the Mag. This one being more communicative than his usual Delphic mumblings—telling me that you're still hassling with Freunnges, lawyers, agents, provocateurs, C.I.A. etc.

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Tant à Phaure, Jim

You have a gripe with the Post Office Department? Zip Code your mail anyway. It helps you

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

(Continued from page 56)

Camelot? Camelot?

Regarding the June 1970 article "Reshaping Teddy's Image," I would offer the following thoughts.

To begin with, I believe that John F. Kennedy was an inspired individual possessed of a great capability, foresight, intuitive approach to social problems, and extreme intelligence. I do not think that Senator Robert F. Kennedy possessed the same admirable qualities as did our former president. Certainly, at least, not to the same degree as did John F. Kennedy. In the matter of regarding a third brother, Edward M. Kennedy, as presidential timber, it is almost inconceivable to me that any one family in the United States is possessed of three offspring on public or being the president of the United States. Of course the United States has never in its history experienced a similar political experience where three young men of the same family should experience presidential aspirations one after another. Granted the time was extremely appropriate for each brother running, he rides in that the tide of sympathy was high, and as we all know, politics like love is a very personal thing, at times not based upon a man's qualifications or ability, but whether or not he has nice voice, a nice face, or some other personal attribute. It strikes me that this has very certainly played a large part in the popularity of all the Kennedys, but to an even greater degree in the case of Robert Kennedy and Edward Kennedy.

I have no doubt in my mind but what Edward M. Kennedy might possibly be elected president of the United States in 1976, particularly if the United States public is constantly bombarded by a very well planned advertising program. In my opinion, the advertising program could change Senator Kennedy's recent poor image because of his shenanigans on Chappaquiddick Island. Any person who is willing to refrect for a moment on the function of advertising would be willing to admit the real purpose of advertising is to relieve us of the burden of having to think and to make choices, not to educate or inform. A very homely simile might be if every day we are told the sky is blue and we see the sky and it is blue, before long we know the sky is blue. This is a simple form of visual yet subliminal training and conditioning. I believe our most recent example of this is the election of Mr. Richard M. Nixon to the presidency of the United States. The effort was also a carefully planned and carefully executed advertising program. Admittedly the program was marred by a certain amount of staleness and lack of fresh ideas and gimmicks the last thirty days or so of the campaign. It is my understanding that this lack of newness of advertising very nearly lost him the election. If we can elect Richard M. Nixon with the advertising approach then certainly we can elect Edward Kennedy with the advertising approach. But is this really what the American public wants and is this what the American public needs? I, for one, do not think so. Furthermore, I am not going to make any attempt to delineate what the American public wants or needs. I have my ideas just the same as every other individual. Some of them do not. One thing I don't think we need is another president elected by advertising acclaim. If we attempt to dissect major problems currently in the forefront of national as well as state politics we need only pause for a second to realize that everybody is or should be against pollution. Likewise, there would be very few persons in favor of the war, thus is no contradistinction to whether they are for or against government policy regarding the war. The majority of the people are against illness, poverty, unemployment, crime, civil rights inequalities and racial ills in general. To assume that one man is possessed of the key to the solution of these problems or the assumption of a fool. To assume that any individual Democrat or any individual Republican can magically dissolve these problems is likewise the assumption of a fool for the reason that no one man is possessed of any superhuman insight to the solution of problems which have accumulated over many years of neglect and revenue by and the control of any one individual or group of individuals. In this day of tremendous widespread high-re education the participation sky brand of politics has no place. To want to change all the ills of a nation is indeed laudable but the accomplishment of the same is a difficult if not impossible task. We as individuals must realize that it will be a cohesiveness of thought and action which will change any of the ills, be they social, civil, or warlike.

To specifically answer a couple of questions in the twelve pages of the free advertisement for Edward Kennedy, I as an individual can certainly wait four years for Edward Kennedy. As a matter of fact I would be just as happy to wait forever to see him elected. And Camelot? It never happened.

J. E. WAY, M.D.
Fort Worth, Tex.

* * *

I was ten years old when John Kennedy campaigned for the Presidency. One of my most cherished possessions is a faded poster that states what time he would appear at our local shopping center. I do not remember much of his years—except that we seemed happy and peaceful and loving. I was fourteen when he was assassinated. I thought something inside me died then too.

Then Bobby came along and we had another chance for Camelot, and I strived with all my might to work for him, to make others believe as I believed. When he was assassinated I wrote the following poem. The original paper still has tiny mounds on it, the place where the paper dried after the tears were shed.

The Kennedy Martyrs

I always ask myself "For what cause did they die?"
I always pray—"Why Dear God? Why?"
They were strong and virile
filled with zest
Eager and urgent to make things best.
United by love and the family way
Good politicians with good things to say
Honored their father, loved their wives
Strived to make a better world—for our children's lives
Freedom, America and wanting to do right
Trying to give us all inspiration and light.
Oh I know they were human, and sometimes erred
But men like these I have much preferred,
Than say—Hitler or Stalin who dictated with ease
And spread their hatred like a fetid disease
I'm not ashamed of my love for Bobby and John
I'll scream it from the rooftops, and yell on and on
Because they were good they had to die
From assassins bullets, and an evil eye
But their power and glory is not dead yet
I pray Dear God, to watch over Ted.

My first election that I was eligible to vote in was 72. I doubt I will even bother names I see the familiar security of Kennedy upon the board. I want Camelot back. I want my future children to have a bright world and a united society—instead of what the youngsters face today.

Please continue you don't have to sell anything too hard. You'd really be surprised at how many have changed their views since Cambodia—need I say more?

DIANE SUSAN FINN
Lynbrook, N.Y.

* * *

Re *Reshaping Teddy's Image*, and the question "Will you buy it?" Yes, any time. I still prefer Edward Kennedy to Richard Nixon, Spiro Agnew, Hubert Humphrey or Edmund Muskie.

J. D. NEWTON
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

(Continued from page 69) *Zabriskie Point* is important to me to pass judgment but I believe that poetry is the criterion for others to do so.

I insist on this argument because I want to be understood. I've always detested the role of the misunderstood. If there is something enigmatic in what I do or say or write I am in the wrong. (The trouble is that my errors are perhaps the most personal element I have put in my films.)

If one is instinctively brought to make common cause with America's rebellious youth, perhaps it is because one is attracted by their natural animal vitality. When in Chicago kids with blankets over their shoulders and flowers in their hair see me being hushed by grown men wearing helmets you come very near to feeming without reservations a total alliance with them. I wasn't able to avoid wishing those youths great success. For they know what the adults ignore. They know that reality is an impenetrable mystery, and it is in the nature of today's children not to succumb passively before this mystery nor calmly to accept the adult vision of reality which seems to have produced monstrous results. These are the experiences and impressions which have caused some personal symbols to emerge in my films. But after each new film I'm always asked what the symbol means rather than how it was shaped and inspired.

My films are always works of research. I do not consider myself a director who has already mastered his profession, but one who is continuing his search and studying his contemporaries. I'm looking (perhaps in every film) for the traces of sentiment in men and of course in women too. In a world where these traces have been buried to make way for sentiments of convenience and of appearance, in a world where sentiments have been "public-relationized." My work is like digging, it is archaeological research among the sacred material of our times. That is how I started my first film and that is what I am still doing.

It has never been my intention in any film to show the conflict between the human mind and technical progress. My interest is not in man facing machine but in man facing man with his acts, his story, his attempts at love according to the style, the pace, the place and the occasions which today's civilization allow. It is not the command of the machine which is clipping away from man, but the content of his sentiments, his beliefs. In answering a question put to me about *Red Desert* I said once more or less the following: "In this film machines with their intrigue of power, beauty and squalor have an enormous effect and they have taken the place of the natural landscape. But machines are not the cause of the crisis of the anguish that people have been talking about for years. I mean that we must not long for the more primitive times, thinking that they were a more natural landscape for man. I prefer to believe that man must struggle to try and mold and restrict the machines to man's measure, not try to negate technological progress."

Color has a psychological and dramatic function for me. This point is not an Absolute, nor is it valid for everyone. It is a support between the object and the light, the object and its absence, the position of the latter in regard to the object, and even its physical state. At times we have a desire for color and we find it, we even see it where it is not. These are not my discoveries, they are findings of scientists expert in that field.

Nor should the psychological effect of color be overlooked. There is a psychology of color which has been proved by hundreds of tests. There are scenes and dialogue in my films which would not have been possible without the presence of walls or backgrounds of particular colors.

But theoretic discourses are useless. One simply must use in a film only those colors which are right for the story one has to tell. Exclude all others. A painter doesn't ask what color that tree before him should be but lets his fantasy tell him. He has his good reasons for doing what he does but do not ask him what they are. Most of the time he cannot give the answer. But there is one thing I must tell you: you cannot argue that a film is bad but that the color is good or vice versa. The image is in fact, the colors are the story. If a cinematic moment has colors which appear right and good, it means that it has expressed itself, that it achieved its purpose. The blue spread over Picasso's painting, evident during his blue period, was the painting.

A director does nothing but search for himself in his films. They are documents not of a finished thought but of a thought in the making. Often one is asked: How is a film born? The probable answer is that it is born in the disorder which is in us all: the difficulty is in finding the order, in knowing how to pull the right thread from the skein. I am convinced that it depends not only on an attitude of one's fantasy.

A story idea can be born in a moment like that: Rome the fourth day of a strike of garbage collectors. Rome flooded with garbage heaps of colored refuse at the street corners, an orgy of abstract images, a symbolic violence never before seen. And contrasting this the meeting of the garbage collectors in the arena of the Circus Maximus: two thousand men dressed in bright blue blouses, silent orderly waiting for I don't know what. Observing this scene it came to mind that at that moment, it wasn't any more the garbage collectors in the midst of the garbage, but all the citizens of Rome.

When one is in certain moods one should eat be alone. People help you to taking your mind off yourself. They make you less "sensitive." They force you to be a hypocrite they stir up the air around you polluting it. In a mob everyone can be exalted, at a party everyone is a little bit of a fool. Among people who know nothing of me I even forget myself a little. "Ignorance," said Jeabert, "is a bond between men." There I go with a quotation. I detest myself when I assume the airs of an intellectual. Naturally, I've read a quantity of books but I've always tried to hide this fact. Modesty? Diffidence for entirely? I don't know. Read a book carefully and do not think of it again. A book works inside you like food. Talking about it is like writing a new book. But, then, I get little pleasure out of talking. Today, I've decided not to do anything which does not also give me great pleasure. Shooting gives me pleasure. I should not let too much time lapse between films.

Traditional images are no longer capable of representing the world. One can say that the ideal image of the world is that which calculates exactly with a world which must be canceled as an image. For an image no longer exists which gives form to the world because the world itself can no longer be represented other than by approximation. There's the need, I think, to recommence from zero to experiment with new ways of representation. It is a process already underway.

Saying this, one realizes that the tasks of the spectator also are modified. It cannot go on as it has till now... that the image enters through the eye to reach the heart: the spectator must operate on his own, almost creatively. One says *seeing* a film, *reading* a film. These words now are no longer suited. Today it is the support between image and image which counts. So it is once right to say that today we must *feel* a film. Let's put ourselves down in front of the screen no longer as men of culture (see culture is almost at the zero point anyway) but simply as men.

A screenplay is never definitive for me. It is a director's notebook, nothing more. In a screenplay there is no technical plan, where to place the camera, which lens to be used: these are things to be seen in during the shooting. That's the system for all directors now I think. Even the dialogue must be heard spoken by the actors or rather by the characters within the scene being shot before I can be sure of the validity of the lines.

And there's another factor. I believe in improvisation. It is not my habit to prepare myself for a business encounter, a love encounter or a friendly encounter. I take them as they come, adapting myself in the course of things, making use of the unexpected. The same system works in shooting a film. Apropos of improvising, when I think of the past I can say that I have always lived from minute to minute. It is my way, even now. Each moment of the day is important to me because it constitutes a new experience. And this does not change while making a film: the stimulants of reality during the filming, the chance encounters, the rapport between working companions, all these things influence the film and lead to sudden changes and even to radical changes. That's what I mean by improvising.

My relations with my actors are rather serious. Rather friendly I would say, even if the opposite is often presented as the case. The actor of an actor is something I would never attempt to learn since any form of exhibitionism is against my nature. Nor could I suppose being in the position of being chosen rather than being the chooser. The actor must always compromise with the personalities of the roles to be interpreted.

Maybe that's the reason why I can tolerate without much trouble an actor's sudden shift of humor. I understand their problems: the good people for close ups, the right stills for publicity, things of that sort. I realize too that actors and actresses often feel uneasy with me, they feel as if I've shot them out of my personal creation. In a certain sense they are right. But that is the kind of collaboration and no other kind which I ask of them.

Only one person holds in his head a clear idea of the boundaries of the film and that is the director. Only one person mentally fuses the various elements which compose a film and is in a position to foresee the results of this fusion, and that is the director. The actor is one of these elements and sometimes not even the most important. For example, one thing the actor can never do is see himself in the scene. Consider how many ideas for his acting he could get if that were possible. This limitation will partly be eliminated the day we film on magnetic tape but I don't believe that it will change the actor film relationship. It will always be the director who must manipulate the "actor element" following precise criterions which only he knows.

Methods for directing actors are many: each director tends to have his own. For my part I think that it isn't necessary that in order to achieve a certain compartment or certain expressions and intentions that the actor must be in a corresponding state of mind. In fact, this could once lead to putting us at cross-purposes because it would be the result of his sensibility being different from mine and thus committed differently in the film.

I never think of the public. I think of the film. Obviously there is always an intermediator but it is the ideal intermediator (who may easily be an other me). If it weren't that way, I do not know how I would manage inasmuch as there are as many publics as there are continents and human races, not to mention nations, cities, villages, social classes, sexes and generations.

The number of new directors in America, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, everywhere, could be much larger than it is. Young directors do not yet have the power they merit in the cinema because the resistance to the novelty which they offer is very strong. The commercial and industrial network of the cinema is like an enormous dike which is holding back a sea of talent. Things are moving even in America, but much too slowly. How much longer will it take the producers to realize that the majority of the public is made up of young people and they want to see films made by their own generation?

Why talk about casts? Money spent on a picture is never seen by the director. And a great part of the expenditure is not even wanted by the director. Filming in America I had contending opinions on one side it seemed that money did not matter or mattered less. But then it wasn't true. It is true, instead that more is consumed in America more than one can imagine. I think they must teach it at school—how to consume. And when you grow up it gets worse, you consume that much more. And since the cinema is run by grown ups the result is that there is a squandering of material and money such as I've never seen in Europe.

Zabriskie Point is certainly the most costly film I've made. And not only because of the reason I've just given but also for the absurd laws which the American unions have. For example, in Arizona once I saw that there was a doctor and a nurse hovering around the set. I didn't know what they were doing. No one was ill; if anything I was somewhat concerned about the doctor's health. He might have had sleeping sickness because he was asleep and snoring all day. The nurse, however, was busy taking snapshots. On another day, shooting in Los Angeles I asked for an extra. They brought me thirty. When I asked why I was told "Just in case."

The movie camera hidden behind the keyhole is a gossipy eye which records what it sees. But what of the rest? What is happening beyond the

visceral counge of the keyhole? So one hole is not enough. You make ten one hundred two hundred holes place that many cameras behind them and let several miles of film roll through. What will you have? A monstrous of material in which not only will there be the essential aspects of an event but also the marginal absurd, and ridiculous aspects. Or the less interesting aspects. I mean to say: Then you go to reduce and select. But the actual event really did include all those aspects. In selection you will be falsifying. So you say: I am interpreting. That is an old question. Life is neither so simple nor always so intelligible and even history as science does not come near to completely expressing it. Strachey and Valéry came to this conclusion via different routes, the historian who made history an art, and the poet who despised history.

Pudovkin's experiments also are well known. He changed the meaning of certain shots by rearranging the sequences in the editing. A smiling man who looks at a bowl of soup is a glutton if he is shown with the same smile staring a dead woman he is a cynic. Why then the keyhole and the two hundred cameras and the monstrum of material?

Some lines of MacNeice have been seeming through my mind for years.

Think of a omnibus double lit, Irible it square it and sponge it out."

I'm convinced that this could become the nucleus or at least the symbol for a curious film. The lines already indicate a style.

Probably the best film is one which is born from many diverse ideas, not from one idea. But the problem is in arranging these ideas in the chaos of sensations, reflections, observations and impulses with which the world surrounds us or are our own imagination provokes in us. Why among so many possibilities do we isolate some ideas and not others? There are several answers but none of them satisfactory.

The good ideas for a film may not be the same ideas which serve us in life. Otherwise the way a director lives would coincide with his way of *forming a film*. Instead however autobiographical these ideas may be there is always the intervention of our fantasy which translates and alters what we see and what we want to see. We are our own personages to the extent in which we believe in the film which we are making. Not between us and them there remains the film. There is that compact: precise, lurid fact that art of will and of strength which qualifies us, unequivocally, which releases us from the abstraction to let our feet real firmly on the ground. Thus from being pedestrians let's say, we become hagiogens from pessimists we become optimists from solitary and alienated persons we re become desirous of opening a dialogue and of communicating.

I read something written by an American philosopher some years ago which left an impression on my memory. This philosopher had gone to spend a week in what we'll call a model city. First-rate schools, splendid music halls, stadiums for all the sports, fountains, parks, theatres, no germs, no poverty, no decrepit or old diets, no criminals and no policemen.

Moral: he returned to New York and what a relief! "Give me," the philosopher said, "something primeval and savage, even if it must be something peaceful like a massacre of Armenians, just to restore the balance. I want to run all the risks of the world with all the inherent suffering and crime. Here there is many times more hope and help than in that quintessence of all mediocrity."

One can share fully or not, the position of our philosopher but it is true that some films are like that model city, unexpectable dull. You can't go wrong in asking yourself where you are participating in film if there is enough nastiness in it. If there isn't, put some in. What will happen is what happens when a substance is put in contact with its natural chemical reagent which makes it reveal itself. Its composition, its truth.

The first time I stood behind a movie camera was in an insane asylum. The supervisor was a tall, imposing man and he had a face which with the passing of time was beginning to look more and more like that of one of the inmates. I was living then in my home town of Ferrara, a fine little city in the Po Valley, silent and opulent. Together with some friends we had decided to make a documentary film on the insane.

The supervisor went out of his way to be helpful, even rolling on the floor to illustrate how some of his patients reacted to outside stimuli. I wanted to make the documentary with the truly insane and after some hesitation on my part, the supervisor said: "Try it."

We set up the cameras and the lights and we placed the inmates in the room as we wanted them for the first shot. I must say that they took our orders with humility and took care not to make mistakes. They were very touching in their sense of cooperation and I was delighted with the way things were going. Then I called for the lights to be turned on. I was excited myself. All at once the room was flooded with light. For an instant the patients remained immobile like stone statues. I've never seen as any artist's face an expression of such thorough, total fright as I saw then. This lasted only a second and was followed by an almost indescribable scene. The schizophrenics began to roll on the floor just as their supervisor had done. In a moment the entire ward became a pit in Hell. The insane tried desperately to hide from the light as if it were some prehistoric monster which was assaulting them. These faces, which a minute before had seemed composed now were distorted and devastated. Now it was our face behind the camera to freeze like stone statues. The cameraman didn't have the strength to start the camera rolling and I could give no orders. It was the supervisor who finally shouted to us to put out the lights. In the semidarkness of the ward we could see bodies huddled together which were still twitching as if they were in the last throes of agony. I'll never forget this scene. It was that day (just before the war) and that scene, which started us talking about neorealism in the cinema.

Every time I enter a strange office, just like place, or private home, I get the urge to rearrange the scene. I go out to meet someone and the conversation puts me ill at ease. Because I feel that neither of us is properly placed in the room. He is on a divan whereas he should be in an armchair which would be less formal, more enclosed. I am seated next to him, when I should be opposite. And instead of his having his back to the wall I feel it would be more fitting if there were a window or a door behind him, leaving some possibility for escape.

In this professional distortion or the instinctive urge to feel myself in physical harmony with my surroundings? I believe more in the second hypothesis. In fact, I cannot shoot a scene without first being alone in the room or the set in order to understand it and sense the various possible camera angles.

A book is read in a few days, you keep it next to the bed, you carry it with you, you reread it. A painting or a piece of music you enjoy all your life. A motion picture you lose interest, or interest. It is placed in the memory and then after only a few weeks the dramatician work begins: you erase, add, change, retain the best or certain the worst. The film then belongs to you. And that is why, when after a few years you see the film again and you find that it is different, you might not like it anymore.

There are moments when I seem to perceive, however confusedly, the *why* of certain things. When this happens I become a combative optimist. How many times, however, do I hear myself being accused of pessimism. Some years back when I made a movie based on a book by Cesare Pavese I was shackled with him.

Now I've read Pavese with interest and with less but I can not say that he is my favorite Italian writer. And one reason for this is in the tragic conclusion of his life: his suicide, a conclusion which made his intellectual experiences coincide with his practical experiences.

But am I still here making films (good ones, bad ones, whatever) which are always against something and someone? Isn't this obstinacy? And isn't this obstinacy itself a kind of optimism? ##

RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

Antal Dorati is a short, cherubic, rather unglamorous Hungarian who spent twenty-odd years in this country as conductor of the Ballet Theatre, the Dallas Symphony and the Minnesota (then Minneapolis) Orchestra. Then he wandered off to Rome to compose random some opera, and in general fear himself from the endless burdens of an orchestra season. As you might expect, he soon missed the routine and signed on as conductor of the BBC Symphony. For reasons this reporter has divided not to investigate, neither Dorati nor the BBC was very happy with this experiment, and presently he moved on to Stockholm to vivify its Philharmonic. I heard Dorati rehearse his Swedes one afternoon at Carnegie Hall in the season just past (the language of the rehearsal, incidentally, was German with a little English thrown in) and I was impressed with the stability of pitch in the string sections through the shifting rhythmics of Ives's *Washington's Birthday* and the funeral music of Mahler's *Fifth*. Like all conductors who come out of the pit (especially the bellet pit) Dorati has a reputation for preparing pieces quick and dirty—a reputation reinforced by his almost instantaneous learning of new scores and his offhand platform manner. But he was superbly attentive to details in rehearsing the Mahler, and his orchestra was note-by-note-music.

Next season Dorati takes over the Washington National Symphony, and informed opinion says he has a hell of a job ahead. He thinks informed opinion is unfair to the men. "The orchestra is a good orchestra that can displays its potential. There isn't anyone there I can't expect more from. Anyway, the level of any orchestra always hangs on a few men. A whole woodwind section can be built on one *very* talented man and Washington has two."

Of the more general Washington problem Dorati speaks with somewhat less confidence. He was hired late for this coming season and can in fact give his new orchestra only ten weeks (and it can't be in any meaningful sense his season; soloists were hired and most programs determined before he signed on). The orchestra had a nasty strike last fall and relations between management and men have been bad. And as of Fall 1971, barring an unimaginable if not quite impossible relapse in common sense on one side or the other of current negotiations the National will move from Constitution Hall to the new Kennedy Center—where it will have to be a more important orchestra than it has been before.

"It's a biological problem," Dorati says. "It has to do with the growth of the country. The system of government here is based on the idea that you make the small city the governmental center—Albany, Columbus, Springfield. It's an interesting principle and it works, but not for the capital of such a big nation, which must take an extra-governmental responsibilities. Mellon saw the problem: he built the National Gallery and gave those paintings. But a Goya you can buy and hang on the wall, the Beethoven *Ninth* you can't—or rather, you can once, but then it comes down. The Washington National should be an orchestra that would play a national season at Kennedy Center and then go abroad for an international season. It should be good enough to export to show what we do here." How all this is to be paid for remains, to say the least, uncertain.

Over the years Dorati has been a significant recording artist, specializing in the early twentieth-century repertory—indeed, his Mercury recordings of the three early Stravinsky ballets are still as good as any. At about the time these words appear, London Records will be announcing a complete set of the 104 Haydn symphonies to be issued over the next three years, Dorati conducting the Philharmonia Hungarica on orchestra composed mostly of refugees from the Russian invasion of 1956. Dorati has had an intimate connection with this group since its formation—he led it on an initial fund-raising tour of the United States—and he is proud of his friends' ability to sustain themselves reasonably well in the interstices of West German musical life. The first twenty-four of these recordings are in the can made at the Rudolf Oetker Halle in Bielefeld (the racing

writer Jan Palmer once identified Mid-west Ky. as the town between Payne's Depot and Nugent's Crossroads). Bielefeld is between Hannover and Düsseldorf—"somewhere." Dorati said rather helplessly. So next year Dorati will be conductor in Stockholm, music director in Washington, and on the side responsible for preparing two dozen or so Haydn symphonies most of them utterly new to himself and the men far recording someplace in Germany that you can't hardly get to from here. It's a living.

Columbia Records has placed us in its debt by issuing a two-disc set of the early piano (and prepared piano) music of John Cage. The performances which seem to me ideal, are by Jeanne Kirstein, who was a Naumburg Award some years back; the intelligent liner notes are by the admirable enthusiast Richard Kostelanetz, and the recording gives the full measure of the charming, tinkling sounds Cage wanted from his instrument. And the pieces from the Parties, which take up more than half the set, mark the apex of Cage's effort to be a composer of some significance; since 1950, unless I read the signs wrong, he has been content with a rule as public entertainer to the avant garde.

What is important about the recording is the opportunity it offers to everyone to make up his own mind about Cage. True, we do not have here the composer's most famous work, *4 33*, in which a pianist sits at the instrument for that length of time waving his hands over the keyboard on three occasions to indicate a break in movements but making no sounds at all; presumably the A&R people at Columbia felt that this score was too easily performed even by the least accomplished amateur. Nor is there the piece for twelve radios playing different programs simultaneously, perhaps because there might be copyright violations in issuing each broadcasts for profit, perhaps because the aleatory nature of the composition would have to be surrendered in any recording which enshrined the specific blare of twelve pressing broadcasts. But it is the piano sonatines modified by an assortment of wood blocks, screws or glass rods slapped on its strings, that bemused Cage the longest and gave him his first publicity. And unlike the much noisier (or much quieter) stuff of more recent years, the piano pieces are enjoyable listening.

For all Cage's obvious infirmity on others I doubt that the pieces are really much more than enjoyable listening. Though Cage studied with Arnold Schönberg in his native Los Angeles, his piano music is overwhelmingly French in orientation; indeed it grows right out of middle-period impressionist Debussy. Like his contemporary Carl Orff, Cage sought to organize pieces of some size without reference to a harmonic structure, instead, he substituted timbres for their own sake and mathematically developed rhythms (though the math by today's standards, was pretty simple: seeking nothing more difficult than a two-by-two matrix or more exactly then a logarithmic scale). Music written without harmonic structure, unfortunately, invites the ear to fill in apparently missing parts; and the ear, following its unavoidable human principle of economy of means, creates a distressing banality.

Writing about Salvador Dali, George Orwell discussed the dilemma of an artist whose genius does not make no high-er than his wrist, and who sought escape from ordinariness through being wicked. More recently, the artist has been encouraged to escape systemic weakness in his art by having An Idea. If the Idea is very, very simple, the work will even qualify for inclusion in the counter culture. But such stuff does I think, grow rather tiresome rather quickly. To Kostelanetz's recent claim that Cage's piano pieces "are now respectfully reviewed in the square press." I must mutter shyly, *Obiter dicta*. But the points at issue are not trivial, and you should hear for yourself.

For comparison, though, let me recommend two other new releases. What seems to me the real thing in avant-ism can be heard on a fascinating disc of *Chinese Classical Music*, issued by Westminster from BBC tapes mostly music for the lute-like P'ip'a and the zither-like Ch'in very lovely in a complicated quiet way. And what seems to me a more interesting updating of the semi-salon French impressionist attitude comes from Brazile Camargo Guarnieri in a group of pieces called *Fantasia* played with all the technical assurance and tonal variety of Grant Johannesen (Golden Crest).

Among the more successful additions of the Beethoven year is a first recording of Ferdinand Ries's *Piano Concerto op. 55*, the best work of Beethoven's best pupil. The first edition of Grove's reports (to God knows what authority) that Beethoven once said of Ries "He imitates me too much", and this concerto is indeed imitation Beethoven. But it's remarkably near the real thing—the grandeur is authentic. The performance, which seems first-rate, is by Friedja Blumenthal and an orchestra under the direction of Theodore Guschlbauer (Victrola). Another interesting offbeat Beethoven item is the master's own set of three "Electoral" sonatas WoO (i.e. no opus number) 47, written when our hero was twelve—no great shakes, of course, but in the F-Minor far from routine—played by Jorg Demus (Deutsche Grammophon). Friedman meanwhile, has made available an oldie disc Fritzkoigler's recordings of the *Fourth* and *Fifth Symphonies* with the Berlin Philharmonic; despite the antiquity of the sound Fritzkoigler will still raise the hair on your head—I don't care how much hair you have—with the transition to the first movement. A fine Birthdayen item on Stereo tape cartridge is Vietrola's offering of Fritz Reiner's fast-paced, delightfully clear performance of the *Seventh Symphony*.

Brahms's *A Major Serenade*, after some years of neglect, has become a new issue staple, with four recordings in a year or so. The best by far, to my taste is a new Kertesz with the London Symphony (London)—a happy and masculine performance of the most thoroughly joyful piece in the Brahms canon—including a last movement much closer to Beethoven than the obvious clutchings at the master in some of the grander later efforts. Interestingly the good cheer is emphasized by the absence of violins in the instrumentation, which serves not to darken the tone but to throw the winds into high relief. Kertesz and London put the work onto one side of a recent Brahms recording took a whole LP for itself, leaving the other side free for Dvořák's lovely *D Minor Wind Serenade*. The same composer's equally lovely *E Major String Serenade* is also available in a fine new recording by Kubelik and the English Chamber Orchestra (Deutsche Grammophon). The flip here is a first recording of Kubelik's own *Quattro Fiori per Archi*, a rather lush skilled contemporary evocation of the same Bohemian tradition which stimulated Dvořák almost a century before.

Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic present an extraordinarily sweet-tempered performance of Haydn's *The Creation* (Deutsche Grammophon). The result of what must have been a difficult set of recording sessions Fritz Wunderlich, whose fatal accident must have occurred during a break in these sessions, is the tenor for about half the work with Werner Krenn replacing him in the other half. Gundula Janowitz is considerably too heavy for *In verdure clari* and Fischer-Dieskau seems to me an overly romantic Adam, but the performance as a whole is irresistible. So is the late Pierre Manteux's wonderfully euphonious yet never sugary performance of the orchestral music from Gluck's *Orfeo* with the Rome Opera House Orchestra (Vietrola).

Didja know Franz Liszt wrote songs? Didja care? Neither I and it turns out, with good reason, because the stuff is very standard Victoriana. A third disc of Liszt *Lieder* has just been issued by Hungarian Qualiton, three of the songs were splendidly sung by the baritone Gyorgy Melis the rest struggled through by others, interesting, in a way, *because* the music is so conventional. More predictably conventional—and not much worse—are the songs of Prince Albert, Victoria's light-of-love, pleasantly sung by members of the Purcell Consort (Argo). All but one of the songs are in German; that one is in Italian—more so less. ❋

it takes a hell of a lot of time—and terribly improvisation before the camera never looks that way on the screen. But I don't make—now pictures except by rearranging it takes me on the average almost two years from the commencement of screenplay to the release of a film. In that time "new" may easily have become "then." Besides how can you tell "new" in advance? Larry Tarman says he tried to put *The Graduate* together for many many months without much success—failing with the same people who have presently endured that huge success to its "new" ingredients and are changing for another one. Meanwhile they will be rejecting picture projects which don't conform to *that* formula. Second over Everest is one matter, where possible.

It takes me a long time. I am presently working on picture projects which I've been thinking about for many years—two of them *Doctor Zhivago* and *Radco*, a novel by Alden Stevens, and *A Stretch On The Rind*. Richard Hasselle first novel are books which I read and loved back in the early Fifties when I worked for Bantam Books. As a matter of fact, I tried and failed to get Bantam to reprint both. But the stories stayed in my head and gradually began to take on film form as I myself began to think more in terms of film. It is one thing for me to enjoy a book—quite another to see it as a moving picture. But until the picture to be is in series of scenes and sequences in the arbitrary language of film has become more real to me than its source I am not ready. When I hear of pictures starting with unfinished scripts and sketchy production plans, I'm astounded. For my part, I try to prepare as thoroughly as possible—if I could rehearse it as film of mine would ever start shooting until all of us, director and cast and camera, had rehearsed so well that we were all able to begin with pretty much the same movie in our minds—with the most idiotic misunderstandings and outrageous arguments left behind. This is not likely to happen but it's an ambition.

We're now in the post-production phase of *Shoot Out*, after its New York City release. It's been almost two years since I first read the novel (Verese Van Stahl Knox Thrasher) and the interim change of attitudes has been so astonishing that we no longer anticipate any chubarb about its content. (At the risk of baiting a quick stampede to the box office let me quickly say that I'm talking about the film's ideas—it's not an entry in the epidermis derby. I'll used to take a respectable length of time but now the burning radical heroines the evening Academician.

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our sexual hang-ups via the cinema. Since we have been programmed to understand that black is beautiful and/or blondes have more fun the timing is peculiarly apropos for this conjunction. But technical problems loom for a Hollywood which can be liberated from everything but its perfection hang-up: the sickness unto death. Close-ups will require anatomical breakaways not presently found in even Scandinavian actors; cutaways suggest lengthy overcharging delays, extensive dubbing or perhaps an easing of rules about dubbing with dummies where live actors are available. There will be a premium on people who can rise to any occasion.

The spread of the auteur-director idea has made quite a few waves—including a spectacular collision or two over the question of "possessory" credits (Otto Preminger's *Exodus* is a mildly wishful example of such a credit). The writers, increasingly irritated by the directors' public apostrophes, negotiated a Writers' Guild contract which reserves the use of that cultural apostrophe to their own members, thus barring it from directors who only direct, directors who have had a significant part in the writing of the screenplay are allowed the apostrophe. (Once it was light-years out of reach for producers; now producers have the same rights on this as directors.) The issue, however, is still in doubt and at present is being renegotiated; it is all immensely complicated by the traditional overkill of all Hollywood union solutions to craft problems—an overkill which ensures that for every wrong righted at least two new ones will be created.

Meanwhile movie viewers and reviewers, clinging to the often quite erroneous notion that credits are a record of who did what, are hardly to be blamed for preferring the auteur-director theory of praise and blame to trying to really understand who does what under what circumstances. (The industry itself, by the way, is removed by suggestions that a uniform code of credits be established to make these credits a reliable record.) As a matter of fact, it would seem that the industry as a whole rather likes the auteur idea—as it hangs on to a somewhat shaky star system as the only security in sight. So, in spite of considerable unhappiness among writers, producers, etc. who know that movies are an collaborative as sex, the gran maestro idea seems to have taken hold. Of course it suits the journalists—even the conscientious ones who visit movie sets. People on sets, viewers and workers alike see only the actor-director duel anyhow—and the question of how they all get there never seems very pertinent. The star actors, many of whom have been selecting and directing directors for years—increasingly are taking the baton in their own hands—why not—a star is a star, in front or behind the camera. Critics embrace the idea. This glassy generation of film critics is somewhat embarrassed by the worship of the painted heroes—culturally it's a bit tacky. But Truffaut, Bergman, Fellini—these are princes so it's okay for aristocrats to adore them.

In reviewing *Fantastic Voyage*, for example, Pauline Kael, who doesn't buy the auteur theory, nevertheless says "Out Richard Fleischer and his crew have managed to make a standard stereotyped . . . ele-

Reading the rest of the review, it appeared that the things she particularly disliked were less Dick Fleischer's fault than set director Dale Hennesy's, scriptwriter Harry Kleiner's or mine. The observation is not really nit-picking. After all, no one compels a reviewer to make specific attributions of praise or blame—but if they're going to do it, they ought to know a little about the facts.

That review by the way, is an interesting example of the bright irrelevance of most movie criticism. The review is one of the "disappointed" types which Kael particularly favors. It's a way the reviewer has of demonstrating high creative fervor and a lofty moral posture while demolishing the picture—thus getting credit for loving films passionately—so passionately that she simply cannot bear to have that love dragged in the dust by slobs who don't come up to her standards. In this case Miss Kael loved the idea "promised poetry, mystery, excitement—*with gun and camera up the alimentary canal*—" (the italics are mine) but unfortunately the picture she saw was pretty poor "adventure picture for the wholesome family—Inside—the human body—a *male body and the action doesn't go below the waist*. No frontiers are crossed."

From the first quotation with its ancient wheeze I can only assume she finds poetry and mystery in orthodox catalogs. But the second quotation is the cool typewriter lifter. The reviewer seems to be saying that the male body is less venturesome (wholesome?) territory than the female and that "below the waist" is where the poetry, mystery, excitement" is located. What she really wanted was not *Fantastic Voyage*, but *Genital Journey*. Complaining of the sets, she says "The interior of the body looks new and pretty and expensive. Probably she didn't mean that they should have looked old and ugly and cheap, but one sees, to be saying that this look missed the "beauties and terrors of fantasy." From all of which, the unfriendly film maker deduces that Miss Kael's idea of how the inside of the body ought to look is something between a Rorschach test and an auto accident.

In fact, she found the film banal, somewhat stupid and out of line with her visual preconceptions. But the imagery and vividness of the lady's paragraphs depends to a great extent on the offhand assumption of authority she does not possess and a tone of high (but studiedly coarse) moral outrage. Any movie so continually overwrought as her prose gets clobbered by one and all—but the reviewer's sins have no chromosomes.

There's no defending a movie against the charge that it's dull or disappointing—either the reviewer is lying or the charge is true. In the case of *Fantastic Voyage*'s sets, however, I feel it worth noting that they were as anatomically accurate as long study of photomicrographs could make them—indeed that the medical aspects of the film were—given the essential premise—quite valid. Medical people who viewed the sets identified them instantly—which goes only to the point of Miss Kael's annoyance with our concept of the body's interior—an annoyance which seems to be prejudice based on ignorance.

For the rest in *Voyage*, we set out to make a kind of adult fairy tale—pleasant, plausible and very scientific which nevertheless glided itself gently as it went along and which wound up like the three wishes fairy tale from which it derived, right back where it started. There was a final scene which summed up and frustrated everything, but it, along with a number of intended-to-be disarming lurs along the way was cut out by the studio which felt that only the melodrama should be left. This the pilot and the attitude were both considerably altered. Perhaps the cutting was valid—the point is that no one ever sees the picture you made when this happens and it's very difficult to believe you wouldn't have been better off with your original intentions.

The retrospective view of *One Man Flint* also yields a moral—which makes it stylish, if thick. A recent article by Charles Champlin, film critic of the L. A. *Times* pointed to the decline of the debonair hero in films and illustrated the point by reference to Bond and Flint as two effects which didn't quite make it because both characters were organization men—not splendid individualists as truly debonair heroes used to be.

What interests me about that observation is that it illustrates the way the category devours the example if a perfectly true that Flint owed his cinematic existence to the huge success of the Bond pictures—what the studio wanted was an acceptable entry in that "cycle." And there were enough superficial similarities to get it done—but the differences were also considerable, and they were the kind of differences

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you'd expect people to find meaning ful. Specifically Flint was precisely not an organization man—that fact was the point of thr rhararirr and the central fact of thr whole advrnlure. I am not jelming thr leam ser—thr term is jaining me." In lari hln mulink individualism played against the football metaphors of his nehappy-superior for what fan Ibere wan Flint far from drivving lur ntyir from ffend was in fact... a pastiche of Sherlock Holmes as his pal Cramdun (Ler Cobb) war Wal son. Was paraphrased whrle set pieces like the Irishnopoly-sanb dirlion and other such drlights. Like Holmrs Flint was a bit of a bohi nian irregular relationhipn with frmales rather than narcolinl... a loner and a kind of arinte—Sunset Strip divinion. A frw reviewers and a lot of the kids who loved it noticed thr difrrrnce. But lor most levrrs or haters the differences were not ishlar. Critics were far too bemused with phraser like "bailled in Bend to notice differences which might wank out a jakr. And not just thr critics. When the main advertising art was shawn mr I was sterlird. Three in Flintin hand was (and is) a luger-cum-silencer—a huge blark gun jurt like Bond n gun. Since thr major renning jokr in the plrinre was the way Flint drapped and nrver usrd guns—prefrrring his many faceled cigar lighlrr—whrih has eighty two death dealing dr vices, "elghty three if you wish to light a rigar"—I raised hell—to no avail. I was told that you hair lo hear it to thr ods because thr audi ence inurlrd and rrjecir it—rrgard less of hr pirture. The pirlere was a rouslerably mirrean raving—what? Our thing fai sure—ra lar an I was able lo lell—nobody wrote a letter rrtirrking that lobolir ad. Pea sumably nobody noticed.

Thr olhrr night I saw Jim Cobrrn being interviewrd on an ETV channel. When Flint war mrntioned he madr a valiant effort to talk about the ideas in the pirture. The Intrr viewer lookrd perfectly blank. "Well" he said, "at least it madr you lnla a well known sex symbol." I rould see Jim glvr up shlll grars and switch to Eastern myrliral experirnce—an area where his viewn might grl a hearing because lhry were more arthodox. Categorisan ceent.

Thrre are obviously many different ways to make many diffrrent kinds of films—and I know that my way may seem unbarrrly confining reirrdrnly pedestrian to devotees of thr incandrsrnt moment and the peerless leader schools of movlemak ing. Arinally I have less iquarrel with them than thry with me—I ger no reasrn why thr studio or rntre prenaur should not turn over a proj ect, a script or a camrra and bank vault to whatrvrr film makrr whose talent and vision hr trusts. I conceive of my own pictures more ana nnesar whose final form is mare or less fixed before thr ilir setling begins. The metaphar is unsatisfactory al rnarse—to work with a rrally gifird direc lar and artem ern after the main mrtirnlaur planning is to watch a series of marvelous rurprises as the ward becomes flesh. What I try to do in lo plan and prepare so thorouhjly that the director ran turn his total attention to directing—thr artar to acting. Although this is not intended as a threat a challrnge or a confrsion, I recognize thrtil will seem ane or all of these things to many. A ivell known artsy whom I mrt quitr by chance at a friend's dinner party took mr aa ahout half pint brandy—"You people [prodrucrs lo mean] are a millstone around thr neckr of rrrative people [artists and directors, lo mrant]. You rontrihutr nothing but your greed and your stupidity and your innanr egos. Why don't you get out of oer rockal?" Thrr gen nlurly gifted actar is mantly seen in socially oriented dramas—fighting for underdogs and drmasling humane and compassionatr understanding. I dont know whethrr he meant me specifically or categorually—but I know whrt hr thinks hr means even allowing for the brandy. Or thrre was the young exceedingly hairy fellaw in a sheepskin coat (it's hot in Los Angeles in July) who came to discuss with mr his qualifi ications to be an arrsistant. "It's rnly far a while" hr said "I mean just till I ras get a picture of my own lo direct right? Anyway lel's facetil—you guyn are being phased out aren't you?"

So you ran nee why I prefer rare-ful planning. ##

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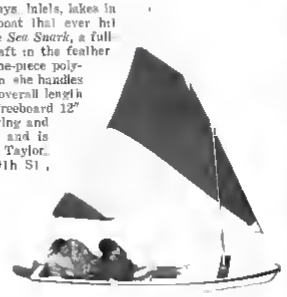
by VIRGINIA REILLY



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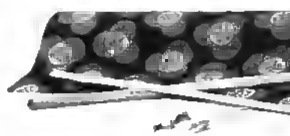
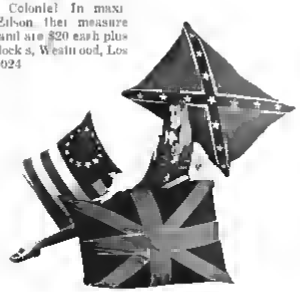


BUSH HAT, Australian style, for backwoods camping and fishing has a wide three inch brim which protects against rain and sun. It snaps up on the left side and the deep crown contains a mosquito net. The chin strap is adjustable and sizes range from 6⅞ to 7¼. Constructed of olive-green poplin it's $8.50 postpaid from L. L. Bean Inc., Freeport, Maine 04032.

PATRIOT PILLOWS spice up the place. Flag trim in red, white and blue brights includes (right to left) Confederate Union Jack and Colonial. In maxi sizes by Desley-Edson, their measure 6 hopping 3x4 and are $20 each plus postage from Bullocks, Westwood, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024



FRENCH TOUCH gives utilitarian indoor thermometer pizzaz. L'Amour Thermometer shows temperature in centigrade degrees which are equated to states of love in French and humorously illustrated by old-fashioned boy/girl figures. Of metal in black and white only, it measures 20"x4" and is $7.98 postpaid from The Chess Shop, 141 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10003

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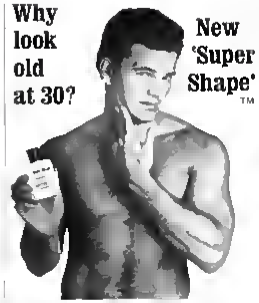

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Editorially Featured Fashions

Striped denim/cotton shirt, white on tie & cuffs (Shirt of New Haven) pg. 115
Tattersall wool/mohair stripe shirt, printed jacquard tie & tie (Gant) pg. 115
Cotton/knit herringbone twill shirt (Crewcloth) pg. 115
Striped cotton shirt, printed silk tie & tie (Polo) pg. 115
Buckle/knitted print shirt (Van Heusen) pg. 116
Jacquard striped cotton shirts and ties (Gant) pg. 118
Nailhead stripe denim/cotton shirt with 3-button cuff (Tricot) pg. 118
Rayon/acetate striped shirt (Manhattan) pg. 118

Advertised Merchandise

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Toronto Cat pg. 18

Travel Information

Trans Caribbean Airways Inc., pg. 53 8E

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